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Three Years in the Army

THE STORY

OF THE

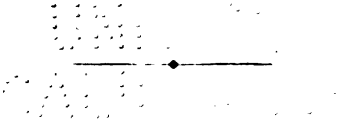
THIRTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS

FROM

JULY 16, 1861, TO AUGUST 1, 1864

BY

CHARLES E. DAVIS, JR.



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1894

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TO THE MEMORY OF

Dr. Allston Waldo Whitney

LATE SURGEON OF THE THIRTEENTH
MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE.

AT a meeting of the regimental association of the Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, Dec. 13, 1892, the writer was, by a unanimous vote, appointed historian of the regiment. However unequal to the performance of such a task one might feel nearly thirty years after the war, he could not disregard an honor so flatteringly expressed.

In the preparation of this work I have attempted to give an accurate statement of the regiment's whereabouts on each day of its three years' service, with such details of its daily experience as would convey a truthful picture of army life as it appeared to the rank and file.

The opinions and judgments expressed are believed to be those shared by a majority of the regiment during its service. As we were no wiser than the rest of mankind at eighteen to twenty years of age, some of the statements may seem very crude in the light of present information. What we thought at the time, about events in which we took part, is of more value to the future historian than what we may now think about the same events or persons.

Elaborate accounts of campaigns have been omitted as not coming within the sphere of a regimental history. In those instances where an explanation seemed necessary for a proper understanding of our movements, I have quoted from books

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which are generally accepted as authority, in preference to statements of my own.

The material placed at my disposal is as follows: The diaries of Lieut. William R. Warner, Samuel D. Webster, Lieut. Edward F. Rollins, Lieut. Robert B. Henderson, and Sergeant William M. Coombs. None of the diaries covered all the time, but those of Messrs. Warner, Webster, and Rollins were the most complete; those of Messrs. Henderson and Coombs included the Mine Run and Wilderness campaigns. Col. Charles H. Hovey made copies of such parts of all his letters as related to our movements during his presence with the regiment. The regimental books, papers, and maps were turned over to me by Col. Samuel H. Leonard. The "War Records" which are in progress of publication by the government have been of great service in settling disputed points. I have derived information from other comrades, whom I have met from time to time, chief among whom is Sergeant Jeremiah P. Blake. In addition to the material furnished me by Lieutenant Rollins, I cheerfully acknowledge the valuable assistance I have received from him in other ways.

At the adjutant-general's office I have received every courtesy and privilege I could wish. I have personally compared the name of every man in the regiment with the record in possession of the State. Where the difference was trivial I have adhered to the regimental book; in cases where there has been a considerable difference I have made careful inquiries before accepting either statement. As an additional safeguard against error I have submitted the record of each company to one or more members thereof for examination before

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sending the list to the printer. In spite of all these precautions, inaccuracies, no doubt, will appear. About three hundred and seventy-five comrades have furnished me with a statement of their service, and that I have accepted in all cases as being correct.

It was thought that a series of maps showing the route of march of the regiment, — the direction being indicated by arrows, — and the relative position of towns mentioned in the text, might aid the reader. They were plotted by the writer and submitted to Sergeant Coombs, who put them into their present shape. While they reflect credit on his skill as a draughtsman, he is not responsible for any errors they may contain. It should be borne in mind that the maps are not drawn to scale, as such a labor was deemed unnecessary for our purpose.

In sincerely thanking all those comrades who have aided me in my labor, I ought not to forget the kindly services of Dr. Samuel A. Green, surgeon of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, who has taken a great interest in the progress of the work, and whose advice and assistance have been of great value.

CHARLES E. DAVIS, JR.

BOSTON, November 1, 1893.

NOTE. — The design on the front cover is a *fac-simile* of our monument at Gettysburg.

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ORGANIZATION.

THE present generation has no conception of the consternation that prevailed among the people of the North when the startling news was received that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. It aroused the patriotic indignation of the community to the highest pitch of excitement.

Up to this time most people were sceptical about the possibilities of a war. Threats of secession had often been made before, by politicians of the South, without being carried into effect. The feeling of hatred that existed toward the North was not fully appreciated except by a comparatively small number of persons. Although the air was filled with rumors of war, they were generally believed to be nothing more than the irrepressible mutterings of disgruntled politicians. Therefore, when the announcement was made that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, it awoke the public mind to a realization that rebellion and secession were at hand. Public meetings were held in every town and city. Resolves were passed condemning the outrage, coupled with an expression of determination to avenge the insult to the national flag.

Such a display of bunting in Boston was never seen before. Across every street, at the mastheads of vessels lying in the harbor, in the horse-cars and on express-wagons, and upon private houses could be seen the American flag floating in the breeze; and, indeed, every opportunity was taken to give expression to the prevailing sentiment by displaying the national emblem.

On the 14th of April Fort Sumter surrendered. On the 15th a telegram was received by Governor Andrew to forward two regiments, and on the same day the following communication was sent to the Secretary of War:

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BOSTON, April 15, 1861.

To HON. SIMON CAMERON, *Secretary of War:*

SIR: I have received telegrams from yourself and Brigadier-General Thomas, admonishing me of a coming requisition for twenty companies of sixty-four privates each; and I have caused orders to be distributed to bring the men into Boston before to-morrow night, and to await orders. Allow me to urge the issue of an order to the Springfield (Mass.) Armory, to *double the production of arms at once*, and to push the work to the utmost. If any aid by way of money or credit is needed from Massachusetts, I hope to be at once apprised. An extra session of our General Court can be called immediately, if need be; and, if called, it will respond to any demand of patriotism.

And I beg you would permit, in addition to suggesting the utmost activity at the Springfield Armory, to urge that the armory at Harper's Ferry be discontinued, and its tools, machinery, and works be transferred elsewhere, or else that it be rigidly guarded against seizure, of the danger of which I have some premonitions. If any more troops will certainly be needed from Massachusetts, please signify it at once, since I should prefer receiving special volunteers for active militia to detailing any more of our present *active militia*, especially as many most efficient gentlemen would like to raise companies or regiments, as the case may be, and can receive enlistments of men who are very ready to serve.

Allow me also to suggest that our forts in Boston Harbor are entirely unmanned. If authorized, I would put a regiment into the forts at any time.

Two of my staff spent last Saturday in making experiments of the most satisfactory character with Shenkle's new invention in projectiles; and so extraordinary was the firing that I have directed eighteen guns to be rifled, and projectiles to be made. May I commend this invention to the examination of the United States Government?

I am happy to add that I find the amplest proof of a warm devotion to the country's cause on every hand to-day. Our people are alive.

Yours,

JOHN A. ANDREW.

On the morning of the 16th, companies of the departing regiments began to arrive in Boston. The fife and the drum which were heard in our streets continued daily, for four years, to sound the stirring notes of martial music.

The 19th of April, which is one of the days sacred to American history, on account of the battle of Lexington, this year received an additional interest from the events that were transpiring. It was celebrated by the ringing of bells, flag-raisings and speeches, a drill on Boston Common by one of the artillery companies, and at noon by the firing of one hundred guns in honor of the day.

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While the people were thus actively engaged in celebrating the day, news was received that the Sixth Regiment had been attacked in the streets of Baltimore. The most intense excitement followed. Men gathered in groups about the streets, while crowds surrounded the bulletin boards of the newspapers to learn the particulars.

If anything was needed to arouse the patriotism of the North, it had now occurred. Public meetings were held in various parts of the city. Merchants, lawyers, physicians, and members of other professions met, and offers of service and money were proffered for the use of the State. Large loans were generously offered by the Boston banks and by the banks of other cities, for the State's immediate use, trusting to the honor of the Legislature to reimburse them, when it met. Numerous offers of money were made to the Governor by private individuals, as aid to soldiers' families. Nor were women lagging behind the men in enthusiasm. Rich and poor, high and low, all offered their services for the preparation of bandages and lint, the making of garments, attendance in hospitals, or any other service compatible with their sex.

Business seemed, for the time, to be forgotten in the excitement. The minds of men were too much disturbed to give proper attention to other matters. Only one subject possessed the public mind, — to protect the government from the clutches of traitorous hands.

It was under the influence of these patriotic demonstrations, as exhibited in all the cities and towns of Massachusetts during the first months of the war, that our regiment was enrolled. Many of the young men who left lucrative positions were guaranteed them on their return, by their employers. The generous impulses of all were awakened by the danger that threatened the country.

The first four companies, A, B, C, and D, were known as the Fourth Battalion of Rifles, and were raised in Boston.

On the 21st of September, 1821, Governor John Brooks, on the petition of John S. Tyler and others, authorized the formation of a military company in the then town of Boston. and this company was called the Boston City Greys, subsequently changed to the Boston City Guards, by which name it was known at the breaking out of the war. It passed through the various vicissitudes of

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military companies until the year 1860. In the month of July of that year, a committee consisting of James A. Fox, W. F. Davis, D. H. Bradlee, N. S. Dearborn, and A. N. Sampson were appointed to nominate a captain and third and fourth lieutenants to fill vacancies caused by resignations.

At this time the company had been reduced in numbers so that it was felt to be highly important that a man should be selected as captain whose reputation as an officer would invite young men to enlist under his command. The "Boston Light Infantry (Tigers)," the "New England Guards," and the "Boston City Guards" formed a part of the Second Massachusetts Militia Regiment. Boston was an exception to the large cities of the country in not having a regiment of its own. The Second Regiment, Massachusetts militia, was commanded by Col. Robert Cowdin, and consisted of only seven companies.

Samuel H. Leonard having transferred his residence from Worcester to Boston, was obliged to resign his commission as brigadier-general, as an officer could not hold a commission outside the limits of the district where he resided.

He was an officer of wide reputation as one of the most skilful and thorough drill-masters in the State. It had long been a scheme of his to form a rifle battalion of which he should have the command. At musters and parades a rifle battalion had the right of the line, except when the Boston or Salem Cadets were present; hence the particular interest in a rifle battalion.

The committee appointed by the Boston City Guards waited on General Leonard and offered him the captaincy of their company. He accepted the compliment thus offered, upon the condition that they would agree to enlist a second company, to be joined with the City Guards, thus forming a battalion, and changing the arms from muskets to rifles. This was agreed to, and General Leonard petitioned the Governor and Council to set off the City Guards from the Second Regiment for this purpose, and authority was given him to form a rifle battalion, using that company as a nucleus thereof. The City Guards was called Company A in the new battalion, and on the 15th of December, 1860, proceeded to an election of officers, with the following result:

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Captain	SAMUEL H. LEONARD.
First Lieutenant	JAMES A. FOX.
Second Lieutenant	WILLIAM F. DAVIS.
Third Lieutenant	CHARLES S. CHANDLER.
Fourth Lieutenant	GEORGE H. BUSH.

Immediately following this election, privates Thomas J. Little and Augustus N. Sampson, with fifty-one others, petitioned the Governor and Council for leave to form a new company, which was subsequently known as Company B. As soon as a sufficient number of men had been enlisted, an election of officers was had, resulting as follows, the election taking place on the 29th of March, 1861:

Captain	N. WALTER BATCHELDER.
First Lieutenant	JOSEPH S. CARY.
Second Lieutenant	DAVID H. BRADLEE.
Third Lieutenant	JOHN G. HOVEY.
Fourth Lieutenant	AUGUSTUS N. SAMPSON.

On the 23d of April, Lieutenant Bradlee having been elected adjutant of the battalion, Horace T. Rockwell was elected Fourth Lieutenant and Messrs. Hovey and Sampson were each promoted.

While this work was going on John Kurtz and others were engaged in recruiting a third company, which was subsequently known as Company C, with an election of officers which occurred on the 29th of April, 1861, as follows:

Captain	JOHN KURTZ.
First Lieutenant	WILLIAM H. JACKSON.
Second Lieutenant	WILLIAM M. CHASE.
Third Lieutenant	JOSEPH S. COOK.
Fourth Lieutenant	WALTER H. JUDSON.

Company D was organized as follows:

After the Mexican War a military company was formed composed of veterans who had served in Massachusetts regiments during that

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period. The company took the name "Massachusetts Volunteers," and was attached to the First Regiment of Infantry M.V.M., as Company L, Captain Ben: Perley Poore. After two years had passed, it was found necessary, if the company was to continue, to change its by-laws so as to admit to membership others than those who had served in that war. It was then voted to take men who had served not less than one year in the volunteer militia of the State; at the same time changing the name of the company to "National Guard.' In the spring of 1854, Augustine Harlow was elected captain, and served as such until July, 1860, when he resigned.

April 15, 1861, he was requested to form a new company, and he proceeded at once to do so. The free use of a room in the Adams House was granted him by the proprietors, and in a few days the required number of names was obtained for organization, which was completed by the election of the following officers:

Captain	AUGUSTINE HARLOW.
First Lieutenant	SAMUEL N. CHAMBERLAIN.
Second Lieutenant	WILLIAM H. CARY.
Third Lieutenant	CHARLES H. HOVEY.
Fourth Lieutenant	JAMES H. MAYO.

It should be borne in mind that in raising these companies the impetus given to enlistments by the startling events already described made it quite easy to obtain all the men needed to complete the organizations to the maximum number required. As a matter of fact, so many men offered to enlist that it was decided to accept only those who were voted in and who were willing to pay $12.50. This sum, added to moneys received by subscription, was expended in the purchase of uniforms, each man being measured to ensure their fitting. The jacket was tight-fitting, with a short skirt. The shoulder-knots and trimmings were red, and the uniform gray. The cap was gray trimmed with scarlet and surmounted with a pompon. It made a handsome, serviceable uniform, and gave a very effective appearance to the battalion.

As some time elapsed before the uniforms were finished, we were

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daily drilled in citizen's clothes at the armory, then at 344 Washington Street, but now (1893) 576. We were taken out on the streets every day and taught to march in step, to the no small amusement of boys who gathered about to watch our transformation from raw recruits to soldiers. The people, however, were in earnest, and every encouragement was offered to young men to enlist. At this time every man was looked upon as a hero who enlisted.

The armory at 344 Washington Street being too small to accommodate so large a number of men, Nassau Hall, corner of Washington and Common Streets, was procured, and our effects transferred to that building. Here we found a commodious hall well fitted for drilling, and hours were spent each day by squads of raw recruits in attempting to order arms in unison. It seemed so easy a thing to do when the order was given, that we were at a loss to understand why each gun should fall at a separate moment, making a clatter like the rattle of a drum, sorely trying the patience of our drill-masters. "Now, the next time I give an order I want you to follow my count. 'Shoulder *arms!* one, two, three!' That's better." "Present *arms!* one, two." Then it was, "Forward, *march!* one, two; one, two, *halt!*" "About *face!* Forward, *march!* one, two; one, two." "Mark time, *march!* one, two; one, two, *halt!*"

It seemed extraordinary that it took so much time in learning to do these simple things together, yet it took days and days before we could make a creditable appearance in public. It seemed very odd to us, that, having acquired a reasonable degree of proficiency under one officer, we could do nothing but bungle under the commands of another, until we realized how rare was a drill-master who could infuse into men the precision necessary for good soldiers.

As soon as we acquired skill enough to "order arms" together, we longed for the time when we could march through the streets in our uniforms. With a month's continuous daily work, we naturally felt that we would make a fine appearance as we paraded through the streets. Just prior to the war the people of Boston had an opportunity of witnessing the wonderful skill exhibited by Ellsworth's zouaves. The remarkable exactness and concert of their every movement was never excelled by any body of men, and excited a

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spirit of emulation among officers and soldiers in the vicinity of Boston. Some of us whose heads were easily turned by our small success began to think we had acquired a pretty good degree of excellence in the manual of arms.

At last an order was received for us to take charge of Fort Independence. We had been armed with the "Winsor" rifle, a heavy, bungling arm to which was attached a sabre bayonet, so extraordinary in appearance as to give to another company, commanded by Captain Dodd, and armed with the same rifle, the name of "Dodd's carvers." When the bayonet was affixed it certainly did suggest the sanguinary operation of carving.

Company E.

Company E, known as the Roxbury Rifles, was organized about the 25th of April, 1861, by the election of Dennis S. Bartlett as captain, Charles R. M. Pratt as first lieutenant, and Joseph Colburn as second lieutenant. After its organization, the company was quartered in Bacon's Hall, Roxbury, the boys obtaining their meals at a restaurant near by. From this time on until Sunday, the 12th of May, the company was daily drilled in citizen's clothes. On that day the company appeared for the first time in new uniforms furnished by the State, and attended divine service at the Dudley-street Baptist church, at completion of which service each man was presented with a Testament.

Drilling was continued daily without interruption until the company joined the Fourth Battalion of Rifles, and with it went to Fort Independence.

On the 25th of May the five companies, with knapsacks, blankets, etc., marched down State Street to the wharf, where they took the steamer "Nelly Baker" for the fort, and where they arrived in due time.

It was a joyous day, though cloudy. We were puffed up with pride and importance at our new responsibility and the knowledge that we were to relieve the New England Guards, who had been garrisoning the fort for a fortnight. The New England Guards was one of the crack organizations of Massachusetts, of which the citizens of Bos-

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ton were justly proud. It subsequently became the nucleus of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, that left Massachusetts for the seat of war December 9, 1861, and afterward made a glorious record.

As we marched into the fort, that battalion was drawn up in line to receive us. As we watched with admiration the precision and skill with which they performed their movements, we shed a big lot of conceit.

The duties of a soldier began immediately on their departure. We were in possession of a fortification of the United States, and the responsibilities seemed immense. We were to guard it, and see that it was not stolen or captured by the enemy.

A detail was made from each company for guard duty, and the writer began at once the tremendous duties of a soldier. Being placed on the extreme southern point of the island, nearest the enemy, he was cautioned to watch carefully, that the enemy might not come up the harbor without warning being given of his approach. There seemed nothing ridiculous in all this; the caution was given and received in all earnestness. These instructions were the first and, so far as can be recalled, the only ones he ever received, and they made a deep impression on his mind. We often laughed afterwards as we reflected on the difference between this and the reality, though it was real enough to us then. Not a wink did some of us sleep that night. The responsibility was too great for sleep.

Morning came at last, beautiful and bright, with the fort still safe. As the men turned out of their quarters, in the morning air, to fold their bright red blankets, it was indeed a picturesque sight. The battalion companies were quartered in the fort, while the Roxbury Rifles were quartered in barracks outside.

During our stay at the fort, Sundays were visiting days, and the duties light, so we had ample time to devote to the friends who came to see us Visitors were also admitted on other days of the week; but they were not allowed to interfere with our duties. We drilled seven hours each day during the week, besides guard-mounting and dress parade.

Major Leonard, who was in command of the battalion, was known

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long before he became a brigadier-general in the State militia by his superior qualifications as a drill-master, and he was possessed with the determination to show what he could do with raw recruits.

After dress parade our work was done for the day, except the roll-call at tattoo, when we were obliged to fall in line and answer to our names. We then had a half-hour to complete our arrangements for the night, when "taps" were sounded for the lights to be put out, which was a signal for us to go to sleep. Sleep rarely came before midnight, however, owing to the noise which began the moment the lights were extinguished. It frequently happened that the "Officer of the day" would interrupt the noise by telling us to "Go to sleep!" which had the very opposite effect. We had great larks in those days, and played all the pranks in the calendar. Some of the boys whose quarters adjoined the sally-port would listen at the nearest casemate to hear the countersign repeated as some one, passing in or out of the fort, would give it to the sentinel, when a mock "grand rounds" would be organized and each post visited, the guard being scolded for some imaginary neglect, and ordered to report to his captain in the morning. The hours of the night were called by the sentinel on each post as he heard the bells striking in the city, adding "All's well!" The guard on the ramparts of the fort frequently, sticking his head in one of the chimneys, would yell, "And the wind north-east, and it blows like h—l!" which, of course, would wake up every man in the room, bringing the officer of the guard to the quarters to quell the disturbance. The guard, by means of the chimney, would warn the occupants of the officer's approach, whereupon he was sure to be greeted with a loud and continuous snore; the guard in the meantime stealing along to the other side of the ramparts, a safe distance from the confusion.

Until the 29th of June we lived well, having our own cook, plenty to eat, and a ration of beer served us each day. It was the custom to detail a man from each mess to draw the allowance of food, and whoever possessed ability to get the greatest quantity of food for the smallest number of men was sure to receive a large amount of praise and popularity. It was a talent more highly appreciated than any other accomplishment.

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Each morning we were awakened by the veteran drummer, "Dan Simpson," and "Si Smith," the fifer. "Old Si," as we called him, looked as though he was left over from the crusades, so thin and worn with age he appeared. Both of these veterans could date their service back to the War of 1812. At five o'clock in the morning they would come out to the sally-port, and after wrangling a bit (for it should be known that the lapse of time had not improved their tempers) they would sound the reveille which turned us out to answer to roll-call. Smith weighed about seventy-five pounds, though he didn't look it. His coat-sleeve, which seemed no larger round than a baby's arm, was covered with service stripes from wrist to shoulder. In spite of his attenuated figure, he managed to get wind enough to make his old fife sound as clear as a bell. "Good morning, Si!" would be heard as the boys turned out. "How's your old friend, Miles Standish?"

In addition to these venerable relics from "Ye olden time" we had four musicians from the "Germania Band," who provided us with music at guard mounting and at dress parade.

One of the features of the day's work was "dress parade," at sunset; at which time we turned out in full uniform to take our position in line. It was the custom, during this ceremony, to lower the flag on the fort, the band playing while it was being done. One of the airs which the band played was from the "opera of Grenada." To this air the boys fitted the following words: "Corporal of the guard, corporal of the guard, corporal of the guard, post eight." This never lost its popularity with us. It was carried into service by our regimental band, and was frequently played by it, always awakening pleasant recollections of our service at the fort. After the band was discharged, which occurred early in September, 1862, we heard it no more until our arrival home.

Thus passed the days until the 29th of June, when the State sent to the fort five more companies: two from Marlboro', one from Natick, one from Westboro', and one from Stoneham.

The addition of these companies made no difference in our drilling, which was pursued relentlessly.

We drifted along until the "Fourth of July" without excitement,

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except that which was provided us by our friends on visiting days. Formerly it was the custom of the city authorities of Boston to celebrate the "Fourth" by an annual parade of the city government. Our services were offered and accepted as escort, in company with the "Tigers" and the "New England Guards," and we looked forward with anticipations of pleasure and pride at the opportunity, thus afforded, of showing the result of our work.

We were up early the morning of the "Fourth" brushing clothes, blacking boots, and making other preparations for the day's jubilee. We were well tanned by constant exposure to the sun, giving appearance of health and vigor, our uniforms fitting perfectly, with the addition of white collars, and our guns and bayonets in excellent order, so that we made a very satisfactory appearance. As we stood in line inside the fort, we all felt how much was at stake in competing with the two battalions with whom we were to parade. We were told to eat a hearty breakfast, for we had a hard day's work before us; but what a breakfast that was, and what murmurs of indignation were expressed as we flung the mouldy toast and the mild dilution of coffee at the cook-room! It was too unsavory for us, so we went without it, though the time came, months after, when we wished that we might have some of that same toast.

We were escorted to the boat by the other companies of the regiment, who expressed their generous wishes for our success. They were quite as anxious for our credit as we were, and the hearty cheers that were given as the boat left the wharf testified the good feeling that existed, and which continued during the whole three years of our service, and indeed has never ceased to exist.

Upon our arrival in Boston it became known that we had come to town without a breakfast, and while halting in front of the Parker House kind friends supplied the deficiency. All along the route of seven miles we were greeted with demonstrations of great kindness and hospitality. It was a day never to be forgotten. The enthusiasm of the people excited us to do our best, and we never did better. Our two months of constant daily drilling enabled us to make a very creditable appearance. The enthusiasm with which we were everywhere greeted was due to the fact that we were part of a regiment

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soon to leave for the seat of war; for at that time the patriotic feeling was at its whitest heat. It was a hot day, the thermometer at 104; but our daily work out of doors enabled us to make the march with the loss of only one or two men, while the other battalions suffered much more than we did from the intense heat.

After the parade we were furloughed until the following morning, when the battalion returned to the fort to meet the kindly greeting of the companies who were already aware of the success achieved by the five companies, through the newspapers, which were extravagant in their words of praise.

While the battalion companies, so called, were doing escort duty for the city of Boston, Company E, which went to the city in the same boat, was entertaining the people of Roxbury with an exhibition of its proficiency. The members were received with the same demonstrations of enthusiasm as greeted the battalion, and were given a dinner at the Norfolk House.

We were young boys then, and these events seemed great in our lives, though what followed was far greater in importance and magnitude.

The remaining companies of the regiment were organized as follows:

Company F.

Company F had the honor of being the oldest chartered company in the regiment. It was organized in 1819 as the Marlboro' Rifles, and continued its organization without interruption until it became a part of the Thirteenth Regiment. During all this time its armory was located in the town of Marlboro'.

For several years prior to 1861 it was known as Company A, First Battalion of Rifles, the other companies being Company B from Sudbury and Company C from Natick; the latter being assigned to the Thirteenth and known as Company H. The battalion was commanded by Major Ephraim Moore, of Sudbury. Major Moore died in March, 1861, and was succeeded by Captain Henry Whitcomb, of the Marlboro' Rifles, who was elected major of the battalion.

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On the 25th of June the First Battalion of Rifles was ordered to Fort Independence.

The Sudbury Company was disbanded.

The officers of the Marlboro' Company, which became Company F, were:

Captain	Abel H. Pope.
First Lieutenant	John T. Whittier.
Second Lieutenant	Charles F. Morse.
Fourth Lieutenant	Donald Ross.

Company G.

In the early days of April the citizens of Stoneham took measures for raising a company, and by the seventeenth of that month it was recruited to its full number. J. Parker Gould was chosen to the captaincy, which he retained until the departure of the regiment to the seat of war, when he was appointed major in the regiment. Eben W. Fiske was commissioned captain in his place. Although the company was ready thus early, such was the eagerness of the people to spring to their country's defence, that the different companies could not be accepted as fast as they were offered, and it was not until the 25th of June that it was ordered into service at Fort Independence.

During the time it was waiting to join some regiment the town of Stoneham liberally contributed to its support, appropriating nearly four thousand five hundred dollars for that purpose. A uniform was also presented to each man at a cost of twelve dollars, and a full set of equipments to each of the officers, by the citizens.

On its departure for Fort Independence hundreds of citizens volunteered as escort.

Company H.

In the early part of 1859 the young men of Natick formed an independent company, with Henry Wilson, who had been a brigadier-general in the militia, as captain and instructor. Captain Wilson's senatorial duties calling him to Washington in December of that

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year, he was succeeded by Lieut. Charles Bigelow, who was subsequently chosen as captain. The company was regularly drilled until the summer of 1860, when a charter was granted by the State, whereupon it was assigned to the First Battalion of Rifles as Company C. It attended the annual muster at Chelmsford in September of that year, and took part in the parade of the militia, on Boston Common, in October following, in honor of the Prince of Wales. When the call of Governor Andrew was made in the spring of '61, it offered its services for three years, and on the 25th of June went to Fort Independence with the First Battalion of Rifles. It was commanded by Perry D. Chamberlain, with Frank Z. Jenks as first lieutenant, and William H. Brown as second lieutenant. It became Company H of the Thirteenth, with William L. Clark as captain.

Company I.

In response to the call of Governor Andrew, Messrs. Moses P. Palmer, William Barnes, David L. Brown, Samuel D. Witt, Alfred G. Howe, Frank Stetson, and others, proceeded to form a second company in Marlboro', and enlistment papers were procured from the State for that purpose. In a few days the signatures of ninety-eight of the best young men in Marlboro' and vicinity were obtained, and on the 6th of May the company was organized by the choice of the following officers:

Captain	Moses P. Palmer.
First Lieutenant	David L. Brown.
Second Lieutenant	Alfred G. Howe.
Third Lieutenant	Samuel D. Witt.
Fourth Lieutenant	Samuel W. Fay.

On the 10th of May the committee appointed for the purpose reported a constitution and by-laws, which were unanimously adopted. The preamble was as follows:

We who have enrolled our names upon the volunteer militia enlistment roll of Massachusetts, and have organized ourselves into a company of riflemen agreeably to the laws of the State, say, *one and all*, that whereas a certain portion of our

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countrymen have rebelled and have taken up arms against our constitutional government and have refused to obey its just laws, under which they, as well as we, have enjoyed so many blessings, that we have so acted because we fully believe it to be our duty, which we owe to our country, to humanity, and to God; and we further say that we pledge our fortunes and our sacred honor to help maintain and defend the flag of our glorious Union from traitors at home or foes from abroad; and we do agree to do and submit to such orders, rules, and regulations as the law requires, and such as shall be adopted by the company from time to time.

On the 20th of May the company voted unanimously to offer their services to the United States for three years or during the war.

The town of Marlboro' furnished all the members of the company with a good gray uniform, and Hollis Loring, Esq., gave the company the use of a hall in the Exchange Building, free of all charge.

The months of May and June were spent in drilling and preparing for service.

The company was assigned to the Second Battalion of Riflemen, but shortly after was ordered to report for duty at Fort Independence, which it did on the 25th of June, and became Company I, of the Thirteenth.

Company K.

Company K was raised in Westboro', and was known as the Westboro' Rifle Company.

On the 17th of April, 1861, a warrant was issued by G. B. Sanborn, B. B. Nourse, and S. B. Howe, selectmen of the town, calling for a town meeting to be held on the 25th of the same month, for the appropriation of money to be expended for the raising of a military company in the town. In accordance with this call the meeting was held, and T. A. Smith, C. P. Winslow, J. F. B. Marshall, Benjamin Boynton, and John Bowes were chosen a committee to consider the matter of raising a company and to report the amount necessary to defray the expenses thereof; whereupon they presented the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the town appropriate five thousand dollars, to be expended in the purchase of uniforms, pay of men while drilling, and for pay in addition to the amount paid by the Government, when called into active service.

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Resolved, That a committee of five be chosen, whose duty it shall be to attend to the expenditure and disbursement of all moneys hereby appropriated; and no bills shall be contracted for or paid without the approbation and approval of said committee.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted, and an appropriation of five thousand dollars made in accordance therewith.

A committee, consisting of G. B. Sanborn, B. B. Nourse, and S. B. Howe, selectmen, and J. F. B. Marshall and Patrick Casey, was then appointed and empowered to raise a company. This committee organized by the choice of B. B. Nourse as chairman and J. F. B. Marshall as secretary.

The work of recruiting was begun at once, and by the 29th of April a list of seventy-nine names was obtained, when a petition was presented to the Governor and Council asking for a charter for a company, to be called the Westboro' Rifle Company, and the same was granted. Before going into camp, information was received that the Government would not accept any more volunteers for three months' service. The company was then reorganized with a view to enlisting for three years. By this change the company lost about half its number, but from day to day recruits were added, so that when the time arrived for its departure it had one hundred and one men, classified as follows: Westboro' furnished fifty-six men; Southboro', eighteen; Upton, nine; Shrewsbury, nine; Hopkinton, eight; and Northboro', one.

The work of drilling was carried on daily, and marches made to surrounding towns, where the company was entertained by sumptuous dinners and patriotic speeches.

In the meantime the work of preparing uniforms was undertaken by the women.

On the 26th of April, the day following the town meeting, another meeting was held in the Town Hall to organize a "Soldiers' Sewing Society." After prayer by the Rev. Mr. Cummings of the Unitarian Church, Mr. Marshall explained the objects of the meeting, whereupon it was voted to organize the society by the choice of Mrs. E. M. Phillips as president and Miss J. M. Marshall as secretary. Mrs. J. F. B. Marshall, Mrs. S. B. Lakin, Mrs. A. N.

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Arnold, Mrs. J. A. Fayerweather, and Mrs. Salmon Comstock were chosen directors.

In accordance with a notice read in all the churches on the previous Sunday, two hundred ladies with needles, thimbles, etc., met in the Town Hall Tuesday morning, April 30, and began the work of making garments, and in a few hours they had made four dozen flannel shirts and four dozen pairs of drawers, which were immediately distributed.

As it was important that the company be provided with uniforms, the ladies of this society devoted their energies to the accomplishment of this task, and by the 20th of June the work was completed. In addition to the uniform, each man was provided with a fatigue-suit, havelock, thread-bag, towels, handkerchief, soap, and comb.

Calvin Chamberlain, a resident of California, a native of Westboro', showed his interest in the company's welfare by presenting each member with a dagger, while the Hon. William Knowlton provided each man with a drinking-tube. It reported at Fort Independence, under the command of the following officers:

Captain	Rev. WILLIAM P. BLACKMER.
First Lieutenant	CHARLES P. WINSLOW.
Second Lieutenant . . .	ETHAN BULLARD.
Third Lieutenant . . .	JOHN W. SANDERSON.
Fourth Lieutenant . . .	ABNER R. GREENWOOD.

On the 16th of July the regiment was mustered into the United States service for three years, and on the 29th of the same month it left Fort Independence for the seat of war.

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DEPARTURE.

AN interesting fact connected with the flags carried by the regiment ought not to be omitted. At the breaking out of the war the firm of Hogg, Brown, & Taylor were doing business in Boston. Like other firms it took a deep interest in the welfare of soldiers, and contributed liberally to their comfort whenever opportunity offered. On our departure, this firm, in addition to the colors provided by the State, presented us with a duplicate set of colors, and from time to time, as they became worn out, they furnished others to take their place.

[From the "Boston Daily Journal," July 30, 1861.]

DEPARTURE OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT — RECEPTION BY THE SECOND BATTALION AND OLD CITY GUARDS — COLLATION IN FANEUIL HALL.

The Thirteenth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, Colonel Leonard, being the eighth regiment of three years' troops which Massachusetts has sent to the war, took its final departure for Washington this afternoon.

The admiration and affection of a whole community has been centred upon the young men of this regiment, the nucleus of which, the Fourth Battalion of Rifles, was recruited in our midst from the families of our most respected citizens. It is no disparagement to the members and officers of the battalion to say that the companies from the country, which have been added to the regiment, are equally meritorious and deserving of popular regard.

No pains have been spared to make the Thirteenth equal, if not superior, to any regiment which has left the State. They have a full, neat, and serviceable uniform, equipments which any soldier might be proud to wear, and an arm — the Enfield rifle musket — which has been pronounced by the officers of the regiment to be the most delicate, highly finished, and defensible weapon in the infantry service.

ARRIVAL OF THE REGIMENT IN BOSTON.

The regiment, which has been quartered at Fort Independence, came up to the city on the steamer "Nelly Baker," the boat making two special trips for the purpose. She arrived at the foot of Long Wharf at a quarter before one o'clock,

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bringing Companies B, C, F, I, and K, under command of Major Gould, and then returned for the remainder of the regiment, which was finally landed in the city at a quarter past two.

As each detachment of troops left the fort, bidding adieu to quarters which have been the scene of so much happiness, they were honored with a parting salute by Sergeant Parr, the United States ordnance officer in charge of the post. The troops acknowledged the compliment with hearty cheers.

THE ESCORT.

The courtesy of escorting the regiment through the city was accepted by Colonel Leonard from the Second Battalion of Infantry, Major Ralph W. Newton, and the Old City Guard, and past members of the Fourth Battalion of Rifles under Col. Jonas H. French. The two corps paraded as a battalion, being accompanied by Gilmore's Band, and the Old Guard by the Boston Brigade Band. The first troops which arrived remained under cover of the sheds, where they were protected from the rain until their comrades reached the wharf, when the line was formed and the regiment escorted up and down State Street, making the détour of the Old State House, through Merchants Row to Faneuil Hall.

THE COLLATION.

The hospitalities of the city were extended to the regiment by His Honor the Mayor, in the form of a collation to have been served to the men on the Common; but the storm which prevailed interrupted the programme of the march and collation, and the latter was laid on the table in the "Old Cradle of Liberty," which the regiment reached about three o'clock. Hastily partaking of a most acceptable repast, the line was re-formed, and the regiment took up the line of

MARCH THROUGH THE CITY.

Nothing but the storm which prevailed all day prevented this regiment from receiving an ovation surpassing any which has been given to the troops going before it.

The social position of the members, the reputation which they have achieved in drill and discipline, and the fact that a majority of the officers of the regiment were representative members of some of our most popular organizations, grown up and educated amongst us, — all these circumstances conspired to ensure the regiment a most generous and enthusiastic demonstration.

The march through the city was accomplished under trying circumstances, the condition of the streets harassing the troops, encumbered as they were with overcoats and knapsacks. The route was through Merchants Row, up State and Washington Streets to the long freight depot of the Boston & Worcester Railroad, which they entered out of Harvard Street. Instead of a "sea of heads," an ocean of umbrellas filled the streets, surging with the increase from streams of anxious spectators which poured in from every alley and by-way; and above the beating

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of drums and blast of horns arose the shouts of the people, cheering the brave boys who have pledged their lives in the defence of the Union. What was lacking in numbers was made up in enthusiasm by the people who lined the way. Bouquets were showered in profusion upon the troops by loving hands whose hearts went with floral tributes which they gave.

At the depot scenes occurred never to be forgotten. The fair friends of the troops were in full possession of the place, and when the regiment filed into the cars, the flying moments, which to the actors were as hours, were fraught with incidents of self-sacrifice, of womanly devotion, and manly heroism which caused the stoutest heart to quail and the sternest lip to quiver. There was no calling back of husbands, sons, and brothers, no repining, but brave words of encouragement, pious counsels, and motherly advice to the young and inexperienced volunteer as the final good-by and "God bless you" was spoken.

THE DEPARTURE.

The train left the depot at precisely five o'clock, amid the cheers of thousands of people who filled the side tracks and covered the bridges under which the train passed. The baggage-wagons and horses of the regiment were sent forward in advance of the troops. In this latter respect the regiment fared as well as those who have preceded it. The regiment carried with it two stands of color, consisting of a State and a National flag, which were presented to them by the State without ceremony, just as they were leaving the city.

THE REGIMENTAL ROSTER.

The following is a list of the officers of the regiment:

Colonel	SAMUEL H. LEONARD, of Boston.
Lieutenant-Colonel . . .	N. WALTER BATCHELDER, of Boston.
Major	JACOB PARKER GOULD, of Stoneham.
Adjutant	DAVID H. BRADLEE, of Boston.
Quartermaster	GEORGE E. CRAIG, of Boston.
Surgeon	ALLSTON W. WHITNEY, of Boston.
Assistant Surgeon	J. THEODORE HEARD, of Boston.
Chaplain	NOAH M. GAYLORD, of Boston.

Company A. — Captain, James A. Fox; First Lieutenant, Samuel N. Neat; Second Lieutenant, George Bush.

Company B. — Captain, Joseph S. Cary; First Lieutenant, John G. Hovey; Second Lieutenant, Augustus N. Sampson.

Company C. — Captain, John Kurtz; First Lieutenant, William H. Jackson; Second Lieutenant, Walter H. Judson.

Company D. — Captain, Augustine Harlow; First Lieutenant, Charles H. Hovey; Second Lieutenant, William H. Cary.

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Company E. — Captain, Charles R. M. Pratt; First Lieutenant, Joseph Colburn; Second Lieutenant, Edwin R. Frost.

Company F. — Captain, Henry Whitcomb; First Lieutenant, Abel H. Pope; Second Lieutenant, Charles F. Morse.

Company G. — Captain, Eben W. Fiske; First Lieutenant, Loring S. Richardson; Second Lieutenant, John Foley.

Company H. — Captain, William H. Clark; First Lieutenant, Perry D. Chamberlain; Second Lieutenant, Francis Jenks.

Company I. — Captain, Charles H. R. Schreiber; First Lieutenant, Moses P. Palmer; Second Lieutenant, David Brown.

Company K. — Captain, William P. Blackmer; First Lieutenant, William B. Bacon; Second Lieutenant, Charles B. Fox.

ON THE ROAD.

After leaving the station of the Boston & Worcester Railroad the regiment was greeted with cheers and fluttering handkerchiefs all along the route to Worcester. The citizens of the towns on the road seemed to have been on the watch for the train, and as the regiment went quickly past they improved the short time by the most energetic demonstration of good-will. It was a considerable distance beyond the city that the members of the regiment took a last look of Boston friends. Far out on the Back Bay lands were a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen who seemed to vie with each other in their exertions to cheer the departing soldiers. "Good-by, boys, — keep up the reputation of the Thirteenth," were words earnestly impressed upon the minds of the men; and they promised to do all in their power to answer the expectations of the friends of the regiment.

Every house near the railroad was filled with ladies, as the train passed through Brighton, who flung their handkerchiefs back and forth, and seemed anxious to be counted among the well-wishers of those who go to fight for our country. Thus it was at Newton and Natick, and at the latter place large numbers were collected at the railway station, as if desirous to have the train stop; but it whirled past, and many relations of the Natick company were probably deprived of an opportunity to say a parting word to them. The first stop of the train was at

FRAMINGHAM.

As the train drew near, it was greeted with the booming of cannon and ringing of bells. There were several thousand ladies and gentlemen gathered at the station from Marlboro', Natick, and other adjoining towns, from which several companies of the regiment came. A tarry of ten minutes was well improved by the soldiers, many of whom were engaged in farewells to relatives; while others improved the opportunity to replenish their canteens with what had been provided for them. Had there been a probability of longer stay, still further provision would have been made by the Framingham people for the comfort of the soldiers. As it was, the reception was warm and enthusiastic, and the men left

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with a renewed feeling of sadness for those left behind. The train arrived at Framingham at six o'clock, and at ten minutes past six it was again whirling away towards Worcester.

At Westboro', in which town Company K was organized, the speed of the train was slackened, and went through the village so slowly as to allow the citizens and the soldiers to take leave of each other. The train then hurried on.

RECEPTION AT WORCESTER.

The regiment arrived in Worcester at half-past seven o'clock, while preparations had been made to give the soldiers a collation. This was prompted in part by the fact that Colonel Leonard was formerly a resident of that city, and has a large number of personal and warm friends there. The cars passed from Worcester to Norwich Railroad, and stopped just beyond the Common. The regiment then filed out and marched round to Main Street, where an escort was waiting to receive them.

The escort consisted of several companies from the Fifteenth and Twenty-first Regiments, as follows: Fifteenth Regiment, Company B, Capt. J. W. Kimball; Company E, Capt. Charles H. Watson; Company D, Capt. Charles H. Foster; Company G, Capt. Walter Forsband. Of the Twenty-first: Company G, Capt. Addison A. Walker; Company D, Lieut. C. S. Foster in command. The whole was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Ward, of the Fifteenth Regiment. The regimental band of the latter regiment headed the escort.

The column marched up Main Street and returned to City Hall, where a collation was in waiting. Main Street was crowded with people, but it was growing dark, and they did not have a good opportunity to see the regiment. They were, however, disposed to praise Colonel Leonard's command very highly.

THE COLLATION.

On account of the unfavorable weather the arrangements to prepare a collation on the Common were changed, and the City Hall was taken for that purpose.

There was not as much room in this building as was necessary for the whole regiment, and in consequence but five companies were entertained at a time. The collation was prepared liberally, under the supervision of a committee of the citizens, who had received aid from the city government. In the hall were Major-General Morse and staff and other prominent individuals, including the mayor of the city. Colonel Leonard and staff were made to realize that they have a host of friends in Worcester.

On the entrance of the colonel to the hall he was presented with a beautiful bouquet by the ladies present. About an hour was consumed in the hall, when the soldiers left and marched back to the cars under escort. At shortly before half-past nine o'clock the train was again in motion, and it moved away amid the drowning cheers of the multitude.

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[From the "Boston Herald," July 30, 1861.]

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The column marched up State Street at twenty minutes before three o'clock, around the Old State House, down State Street, and through Merchants Row to Faneuil Hall, where a collation was provided. State Street was filled with people notwithstanding the storm, and on no other occasion has there been more enthusiasm manifested. Cheers were repeatedly given for the Thirteenth, while around Faneuil Hall there was also an immense crowd. Everybody desired to see somebody, and there was a perfect rush about the doors of the hall for admittance. The police were required, however, to keep all persons, except soldiers, from the hall, as a different course would only tend to unnecessarily delay the departure of the regiment. As the troops marched in, all sorts of patriotic airs were played by the band, and excited proper enthusiasm. When "Glory hallelujah" was reached the soldiers and crowd joined in the chorus, and no one within a half a mile of Dock Square, except a deaf person, could have any possible excuse for ignorance of the whereabouts of John Brown's bones or his ashes.

Very few besides the members of the regiment and the waiters were allowed inside. Our reporter was one of the few civilians admitted, and he had to take the oath of fealty, agree to behave, and promise to eat nothing. This was, of course, a mere formality, with no reference to his habits. The soldiers were weary and hungry. They ate voraciously, and sat on the sanded floor, when no better resting-place could be found. There was no profanity, no drunkenness — all praise to officers and men for this. Notwithstanding their fatigue there was no hustling, no ill-natured remarks, and no criticism on the arrangements. The hall was scarcely large enough for the accommodation of so large a body, but there was no grumbling.

When the troops again sallied forth and were taken in charge by the escort the crowds were found to be greatly augmented. Every street on the route was blocked up. The people readily fell back when possible, but some delay was occasionally caused. One continuous round of cheers was kept up from the time they left Dock Square till they halted in Oak Street.

. . . . . .

The fine bearing of these troops excited comment at every point where they were seen. Their uniform is the regulation style, and appears to be of excellent quality. They all wore their blue overcoats as they marched up State Street, and this gave a uniformity in appearance which was very pleasing. They marched with great precision, and executed all movements with more regularity and exactness than is generally noticed.

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[From the "New York Herald," July 31, 1861.]

TROOPS BOUND FOR THE SEAT OF WAR — THE THIRTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS EN ROUTE FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

The Thirteenth Regiment of Massachusetts volunteers, under command of Colonel Leonard, arrived in this city yesterday *en route* to the seat of war. The regiment, which was organized in a great measure in the city of Boston, was encamped for some time at Fort Independence, in Boston Harbor, where they were so well perfected in discipline that few regiments can compete with them in drilling and manœuvring. They struck their tents on Monday morning, and after a short parade in Boston proceeded to this city by the Norwich & Worcester route, and arrived about eleven o'clock yesterday. They were met at the steamboat wharf by a deputation of citizens, natives of Massachusetts, wearing on their breasts badges with the inscription "Sons of Massachusetts." These badges, as also the banner carried by the "sons," were ornamented with the coat-of-arms of the Bay State. The regiment then took up their line of march through Canal Street and Broadway to the City Hall Park, where the men were dismissed for dinner in the barracks and "a ramble about the city."

Shortly after four o'clock the regimental line was again formed, and the procession, preceded by the escort of citizens, marched down Broadway and around Battery Place to pier No. 1, where they embarked on board the steamboat "John Potter," for Amboy. Their reception was a most magnificent one, and the applause of the populace was expressed at every step of the route in a continued clapping of hands.

The Thirteenth Regiment is one of which Massachusetts may well be proud. It is composed of a superior class of men. In physical appearance, soldier-like bearing, and martial discipline, the regiment is perhaps unsurpassed. The members generally belong to a higher social position than those composing most of our regiments, and their enlistment has been a matter of pure patriotism, many having left remunerative salaries and situations to go to the war. The uniform of the regiment consists of a dark-blue loose jacket of flannel, light-blue cloth pants, and regulation cap. They are all armed with the Enfield rifle.

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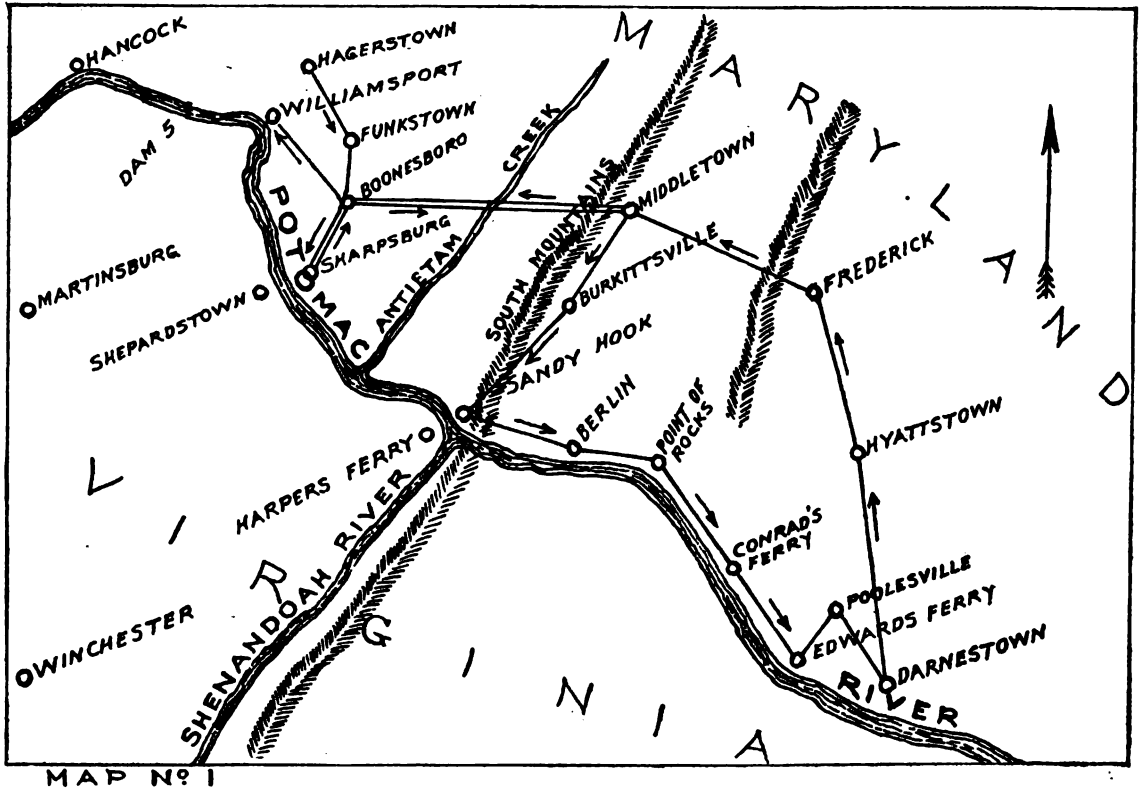

MAP No 1

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE Thirteenth Regiment left New York, Tuesday, July 30, 1861, for Philadelphia in two trains, the first, containing the right wing, arriving shortly after midnight, and the second, containing the left wing, arriving shortly before daylight.

We were marched directly to the "Cooper shop," where ample facilities were afforded for cleanliness, followed by a bountiful supply of food.

Although it was July, 1861, William M. Cooper had already inaugurated that magnificent system of providing for soldiers on their way to and from the front which became so widely known as the "Cooper shop." For four years every soldier in the land knew that if he could reach Philadelphia he would find a temporary home that would bridge over his troubles until he could gain strength to proceed on his journey. Troops on their way to the front, regardless of numbers, were entertained at this hospitable building. It would be difficult to exaggerate the happiness and comfort conferred by this patriotic undertaking.

At daylight we were formed in line and marched across the city to West Philadelphia, where we halted until cars could be obtained for our transportation to Harrisburg. On our way we met the Sixth Massachusetts regiment and the Third Battalion of rifles returning home, being transported in freight-cars. This seemed hard lines to many of us who had been incited to enlist by the experience of the Sixth in Baltimore. The boys themselves, however, seemed contented and happy, as many a time afterward we would have been had we even freight-cars to transport us.

It was a hot morning, and our knapsacks were loaded beyond human endurance with things our kind but inexperienced friends at home thought necessary for our comfort. Pounds soon became tons, and when the regiment was granted a halt, knapsacks were opened

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to see what could be thrown away without infringing on sentiments of gratitude or lessening our comfort.

Before leaving Fort Independence we had as many as three Bibles given us. As the last ones were received just before we started, no opportunity was afforded of leaving them in the hands of friends to keep until our return. Now the time had arrived when something had to go, so it was decided that extra stockings and shirts were more useful than Bibles, and as we were provided with a chaplain, the Bible was discarded. This was the pretty universal opinion of the boys, judging by the large number that remained on the sidewalk as we resumed our march. A short time after, one of the boys received a letter from a gentleman in Philadelphia in which he expressed his admiration for the soldier who sought to lessen his fatigue by reading the Holy Scriptures. "*A letter from Philadelphia*" became a by-word for many months.

About 11 o'clock we left for Harrisburg, which point we reached a little before sundown the same day. For some unexplained reason we were unprovided with food, so that upon our arrival at the capital of Pennsylvania, a grand rush was made for the nearest restaurants. A few succeeded in procuring food, but the stay was too short to enable many to get even a mouthful. Those who got anything were lucky, and those who were paid for what was eaten were also lucky, as the ringing of the engine bell and the commands of officers, like those of Providence, must be obeyed; and therefore we continued our journey to Hagerstown, which place we reached about daylight, having spent a rainy night in cars that for many years had enjoyed the privacy and seclusion of a warm storehouse, where they had been allowed to lie and shrink until it could be decided whether they should be destroyed or sent to a country where the average mortality was too great for the people to bother themselves about a railroad accident.

The rain penetrating the cars made it impossible to sleep, while they were so badly lighted as to leave us the only one thing to do — growl. Hunger and loss of sleep, say nothing about weariness from the excitement through which we had passed, brought out all the irritable qualities we possessed. The irritation disappeared,

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however, when it became known that we had arrived at Hagerstown. On jumping from the cars we found the surface of the ground to consist of red clay, made soft and sticky as glue by the night's rain. Very soon the soles of our shoes were increased to twice their size, with an added weight that made it difficult to lift our feet. As one of the boys very aptly said, "Three knapsacks, — one for your back, and one for each foot." It was vexatious enough to find ourselves in such a mess, but as all were served alike, the scene became so ridiculous as to change our dejection to mirth. We were soon marched into the main street of the town, where we were halted, and where we soon rid ourselves of the incumbrance.

There had been some curiosity expressed, during our journey, as to how we would be received by persons living so near the border line. All doubts were soon removed by the kindly hospitality of the people, who turned out of their houses in large numbers to greet us. Upon learning of our hunger they proceeded at once to relieve it by an abundance of food and coffee which they brought from their homes. Most of us had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, and this graceful act by the loyal people of Hagerstown was highly appreciated. Some months afterward it was our good fortune to be stationed so near as to become better acquainted with the people of this open-hearted town.

During the entire trip from Boston only one man was seriously injured. Edwin F. Morris, of Co. D, while engaged in securing a curtain attached to one of the ambulances, was struck on the head by a bridge. He subsequently returned to duty.

After a good rest we were marched into camp about a mile from the town.

The companies were provided with "Sibley" tents, five to each company. Each tent is capable of holding sixteen men without crowding — seventeen crowds it, and eighteen men excites profanity; therefore the line was drawn at seventeen. The commissioned officers were supplied with "wall" tents, square in shape, while the "Sibley" was a round tent with a single pole resting on a tripod in the centre. The tents of the men were pitched so as to be in a straight line, each company being parallel to the others, with

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a liberal space between, called the company street. Each tent has one opening, facing the street. The company officers' tents were pitched in a straight line, at right angles with the company tents, and so arranged, as to distance, that the officers were in line with their respective companies.

1861. Thursday, Aug. 1, Hagerstown.

After tents were pitched, some of the men turned in and went to sleep, though the novelty of the thing was too great for most of us, who straggled back into town. During the day one of the boys brought in a Virginia paper in which it was stated that one "Southerner could lick five Northern mudsills." It was not so very comforting to feel that we were to be killed off in blocks of five. Nothing was said to us on the 16th of July, the date of our muster-in, about this wholesale slaughter. There was a kind of airy confidence as well as contemptuousness about the statement that made our enlistment look little less like a picnic than when we marched down Broadway. It was hard to realize that we had come so far from home merely to solve a problem in mathematics, yet so it seemed to the writer of that philippic.

Some time during the night an alarm was sounded by the beating of the "long roll," and we were ordered into line to drive the terrible foe, who was thought, even then, to be in our midst. Immediately everything was excitement and confusion. We can afford to laugh now, but then it was terribly serious, and no doubt we did some silly things; but it should be borne in mind that this was very early in the war. When it was discovered, as it shortly was, that all this excitement was caused by a pig who strolled into camp and was mistaken by the officer of the guard for the rebel army, many of us were imbued with a courage we hardly felt before. There was little sleep during the balance of the night, as the matter had to be discussed and talked about, as most things were in the rank and file of the Thirteenth, particularly when it related to the foolishness of an officer.

Although orders awaited us, on our arrival in Hagerstown, to march to Harper's Ferry, we were delayed on account of the bad condition of the roads from recent rains. This kind of consideration went out of fashion very soon after, we are sorry to say.

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1861. About sunset we struck tents and marched to Boonesboro', fourteen miles, arriving there at the witching hour of night when it is said churchyards yawn. We were led into an empty corral, lately occupied by mules, to bivouac for the night.

Ordinarily a mule-yard would not be considered a desirable place in which to spend the night, but it was midnight, and we were weary with marching, and worn out with excitement and loss of sleep. This was our fifth night from home. The first night was spent on a Sound steamer, the second on our way to Philadelphia, the third *en route* to Hagerstown, and the fourth in driving pigs out of camp, so that this old mule-yard, as far as we could see it, appeared the most delightful place in the world. At eighteen to twenty years of age little time is wasted in seeking sleep. It comes quickly and takes entire possession of your soul and body, and all we did was to drop in our tracks, making no inquiries about camp or picket guard, but let Morpheus lead us to the land of pleasant dreams. This being our first bivouac, occurrences made a deeper impression than at any time afterward. When reveille was sounded, and our eyes opened to the bright sunlight, we looked about to see where we were and who were near us. The bright red blankets of the regiment made the place look attractive. Many of the boys were still stretching themselves into activity, while others were examining their beds to account for sundry pains of the body from neglect to brush the stones aside when they laid down. How we all laughed when we saw where we were! Many and many a time while sitting round a camp fire have we recalled this night in the mule-yard.

A good deal of complaint was heard to-day because of the short allowance of food provided us on leaving Hagerstown. As we received nothing more from the government until our arrival at Pleasant Valley, thirty-six hours afterwards, we were forced to draw on our own resources — "The almighty dollar." According to letters, written at this time, we continued in much trouble about the matter of rations until after our arrival at Darnestown. It is very probable that our discontent was largely, if not wholly, due to the sudden change to army rations.

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1861. The following articles of clothing were issued to each man before leaving Fort Independence, and charged for by the government, to be deducted the first pay-day:

1 great coat.	1 blanket.
1 uniform coat.	1 bed-tick.
1 fatigue coat.	1 knapsack.
1 pair trousers.	1 dipper.
1 fatigue cap.	1 knife and fork.
2 pairs flannel drawers.	1 spoon and plate.
2 flannel shirts.	1 rubber blanket.
2 pairs socks.	1 haversack.
1 pair shoes.	1 canteen.

Bed-tick! When we sailed away from Fort Independence we felt there was something we had left behind, and for thirty-one years we have been trying to recall what it was, but when this list was read it all came back to us — it was our bed-tick! If the government charged us with them it was a swindle, inasmuch as we never received them.

Added to this list were sundry articles contributed by friends. One friend suggested to the writer "two long flannel night-gowns" as indispensable.

As you had to pay for the articles issued, there was no objection on the part of the government to your throwing them all away, if it pleased you to do so. In addition, each company was supplied with —

6 saws.	2 hatchets.
12 camp-kettles.	2 rakes.
12 mess-pans.	2 shovels.
2 axes.	2 picks.

These were carried in the company wagons, — that is, while we had them. When the wagons were taken away, *Mr. "High Private"* took his turn at carrying the axes, shovels, and picks.

Saturday, Aug. 3. A very hot day. Shortly after breakfast we left for Pleasant Valley, sixteen miles, where we arrived in the afternoon, and where we bivouacked for the night. A good many of the men were overcome by the heat, and didn't reach camp until after dark. The size of the knapsack was too large for men unused to carrying such a weight. It must be reduced, and there were no more Bibles. Just what to throw away it was diffi-

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1861. cult to decide, as many of the articles we carried were connected by association with those we held most dear. Some of the boys had dressing-cases among their luxuries. They hated to dispense with them, but it had to be done. Among the articles provided us by the State were "havelocks," commonly used in hot countries by the English army. The havelock was named after Sir Henry Havelock, a distinguished English general. It is made of white linen, to be worn on the head as a protection from the rays of the sun. As it was made sufficiently large to cover the neck and shoulders, the effect, when properly adjusted, was to deprive the wearer of any air he might otherwise enjoy. An Englishman would melt in his boots before he would give up a custom enjoyed by his grandfather. Not so a Yankee. The motive which prompted the State to supply them was a good one, as was also the suggestion that prompted their immediate transfer to the plebeian uses of a dish-cloth or a coffee-strainer, which suggestion was universally adopted, — a dish-cloth or coffee-strainer being the only things in the world, apparently, we were unprovided with.

Sunday, Aug. 4. Another hot day. A lovelier spot than Pleasant Valley to camp in would be hard to find, and we were glad enough at the delay in marching. During the afternoon we received orders to join General Banks at Harper's Ferry, but before we were in readiness to march, other orders were received to go to Sharpsburg, whereupon the hour of leaving was postponed until to-morrow morning.

Monday, Aug. 5. We got away early, and after a march of nineteen miles went into camp about one mile from Sharpsburg. A hot day, and a long, weary march. We were soon made happy by the arrival of the regimental wagons, which we had not seen for four days. As they contained the tents, camp kettles, etc., we soon made ourselves as comfortable as could be. The camp was situated in a delightful grove near a good supply of water for bathing, as well as for culinary purposes.

Tuesday, Aug. 6. Six companies were detached from the regiment and sent as follows to guard fords on the Potomac river: A and B were sent to Antietam creek at its junction

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1861. Wednesday, Aug. 7, Sharpsburg. with the Potomac; C, to Shepard's island; E and H, to Blackburn's ford; and Co. I, to Dam No. 4.

The duties of the camp were established by an order which designated the following routine:

5.00 A.M.	Reveille.	11.30 A.M.	Fatigue.
5.30 "	Fatigue.	12.00 M.	Roast beef.
6.00 "	Re-call.	3.00 P.M.	Orderly Sergeant call.
6.15 "	Company drill.	4.00 "	Drill.
7.00 "	Breakfast.	6.00 "	Re-call.
7.45 "	Assembly of guard.	7.00 "	Dress parade, in full uniform.
8.00 "	Guard-mounting.		
9.00 "	Drill.	9.00 "	Tattoo.
11.00 "	Re-call.	9.30 "	Taps.

This looks very much like the programme laid out for the troops at a State muster.

Our relations with the people of Sharpsburg were very pleasant, and they did their best to prevent our departure.

Sunday, Aug. 11, Sharpsburg. Inspection. The first religious exercises since leaving Fort Independence were this day held by the Chaplain. Nothing was said about our leaving Bibles in Philadelphia.

Saturday, Aug. 17, Sharpsburg. Word having been received that Mr. James Ritchie had arrived at Harper's Ferry, with money from the State for services at Fort Independence, a detail of twenty men from D and ten from K was sent to that place to meet him, starting at 2 A.M. with an ambulance and wagon. The distance was fourteen miles, to Maryland heights, where Mr. Ritchie was found. They reached camp, on their return, before dark, and all was joy.

Sunday, Aug. 18. Paid off. A good day and a good deed. We were glad the State recognized our great services at the fort, though $11 per month, to be sure, was not a high price for a laborer who is worthy of his hire.

Tuesday, Aug. 20. Orders were issued for the detached companies to return at once to the regiment.

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1861. Wednesday, Aug. 21. Marched at 6 P.M. to Boonesboro', seven miles, and bivouacked.

Thursday, Aug. 22. Marched to Middletown, eight miles, when we received orders for Sandy Hook; marched five more miles, and bivouacked at Broad Run for the night.

Friday, Aug. 23. Marched from Broad Run to Sandy Hook, fifteen miles, and camped about two miles back from the Potomac river. Co. I was detached and sent to the river, opposite Harper's Ferry, to guard the ford at that point.

While at Sandy Hook we received the hats and uniform coats issued to us by the State, and which were forwarded by express. The coat was much too heavy, with the thermometer in the eighties. It was made with long skirts, and when fitting the wearer was not a bad-appearing garment; but as very few of them did fit, our personal appearance was not improved. They were made large in front, to meet an abnormal expansion of chest. Until we grew to them, it was a handy place to stow some of the contents of our knapsack. The hats were neither useful nor ornamental. They were made of black felt, high-crowned, with a wide rim turned up on one side, and fastened to the crown by a brass shield representing an eagle with extended wings, apparently screaming with holy horror at so base an employment. On the front of the crown was a brass bugle containing the figure 13. Now it so happened that the person who selected the sizes was under the impression that every man from Massachusetts had a head like Daniel Webster — a mistake that caused most of us much trouble, inasmuch as newspapers were in great demand to lessen the diameter of the crown. Those of us who failed to procure newspapers made use of our ears to prevent its falling on our shoulders. As will be seen later on, they mysteriously disappeared.

Remained in camp at this place until September 2d, with the usual routine of camp duties. The farmers soon discovered we were flush with money, and raised the price of watermelons from two cents apiece to twenty-five cents. Butter, eggs, and other luxuries were displayed before the patriotic sons of Massachusetts, and many there were who were beguiled of their money, and some there were,

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1861. I am afraid, who evened up by forgetting to pay; but, as Mr. Kipling says, that is another story.

One night before we left this camp, the "long roll" was sounded and the regiment marched to the river, opposite Harper's Ferry, it having been given out that the enemy were attempting to cross at that ford. When near the river we were required to lie on our stomachs and crawl along so as to reach the bank without noise. We had scarcely reached the water before it was discovered that again the cause of alarm was a pig who made sufficient noise in his wanderings to alarm the officer in command of the detachment, who thought it was the enemy. This time it was a Prussian idiot, who, playing the role of Don Quixote, deprived us of a night's sleep. On the way back to camp, at daylight, he was the subject of comment, and some there were who boldly expressed a wish that he might be sent where the wicked cease from troubling.

The appointment of this officer to our regiment was one of the instances of attempting to graft foreign fruit on to a native tree. As it proved a lamentable failure, no apology is necessary for showing him up as a warning to future governors in making such attempts. The fact that he had expressed a contemptuous opinion of Yankees doesn't count for much, of course, but that was no reason why he should make himself or the regiment conspicuous by peculiarities in dress or manners. Eccentricities of this kind were unbecoming in a man of such mediocrity as he. Evidently the air we breathed was unsuitable for a man of his expansive nature, and we were glad when he shook the dust of the Thirteenth from his feet. Remembering that "Pride goeth before destruction," we watched his career with interest as he sailed aloft, unconscious of his elephantine conceit, soaring higher and higher until he reached the rarefied air of a lieutenant-colonel in a Maryland brigade, where swindling and conduct unbecoming an officer were frowned upon. Having reached this giddy height he exploded like the sky-rocket, whose flight he so much resembled, and like it plunged to earth again, followed by the fiery tears of his mysterious friends. Notwithstanding he was dismissed the service, he is, probably, now in "Fair Bingen on the Rhine," relating the heroic deeds he performed in Yankee land

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1861. to save the Union. He was the author of "*Company I, run !!!*"

Among the orders issued from headquarters we noticed the following, which explains very clearly the cause of irritation that appeared in the colonel's face at battalion drill those hot afternoons. It was supposed, at the time, that he was worried at the high price we paid for watermelons:

SPECIAL ORDER No. 71. } HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH MASS. VOLS., CAMP READ, Aug. 29, 1861.

Commanding officers of Companies A and B will cause to be returned to headquarters one chair each belonging to the Field and Staff.

Tuesday, Sept. 3. Struck tents soon after daylight and marched with empty stomachs to the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, where we took boats which were towed to Conrad's Ferry, twenty-five miles, and where we bivouacked for the night, whilst the rain fell in torrents. The boats were towed by the horses of the regiment.

Wednesday, Sept. 4. Between 4 and 5 P.M. marched to Poolesville, six miles, and bivouacked near the Fifteenth Massachusetts regiment. A cold, rainy, and disagreeable night.

Thursday, Sept. 5. Darnestown. Cold, wet, and hungry, we marched at 6 A.M. in a drizzling rain to Darnestown, seven miles, where we arrived at noon. The wagons reached us at night, when we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable by pitching tents and cooking coffee. As three companies were detached from the regiment on September 1st, Company C being sent to Monocacy Junction, and Companies I and K to Harper's Ferry, it follows that only seven companies were at Darnestown. We were now in close proximity to the rest of the division.

The brigade to which we were attached was commanded by Brig.-Gen. C. S. Hamilton, and was composed of the Third Wisconsin Infantry, the Eighty-third New York Infantry (Ninth New York), the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Infantry, and Capt. Best's Regular battery of twelve-pound brass guns. For a few days after our arrival the wagons were kept loaded and rations were cooked,

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1861. in readiness to march at a moment's notice. The expectations to move soon disappeared, and the men proceeded at once to adorn and beautify the camp. Before each tent were placed two evergreen trees, while the entrance to each company street was adorned with a large arch of evergreen boughs. When the work was completed the effect was very beautiful, and excited a large amount of praise from many who came to see it. A picture of it was published in one of the illustrated weekly papers.

At this time of our service men were detailed in turn, in each company, to do its cooking, a place being set apart for that purpose, protected by rails and shaded by a roof of boughs. It was soon discovered, however, that too many cooks did, indeed, spoil the broth. Rather than waste all the food that was issued the companies soon settled down to one man, with an assistant, and they were relieved from all other duties. This system was pursued until the time when each man did his own cooking, as will be seen farther on. It required the patience of Job to cook for ninety-eight men, as we know from experience. One week at it was convincing proof that a good cook was a "heap" bigger man than McClellan.

While at this camp the tents were struck twice each week on sunny days, that the ground might be uncovered all day to the sun. A wise precaution, and no doubt had its effect on the health of the regiment, which is mentioned in a report of the medical director of the army, to Gen. McClellan, as being remarkable.

September 9. Joy in camp. A report was received that Jeff Davis was dead. Now that we are with the brigade our supply of food has improved. It was about this time we discovered, by reference to "Army Regulations," how the government rated the various appetites. A colonel was allowed $56 worth of food each month; a lieutenant-colonel, $45; a major, $36; a captain or lieutenant, $36; while a soldier's daily ration consisted of twelve ounces of pork or bacon, or one pound four ounces of salt or fresh beef, one pound six ounces of soft bread or flour, or one pound of hard bread, or one pound four ounces of corn meal. According to our experience, this was a very interesting legend, and many a time we wished it were true, for there was no

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1861. time when a soldier hadn't a $56 appetite, while it often happened that less than five cents would buy his day's rations. The liberality on the part of the government towards the rank and file, respecting the amount of luggage he could carry, was in marked contrast to what it rated his appetite. In an order issued by Gen. Banks, at this time, it was expressly stated that a general officer would not be allowed to carry more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds, a field officer, one hundred pounds, a captain, eighty pounds, and a subaltern, eighty pounds, while *no* restrictions were placed on a private soldier.

An order was received to-day from headquarters stating that "a sentinel's duty was a sacred trust." Nothing like having things clearly defined.

September 13. A man in one of the Connecticut regiments was shot to-day for sleeping on guard. It was not pleasant to feel that a quiet nap, on picket, might be followed by death, so we swore off sleeping while on guard.

It was at Darnestown that we were first made acquainted with an article of food called "desiccated" vegetables. For the convenience of handling, it was made into large, round cakes about two inches thick. When cooked, it tasted like herb tea. From the flow of language which followed, we suspected it contained powerful stimulating properties. It became universally known in the army as "desecrated" vegetables, and the aptness of this term would be appreciated by the dullest comprehension after one mouthful of the abominable compound. It is possible that the chaplain, who overheard some of the remarks, may have urged its discontinuance as a ration, inasmuch as we rarely, if ever, had it again.

Sunday, Sept. 15. An order was received from General McClellan that "no work that can be avoided, no drills nor MARCHING, shall take place on Sundays."

To those of us who served in the ranks, this seemed a wise and considerate order, quite in harmony with the teachings of our Puritan ancestors, and it consequently elevated General McClellan in our estimation very much. Had his successors observed this rule, the war might easily have been prolonged.

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1861. Monday, Sept. 16. The regimental sutler arrived, bringing boxes and remembrances from home. A box from home was an event in the life of a soldier that brought tender recollections of the loving ones whose hands had prepared its contents.

One great pleasure we had with us was the band. It not only discoursed good music, but did it so skilfully as to receive the commendations of other regiments and officers, who availed themselves of every opportunity to listen to its playing. Many a weary mile they helped out by their willingness to play, even when they must have been thoroughly fagged out themselves.

Thursday, Sept. 26. National Fast Day. Parade to Darnestown and return in the afternoon. The colonel was very complimentary in his remarks. Not so we. His remarks had no reference to our hats, though ours did.

Wednesday, Oct. 2. We were reviewed to-day by General Banks, and were the observed of all observers because of our hats, the brasses of which had been carefully polished for the occasion, and reflected a yellow light over the entire division. We were not happy at the comments, and from this day they began their mysterious and gradual disappearance, until the last one was gone.

Monday, Oct. 7. Brigade drill. Caught in a thunder-storm. Thoroughly soaked, including the hats.

Wednesday, Oct. 9. Orders received to march to-morrow. Much joy thereat. Notwithstanding our beautiful camp, we were glad to break the monotony of camp life. The hats are disappearing. The comical shapes into which some of them are turned excites a good deal of merriment.

Thursday, Oct. 10. Marched to Hyattstown, fifteen miles, and bivouacked. Another batch of hats gone. We now march like veterans, it is said.

Friday, Oct. 11. Marched to Frederick City, thirteen miles, and bivouacked in a jail-yard. It rained hard. The few hats that remained seemed to be ashamed of themselves. During a temporary cessation of the rain we had dress parade before a large crowd of people who had gathered about us.

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1861. Saturday, Oct. 12. At 1 P.M. resumed the march in company with the Sixteenth Indiana regiment and Captain Matthew's battery, which accompanied us from Darnestown. Bivouacked at Boonesboro' after a march of seventeen miles. During the last two days a pleasant rivalry had been excited as to the marching abilities of the two regiments. Although we were much heavier loaded than the Twelfth, we were in too good shape to be beaten. Both regiments enjoyed the excitement.

Sunday, Oct. 13. Marched at 9 A.M. for Williamsport, sixteen miles, where we arrived about 4 P.M. Pitched our tents for the first time since leaving Darnestown. Wondered what had become of General McClellan's order, of September 15th, about marching on Sundays. Later on, when his downfall was announced, it was no surprise to the men who marched this day.

Monday, Oct. 14. Put things to rights in camp. Paymaster arrived; he to whom we all bow with obsequious respect. A paymaster's arrival will produce more joy in camp than is said to have been produced in heaven over the one sinner that repenteth.

Tuesday, Oct. 15. Received the first instalment of mint-drops from the government, and found them a balm for every woe. They threw a lustre on the camp such as we had not seen since the last brass-mounted hat had departed. Company B detailed for provost duty in the town.

Monday, Oct. 23. Changed camp about half a mile farther from town, and to a much better spot, where we remained until March 1, 1862. A very comfortable camp it was. When the tents of the men were pitched, an excavation was made, in area, the size of the tent, and about two feet deep. About a foot of this space was filled with clean straw, so that when a fire was built, it was as comfortable as any house. The stove, which sat a foot or two above the ground, was shaped like a tunnel, the large end resting on the floor, while the smaller and longer end, containing a damper, extended through the roof. This was made of sheet iron, having a door a foot or more above the ground, to receive the wood. It

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could be made red-hot in two minutes, and many were the boots that suffered thereby. Huts were built for the officers.

1861. Friday, Oct. 25. The regiment was aroused at 1.30 o'clock this morning by the beating of the "long roll," and hastily marched to the river, where it was ferried across for an expedition into "Ole Virginny." One platoon continued on until it came in sight of Martinsburg, when it returned and rejoined the regiment, and with it returned to the camp at Williamsport.

Thursday, Oct. 31. Companies K, C, and I rejoined the regiment. The duty which we performed this winter was a very important and a very difficult one, as General Stonewall Jackson, at his own request (according to the official reports of the Confederacy), received orders to do all the damage he could to the dams of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, and to harass the enemy in any way his genius could suggest. General Jackson was no sluggard, as the world knows, and he made it lively for us to prevent him from carrying out his purposes. While we were at Williamsport, Colonel Leonard was in charge of all the troops on the Potomac, from Harper's Ferry to Oldtown, a distance of more than one hundred miles, by the river, while the duties of the regiment included guarding the Potomac river from Harper's Ferry to Sir John's Run, a distance of more than fifty miles. The work was so well done as to prompt a commendation from General Banks. Prior to our arrival, this part of the river was protected by troops supplied with the old smooth-bore musket of a very antiquated pattern, with too little power to carry a bullet across the river, so that they were a constant source of ridicule by the enemy, who were much better armed, and who amused themselves by coming down to the river daily, and placing the thumb of the right hand to the nose, and the thumb of the left hand to the little finger of the right hand, would make rapid motions with the fingers, to the great exasperation of the Union men, who were powerless to prevent it. After we were placed there with our Enfield rifles, there was less time spent in arranging their fingers, and more in the use of their feet. As they tried one point after another from Falling Waters to the end of our line of fifty miles,

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1861. they were prompted to inquire what regiments were guarding the river, and when the oft-repeated answer was "the Thirteenth Mass.," they were astonished at our number, and were interested to know what arms we carried. A Virginia paper, published in Martinsburg, brought across the river by a Union man, contained an editorial warning the people about "trusting themselves too near the river, as there was a regiment from Massachusetts, several thousand strong, with a gun that could carry like a piece of artillery."

In order to carry out so extensive a system of pickets it was necessary to make large and frequent details of men from each company, the particular dates of which are omitted, and only the larger ones mentioned.

Nov. 5. Co. D sent to Hagerstown. Returned on the 7th. All of Company B, except twelve men, returned from provost duty in town, to camp.

Nov. 26. Companies A, B, E, and H sent to Hancock.

Dec. 7. Company C sent to Dam No. 5.

Dec. 8. Co. G sent to Dam No. 5 to relieve Co. C.

Dec. 11. Company K sent to Dam No. 4, but was overtaken by an order to return. Co. C sent to Dam No. 5, but returned before night.

Dec. 14. Companies D and K sent to Dam No. 5, but returned same night.

Dec. 17. Company I sent on picket.

Dec. 18. Regiment sent to Falling Waters.

Dec. 19. Returned to camp at Williamsport.

Dec. 20. Companies D, C, and G returned to Williamsport.

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Jan. 2. Companies E, A, B, and H arrived from Hancock.

Jan. 5. Companies C, D, I, and K sent to Hancock.

Jan. 10. Companies C, D, I, and K returned from Hancock.

Feb. 12. Company D sent to Hagerstown.

Feb. 24. Company D returned from Hagerstown.

Feb. 26. Company D sent on a reconnoissance across the river. Returned the same day.

It was d—n the hats in summer, and Dam No. 5 in winter.

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1862. Among the duties that required our daily attention was the ferry which was run across the river, daily at one o'clock, unless circumstances prevented, or there was no one on the other side to avail themselves of this convenience. Of course this was attended with considerable risk, as it was very well known on the Virginia side that it was being done. It almost always happened that some one was on the bank waiting for an opportunity to come across. Some of the farmers' wives and daughters were allowed to cross with eggs or poultry to sell. Of course they were closely questioned. No toll-rates had been fixed, so the guard used his discretion, and as the toll was graduated according to what they brought, it frequently happened that the table of a private soldier was ornamented with something besides silverware and flowers.

Hagerstown, the place where we first landed on our journey from home, was only six miles away, and was the shire town of Washington County. Many were the visits we paid that place, and many the acquaintances we made among the people. The provost marshal of the town was an officer detailed from the Thirteenth, and his administration of martial law was liberal as it was sensible, though when occasion required he could be as inexorable as circumstances needed. Company D was also stationed there part of the time, therefore no lack of inducement existed to make it a pleasant place to visit.

Our service in Williamsport formed an epoch in the history of the regiment. Advantage was taken of the liberty allowed us, to become acquainted with the people, and many pleasant acquaintances ripened into strong friendships. Calls were frequently made for the services of our glee-club, while the band was often heard in its streets. The homes of the people were opened in friendly hospitality, and the prejudice against "Massachusetts abolitionists," as we were called, gradually disappeared, so that when the time arrived for us to cross the river, the crowd to see us off was great enough to remind us of home. Indeed, as the last company was ferried across, it was a sight to see the waving of handkerchiefs, and to hear the shouts of "farewell" and "good-luck" that greeted our departure. Thus we crossed the Potomac river on Saturday, the first day of March, 1862.

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1862. It seems proper at this point to say a word or two about our experience in Maryland. We found the people cordial in their greeting and very hospitable, except in cases where the sentiment was against the Union. It meant a good deal to express Union sentiments or do acts of kindness to soldiers as they marched through the country, when some watchful person stood ready to turn informer as soon as the enemy approached. Many were the acts of kindness done to soldiers worn out with fatigue or overcome with the heat of the sun. Though thirty years have passed, we have not forgotten how much the Union people of Maryland did to lessen the hardships of soldiers. When we crossed the river we entered the land of our foes, where the cheers and kind wishes of the people were reserved for those who had their love and sympathy.

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CHAPTER II.

1862. Saturday, March 1. HAVING said the last "good-by" to our friends across the river we took up the line of march, about dusk, for Martinsburg, twelve miles, which point we reached a little before midnight.

During our stay in Williamsport we had accumulated more things than were necessary for our comfort, as we became painfully aware of before our journey's end. We were now on the "sacred soil" of Virginia. Whether it is better than any other soil could not be determined in the darkness; up to this time our knowledge of it was limited to the experience at Harper's Ferry, the skirmish at Bolivar Heights, and the reconnoissances from Hancock and Sir John's Run, so we were not experts on the subject.

The Sixteenth Indiana, a company of cavalry and two pieces of artillery, crossed the river and followed us to Martinsburg.

While marching in Maryland we felt secure from rebel interference when falling out, overcome with fatigue or the heat of the sun, but now we were likely at any moment to hear the unwelcome sound of the enemy's musketry. A man must hesitate, therefore, before he separated himself from his regiment. As it was dark we had plenty of opportunity to reflect on what might be our reception by the "F.F.V's" of Martinsburg. They might find some objection to our entering town without paying toll — the toll that some of us must pay before our three years were up.

Company A was well ahead as advance guard, and as long as we heard nothing from them our minds remained at ease except when we thought of our knapsacks, which had increased in size, like the national debt.

It appears that when Company A arrived within half a mile of the town it left the road, making a *détour* and entering it from the

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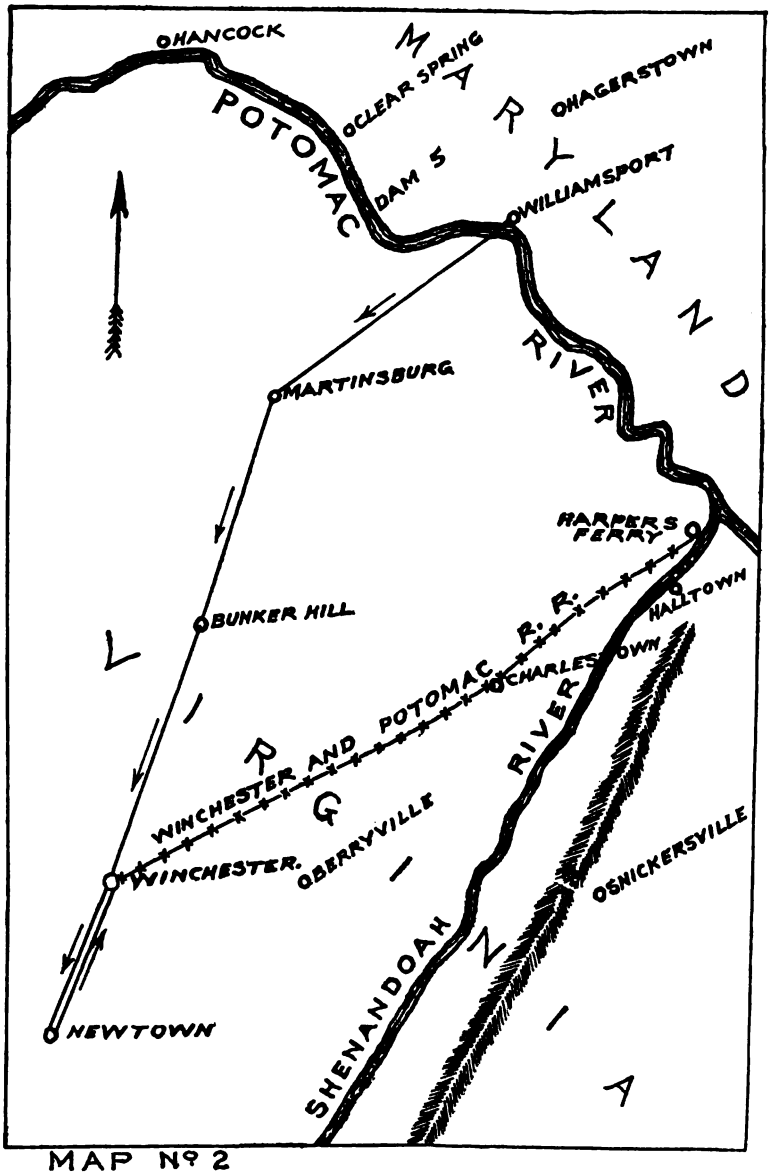

MAP Nº 2

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1862. south on the Winchester road, while the regiment entered it from the north. The quartermaster, or some other officer, rode forward from the regiment to overtake Company A. As he entered from the north the company was entering from the south. Each mistook the other. Company A supposed him to be a rebel picket endeavoring to escape out of town and fired, whereupon, supposing it to be the fire of the enemy, he turned about in great haste and rode back to the regiment. For a few moments there was considerable confusion, but the officer in command stopped the firing until he could ascertain the facts, which were soon learned, and quiet restored. As no one was hurt it ended in a good laugh, though it has never been settled as to "who took Martinsburg."

After the regiment entered the town the band played "Yankee Doodle," "Glory Hallelujah," "Red, White, and Blue," and other patriotic airs for the benefit of those benighted citizens who preferred the secesh song, "Maryland, My Maryland," which we heard so frequently sung during the winter.

There is an interesting story about this song that deserves to be preserved. It was composed by James R. Randall, and was pronounced by James Russell Lowell to be the finest poem inspired by the war. In April, 1861, Mr. Randall, a native of Maryland, then residing in Louisiana, published "An Exiled Son's Appeal" to his mother State to cast her fortunes with the seceding States of the South. The political feeling was intense in Maryland, and the stirring words of this poem fired the hearts of thousands of her people. The idea of wedding it to music was suggested, but its peculiar metre refused to adapt itself to any familiar air that was thought of, until one evening in June 1861, in Baltimore, at a social meeting of well-known persons in sympathy with the South, Miss Hettie Cary, desirous of making the meeting a notable success, suggested that the words "Maryland, My Maryland," which at that time constituted the chief mental pabulum of the Southerners, be adapted to music. In order to render the suggestion more impressive she declaimed the verses, when her sister Jennie exclaimed, "Lauriger Horatius," the well-known college song, and Miss Hettie Cary at once sang the words to that music, whereupon everybody present joined, making

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1862. the building ring with the great hymn. The two Misses Cary and a brother shortly afterward went South and did not return until after the war. On their way through Virginia they stopped for the night at Manassas and were serenaded by the band of the celebrated Washington Artillery of New Orleans, whose huts, by the way, we occupied later on at Centreville. When the band ceased playing a voice exclaimed, "Let's hear a woman's voice!" And Miss Jennie Cary, standing in the tent door, sang "My Maryland." The refrain was at once taken up and sung by hundreds of rebel throats. After this scene nothing could have kept the song from living and growing into the power it speedily attained. Miss Hettie Cary became the wife of General Pegram, and subsequently of Prof. H. Newell Martin.

A good many of the houses in the town were found to be empty, the occupants having fled to parts unknown, whereupon we took possession of them for quarters and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable.

Company B, with a company from the Twelfth Indiana, was detailed for provost duty.

It snowed hard in the afternoon, turning to rain before night. A good New England day. We found the population of Martinsburg to be five or six thousand inhabitants, and an important station on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. On receiving information of our approach the enemy destroyed forty-eight locomotive engines, and the débris thereof was indeed a sight to see.

Martinsburg was the residence of Mr. Faulkner, a man who had previously been distinguished by an appointment as Minister to France. His family having little faith in Yankee soldiers, requested a guard for the protection of themselves and their property, and certain men of our regiment were detailed for the purpose. When the time came for cooking coffee, request was made for privilege to use the kitchen stove, but it was refused. The Union must be preserved and soldiers must have their coffee. The words "poltroons" and "cowards" and "vulgar Yankees" are not pleasant words to hear, even when uttered by a pretty woman. In this case they were spoken in French, whereupon one of the boys informed madam that he also spoke that language, which information so astonished her that she was glad to retire to the privacy of the upper rooms, leaving the

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"vulgar Yankees" in possession of the lower floor. The boys proceeded without further delay to cook their coffee and to use the old man's library for their mental sustenance. Good books, good coffee, and a well-filled pipe will broaden the mind of a soldier so as to make him capable of swallowing a good deal of abuse.

The feeling against the Union was very bitter in this town, as was expected it would be. The sentiment was not unanimous, however. We were made pretty well acquainted with the sentiments of the people through two boys from this town who had enlisted as drummers in the Thirteenth, and who proved themselves to be good soldiers. Their escape from Martinsburg and joining us at Williamsport, together with the sufferings of their family for maintaining Union sentiments, would make a thrilling story if published.

1862. Monday, March 3. Washing-day. A soldier's washing-day is any day; some day when he couldn't stand it any longer, or when he became convinced that "dirt is something in the wrong place." The colonel had us out this afternoon on battalion drill, in the mud, to show the "F.F.V's" what a Massachusetts regiment could do; and a goodly sight it is to see, when the regiment is well drilled. The colonel enjoyed it more than we did.

General Williams assumed command of the brigade to-day. Troops are arriving daily and molasses is $1.75 per gallon.

We were anxious at this time to see a regular thoroughbred "F.F.V.," about whom we had heard so much. Therefore some watched while others preyed, and those who preyed submitted samples of their success for judgment. They were complimented for their earnestness, but informed that the "First Families of Virginia" did not have feathers. They bore their disappointment with the tranquillity which possesses a man who has breakfasted on broiled chicken. In these searches for "Full Feathered Virginians" the boys declared that they always met an officer's servant at the same coop.

Wednesday, March 5. With the rest of the brigade we marched to Bunker Hill, ten miles, where we arrived late in the afternoon. The march was slow, owing to the mud. The soil was not too "sacred" for mud. Bunker Hill is a small village with scattering houses, one church, and a deserted mill. Two

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1862. companies, B and C, occupied the church, and company K, the mill.

In a report made by General Jackson to Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, March 6, 1862, he says that "Yesterday the enemy advanced from Martinsburg to Bunker Hill. So Leonard, the commander, has effected a junction with Charlestown forces *via* the Charlestown and Smithfield road. Leonard, before leaving Martinsburg, sent his baggage in the direction of Williamsport. His column was about two miles long, composed of seven regiments of infantry, four companies of cavalry, and probably six pieces of artillery." Well-informed as he was about our movements, he omitted to mention the articles left behind by the rank and file before we left Martinsburg, though we still had three days' rations, forty rounds of ammunition, and a gun called the Enfield rifle. On our arrival at Bunker Hill, we found eight rebels in a church, and retained them as prisoners. This shows how unadvisable it is to go to church on Tuesdays.

We found at Bunker Hill no monument to mark the place where Warren fell, — probably because he preferred to fall in Massachusetts.

Charlestown and Bunker Hill! The Virginians were so bound up in the sacredness of their soil they were unable to appreciate the sacredness attached to these two names.

A detail of Company D was left behind at Martinsburg to accompany the wagon train.

While at this place an incident occurred to sweeten the toil of drilling and guard duty of four of the boys. During the early part of our service, details were frequently made from the regiment to guard property, or the residences of citizens who feared depredations by soldiers. Occasionally a detail of this kind would turn out to be a "*soft snap*."

The following unique experience deserves to be recorded as evidence of our appreciation of the unusual kindness shown. The afternoon of the day following our arrival, a Mr. W. Holliday made application for a guard of protection for himself and wife, two people advanced in years, living about a mile from camp; and four men were thereupon detailed for that duty, and returned with Mr. Holli-

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1862. day to his farm. He was also the owner of a mill near by, and appeared to be a man in prosperous circumstances. His son, a clergyman, was at that time preaching in Baltimore. Upon their arrival the boys proceeded to arrange their duties, expecting, of course, to stand guard the same as though they were in camp. To this plan the old gentleman strongly objected, saying that they must remain about the house while he would walk around the farm, and if any soldiers were in sight, would let them (the guard) know, when they were to order the trespassers away. There seemed to be no way of settling the matter except by agreeing to this plan, which practically relieved them of all duty. Having been introduced to Mrs. Holliday, a kind, motherly old lady, and having observed the evidences of culture and refinement which existed about the house, the boys proceeded to enjoy themselves by sitting on the piazza or strolling about the place as best pleased them until supper was announced, when they were ushered into the dining-room. They had drawn three days' rations before starting, expecting to feed themselves, but the old people wouldn't listen to it for a minute. How pleasant it was once more to sit down to a table covered with a white cloth, and plenty to eat and drink. What a contrast the clean white plates made to the tin plates of the boys, already battered with hard usuage. In spite of craving appetites, they were unable to exhaust the supply of food, while it seemed to please the old couple to witness the enjoyment expressed in every mouthful the boys ate. After supper they all adjourned to the sitting-room, and before a blazing wood fire sat and talked the evening away. When bedtime arrived they were ushered upstairs by Mr. Holliday, who feared very much that they might not like the accommodations, as some accident had happened to one of his bedsteads, by which he was compelled to give two of the party a double bed, and the others a pile of mattresses about three feet high. They very soon eased the old gentleman's mind on that score, as they saw the pains and trouble he had been to in looking after their comfort. What a luxury it was to get their clothes off and crawl in between sheets once more. "Good-night, boys! and don't get up until I call you," were his last words. In the morning, at half-past eight, they heard his rap on the door. How pleased he

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1862. was to learn that they had had a glorious sleep! What a kindly greeting they received from Mrs. Holliday on entering the dining-room, and how interested were her inquiries about their comfort! Even the logs in the fire-place sputtered a welcome; and such a breakfast was laid before them! There was hominy and bacon, hot biscuits and coffee, smoking hot potatoes, and broiled chicken; and such an abundance! Certainly this must all be a dream, from which they would soon awake to reality. To tackle such a lay-out as this, after living on hardtack and pork, required no urging. After breakfast, they retired to the sitting-room to sit by the fire while the old gentleman went on guard. This was the only thing that troubled the boys; but there was no help for it, as he insisted in doing so in spite of their earnest protestations to the contrary. With books and games, they whiled the time away until dinner. On finishing breakfast they thought it hardly possible to ever want to eat again, but they sat down and packed themselves solid with food. This twenty-four hours was a sample of the three days they spent at this hospitable mansion. On the afternoon of the last day Mr. Holliday came in and informed them that a soldier was approaching the house. They saw it was no use to drive *him* away, for he was evidently clothed with authority to drive them out of this paradise. He produced his "marching orders," which required them to report to camp. On the following morning they were up early to eat their last breakfast; after which the old gentleman accompanied them to camp to testify to their usefulness and the comfort they had been by their presence. While the boys were snoring in bed, Mrs. Holliday had spent a good part of the night in baking biscuits and cake for them to take back to camp for distribution among their comrades. If the dear old lady could have heard the cheers that went up as the contents of that bag were exposed, her heart would have throbbed with joy.

Thursday, March 6. General Banks paid the brigade a visit. What his presence betokened we were unable to say, though the camp gossips amused themselves by constructing stories that would have honored Munchausen.

A rebel deserter came into camp to-day, loaded to the muzzle

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1862. with lies for our digestion. We accepted a good deal of nonsense from these deserters, in our simplicity at this time, that didn't pass later on. He told great stories about men looking for opportunities to desert; but we didn't see much of a procession of these fellows, so the war was continued.

Friday, March 7. While the regiment was out on battalion drill in the afternoon, word was received that four hundred rebel cavalry were within four miles, whereupon we were double-quicked through the mud, across a brook, and down the road, expecting to have a brush with the "Johnnies." Just as we were halted and our guns loaded, we were met by regiments returning; so back through the mud we marched to camp, our feet soaked and our legs covered with the "sacred soil."

Three men shot on picket through their own carelessness, it is said. Men should never go on picket: it is dangerous.

An order was issued to-day for the detail left at Williamsport to report to the regiment. An order was also issued that when men are obliged to fall out on a march they must be provided with passes.

The nights are so cold, we wondered where the man was who said Virginia was in the tropics.

Saturday, March 8. The President to-day issued the following order for the organization of the active portion of the Army of the Potomac into four army corps, from the divisions of Banks and Shields:

PRESIDENT'S GENERAL WAR ORDER NO. 2.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, March 8, 1862.

Ordered, 1. That the major-general commanding the Army of the Potomac proceed forthwith to organize that part of the said army destined to enter upon active operations (including the reserve, but excluding the troops to be left in the fortifications about Washington), into four army corps, to be commanded according to seniority of rank as follows:

First Corps to consist of four divisions, and to be commanded by Major-Gen. I. McDowell.

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1862. Second Corps to consist of three divisions, and to be commanded by Brigadier-Gen. E. V. Sumner.

Third Corps to consist of three divisions, and to be commanded by Brigadier-Gen. S. P. Heintzelman.

Fourth Corps to consist of three divisions, and to be commanded by Brigadier-Gen. E. D. Keyes.

2. That the divisions now commanded by the officers above assigned to the command of army corps shall be embraced in and form part of their respective corps.

3. The forces left for the defence of Washington will be placed in command of Brigadier-Gen. James S. Wadsworth, who shall also be military governor of the District of Columbia.

4. That this order be executed with such promptness and despatch as not to delay the commencement of operations already directed to be undertaken by the Army of the Potomac.

5. A Fifth Army Corps, to be commanded by Major-Gen. N. P. Banks, will be formed from his own and General Shields' (late General Lander's) divisions.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It will be seen by this order that we were to be a part of the Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

Sunday, March 9. Strict orders were issued by direction of General Williams that no commissioned officers nor privates are to pass the picket-guard without a written pass. Wagons not to be sent out without sufficient guard. Guards or detachments with loaded muskets to discharge them between 9 and 10 A.M., at a designated spot. That the safety of the command depends on the observance of this last order.

Hard bread getting scarce. Flour issued in its place. Some of the boys clubbed together on drawing their flour, and had it baked into bread by one of the farmers' wives, paying therefor in coffee, which was rated at $1.50 per pound at the store. What a glorious opportunity for speculation!

Monday, March 10. Orders issued to cook three days' rations. Each officer and soldier to see that everything is in perfect order, with forty rounds of ammunition in the cartridge-boxes.

If there were any Quakers in the regiment, it was a good time for them to start for Philadelphia. We expected to march at 10 A.M., but as it rained hard the order was countermanded. The war was therefore prolonged one day.

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1862. **Tuesday, March 11.** Marched to Stephenson's Depot, six miles, and bivouacked in the woods about four miles from Winchester. As we marched out of Bunker Hill the usual crowd gathered to see the troops pass along. Among the number was a young man who gave utterance to his rebellious thoughts by irritating remarks as to what we were likely to do on meeting Ashby's cavalry. When the price of salt is $30.00 per bag, it is not strange that the language of the people should smack of an unusual freshness.

Our march was frequently obstructed by rebel cavalry under Ashby; but no one was hurt, though it looked rather shaky at times.

The great caution that was observed in our march to-day made it late in the afternoon before we went into camp. Details were made for camp and picket-guard, camp-fires were lit, coffee cooked, and the proper degree of thankfulness expressed by those who escaped guard duty.

After supper the men gathered round the fires for a smoke and to listen to the gossip of the regiment. It frequently happens that some one will invent a story, requesting the strictest secrecy, in order that it may travel the faster. In the course of twenty-four hours or so it will return, not exactly as it went forth, but so enlarged and exaggerated that you could scarcely recognize the original. Frequent repetition of this amusement very soon created such disbelief in all camp stories, that it was difficult to get one well started except by the exercise of considerable ingenuity.

Wednesday, March 12. The rattle of drums and the sweet singing of birds announced that morn was here. The army was to move on Winchester at once, so we hastily cooked our coffee, and as quickly as possible ate our breakfast. There was no time to spare, as orders to "fall in" were heard in every direction. Orders were received for the Thirteenth to take the advance of the column as skirmishers. Winchester was four miles away, occupied by 25,000 troops under Stonewall Jackson, and well-fortified by earthworks. As soon as we were out of the woods the regiment was deployed as skirmishers, and marched in that order in quick time across fields, over fences and stone walls, fording brooks

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1862. or creeks, preserving distances and line as well as we could under such disadvantages. The sensations we experienced on this bright, beautiful morning are not likely to be forgotten. It was very warm, and the march a hard one, because the line was irregularly obstructed. That is to say, while one part would be marching on the smooth surface of the ground, another part might be climbing a fence or wading a brook. To keep the line tolerably straight under such exasperating circumstances was very trying and perspiring work. In addition to this we were, for the first time, in line of battle, and in plain sight of the rest of the division, who were watching our movements as they followed in close column. Situated as we were, there was no opportunity of obeying, without disgrace, those instincts of discretion which are said to be the better part of valor, and which prompt human nature to seek safety in flight. Those of us who omitted to sneak away before the line was formed, but who afterward showed such ingenuity and skill in escaping the dangers of battle, found no chance open for skulking on this occasion. Yes! like other regiments, we had our percentage of men who dared to run away, that they might live to fight some other, far distant day. We saw those dreaded earthworks a long time before we reached them, and wondered at the enemy's silence, but concluded they were reserving their fire until we should be close enough for the greatest execution. Whatever the boys felt, there was no faltering or wavering. Within a short distance of the earthworks we formed in close order, and with a yell and a rush we bounded over them to find, after all our fears and anticipations, they were empty. We were soon formed in line, and marched, in column of companies, into town, being the first Union regiment that entered Winchester. We felt proud enough at our bloodless victory.

We had hardly entered the main street of the town when General Jackson and Colonel Ashby were discovered on horseback, in front of the Taylor House, waving an adieu with their hats. An order was immediately given to fire, but we were not quick enough to do them harm or retard their flight. This was a daring thing to do, though common enough with such men as Jackson and Ashby.

We marched down the main street, the band playing patriotic airs,

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1862. while the people scanned our appearance to see what a Yankee looked like. Some who were prepared to scoff could get no farther than "How fat they are!"

After the companies were assigned to quarters the officers met at the Taylor House, and dined on the meal provided for Jackson and his staff.

The regiment was detailed as provost guard of the town, and proceeded at once to secure quarters in the unoccupied buildings.

Winchester is a town of four or five thousand inhabitants, blessed with a water-supply, is the county seat, has a medical college and a hotel. In addition to all these advantages, it was one of the hotbeds of secession.

Our duties as provost guard made the stay in Winchester very attractive. The regiment was always allowed great liberty by the colonel, who found by experience that the men could be trusted with it; so we roamed about town, when not on duty, as pleased us best. The men who were on duty, not wishing to be outdone by the colonel, also granted liberties to those of their comrades whom they knew *they* could trust. One of the places we were called upon to guard was the dining-room of the Taylor House, where many of the officers were quartered, to prevent any one not a commissioned officer entering without a pass. It so happened that a few of us dined there each day at the landlord's expense, the guard finding it difficult to detect the difference between a man who was a commissioned officer, and one who wanted to be.

Two of the companies were quartered in the hall in the courthouse. As the hall was provided with a platform, an opportunity was afforded of having some singing and dancing by Southern darkies whom we corralled each day, for the purpose, and to which the whole regiment was invited. The dancing was vigorous, and the singing, — well, it was not what we hoped it would be. It began with a grand anthem of one hundred and thirty-nine stanzas, all just alike, which was ground out by the yard. A hat was placed on the front of the platform, to receive donations from time to time, as encouragement. When we got as many yards of the anthem as we could stand, we shut them off and made them dance — *as a rest.*

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1862. When we thought they had sufficient *rest* we started them on again with the anthem until we got enough of both, when we divided the contents of the hat and fired them out. The anthem was as follows:

"AND it's Old John Brown don't you see
It'll never do for you to try to set the darkies free
For if you do the people will come from all around
And take you down and hang you up in old Charlestown."

There was no punctuation about it, and the only way we distinguished the verses was the emphasis placed on the word "*and*," on beginning each stanza. There was a dispute as to whether the number of stanzas was one hundred and thirty-nine or one hundred and forty; but one of the boys says he counted one hundred and thirty-nine, and that ought to settle it.

It was while we were at Winchester that the government issued the new currency called "greenbacks," fac-similes of which were published in the illustrated papers. The currency of the Confederacy was printed on various kinds of material, such as match-paper, cloth, etc. The people of Winchester who believed that our government was as badly off as their own thought these fac-similes were good money, and received them as such until one was offered at a sutler's store and refused, when a great ado was made at the "Yankee trick." As soon as it was known that these fac-similes would be taken by the people, the price of "Harper's Weekly" or "Frank Leslie's" paper rose very high. An appeal was made to the colonel for restitution, notwithstanding that "all is fair in love or war." The perpetrators of this fraud were never found. Curious, isn't it?

During our brief stay in Winchester the boys enjoyed a little fun at the expense of the fair sex of that distinguished town. A sutler of one of the regiments having secured a store on the main street for the sale of his goods, hung out over the sidewalk a Union flag. The sight of the "Stars and Stripes" produced about the same effect on the people as the sight of a red rag would upon an enraged bull. Rather than dishonor themselves by walking beneath it, they turned into the middle of the street to escape the humiliation. On the fol-

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1862. lowing day some members of the "Ninth New York" hung a large flag across the middle of the street, while Company K of the Thirteenth stretched another one across the opposite sidewalk, thus completely blocking the street. A rebel flag was then laid flat on the sidewalk. Supposing this to be like those above, they trampled upon it and tore it with their feet, to the great merriment of the boys, who loudly applauded the act. The mortification they felt on discovering their error was too exasperating for concealment, and so found vent in expressions of disgust which added still more to the fun.

The repugnance which the women of the South felt for a Yankee frequently found expression in contemptuous remarks. At dress-parade, one night, as we were falling into line, on the double-quick, a woman shouted, "*Ashby'll make you run faster than that!*" Who knows but this unhappy creature may have inherited a copy of the "*Vinegar Bible*," and that constant reading of it may have fermented the natural sweetness of her disposition? One would think that nothing but an extermination of the whole race of Yankees would satisfy her anger, so bitter was her feeling.

It was at Winchester that some of the boys were called upon from Company D to show their mechanical ingenuity in reconstructing a dilapidated engine, one of three left by the enemy, and they succeeded so well that it was sent to Halltown, near Harper's Ferry, for flour. It was no light job the boys had, and they deserved all the fun they got out of it. When the work was completed a train was attached, and about eighty men were taken aboard, armed with implements, including iron and spikes, to make such repairs as were needed in the progress of their journey. The track was composed of heavy strap iron, spiked on to wooden stringers. Reaching Charlestown, the cars were dropped, while the locomotive proceeded to Halltown, accompanied by a small detail. Later in the afternoon the party returned, having first secured a train of cars which were loaded with flour for the troops in Winchester. The vacant space was taken up by men on leaves of absence returning to camp, who availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to escape a long tramp to Winchester. This

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1862. addition to the number made the journey back anything but pleasant, besides greatly lessening the speed. Pretty soon a curious sound from the internal organs of the engine caught the ear. There was something the matter with the iron horse. He blew and snorted as though he had the belly-ache, when climbing an up-grade. Very soon the monotony of his funereal pace became unbearable, and to his hissing and sputtering was added the grumbling of the tired passengers, who longed for a sight of Winchester. Added to other troubles was the discovery that a bridge was on fire, the work of some Southerner who believed in a vigorous prosecution of the war, by his side, in order to shorten it. Fortunately for the party, the wood was sufficiently damp to prevent the bridge from being destroyed. It had the effect, however, of enlivening the drowsy faculties of the party, who kept a sharp lookout for further danger. Near midnight, with Winchester two miles away, the iron horse started on an up-grade, puffing and blowing with all his might, until, completely out of breath, he gave up the trial and rolled back to the level below. The boys rested him a moment, then opened wide his old throttle, and up the grade he went once more; but when almost up, he "busted" one of his intestines, enveloping the whole train with steam. Matters were very lively for a few moments. The party scattered like rats from a sinking ship. The "iron horse" was abandoned to his fate, and the party walked into Winchester. The freight was subsequently brought into town by army wagons.

Winchester was the home of Mason, of the firm of Mason and Slidell, that famous pair of rebels who came so near embroiling us in a war with England. They were appointed by the Confederate government as envoys to European courts, and were taken by the rebel gunboat "Theodora" to Havana, escaping the watchfulness of our cruisers. Upon their arrival at that port they became inflated with a lofty admiration of their consequence, forgetting how illusive is the vainglory of the world. Assuming an importance out of keeping in men representing a rebellious government, they attracted the attention of the world to their missson and its purport, thereby laying the foundation of their subsequent failure as diplomats. From

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1862. Havana they embarked on board the English steamship "Trent," bound for "Merrie England."

It so happened that the noise of their doings reached the ears of Commodore Wilkes, who was on his way home from Africa in the "San Jacinto." Impressed with the idea that they were fair game to capture, wherever they might be found, he overhauled the "Trent" and demanded their surrender. After removing them to the "San Jacinto," which, by the way, was not accomplished without some friction, Commodore Wilkes set sail for Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, where he deposited his thoroughly disgusted prisoners, to enjoy the care and entertainment of the government, while he enjoyed the hospitality proffered him by the people of Boston, where his action made him a great hero.

All this, which happened in November, 1861, made a deuce of a row. Our government soon learned that yanking the British lion's tail, without lawful right, meant something, and it was forced to eat its dish of "crow" by apologizing for its hasty action, and transferring the prisoners to an English ship, anchored at Provincetown, and thus fortunately ending the matter.

In consequence of these exciting incidents Mr. Mason's residence became an object of much curiosity, and as a guard was detailed from the Thirteenth to protect the premises, we had an opportunity of becoming distantly acquainted with his family. Their sentiments were of the rabid kind. They believed a dead Yankee was the best kind of a Yankee. We did our best, by good nature and politeness, to remove their impressions; but it was no go, as the gangrene of contempt had too deeply affected their minds to allow a change of heart. When the guard arrived at the house, Mrs. Mason, mistaking their purpose, remonstrated against any "Northern mudsills" entering her premises, which statement was promptly communicated to the colonel, who soon made his appearance and explained to her that it was the guard sent to protect her and her property from the presence of persons whom she had no wish to see. And this is the way we were treated in return for all our kindness and attention to her husband during his stay at Fort Warren.

An order was this day issued by General McClellan, in accord-

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1862. March 13. ance with the President's order of the 8th inst., designating General Banks' corps, composed of the divisions of Generals Williams and Shields, as the Fifth Corps.

An order was also issued this day by General Banks to his troops, containing the following:

> The commanding general learns with sincere regret that officers in some cases, from mistaken views, either tolerate or encourage depredations upon property. This is deeply regretted. He calls upon them to reflect upon the destructive influences which attend such practices, and to remember the declaration of the great master of the art of war, that pillage is the most certain method of disorganizing and destroying an army.

When we reflect how much property we protected, and thereby made useful for Jackson in his subsequent raids up the valley, we naturally ask which army he means will be destroyed.

So far as our experience goes, the people of Winchester expressed astonishment that no plundering had occurred, as they had been informed that terrible things would happen upon our entry into town. Whether they lied or not we are unable to say, but they said the town was never so quiet as during our stay there. It may be they spoke the truth, as most of the stores were closed upon our entrance, but shortly afterward opened, doing a thriving business.

Saturday, March 15. Early in the morning the right wing of the regiment, with two companies of cavalry and four pieces of artillery, made a reconnoissance to Newtown, eight miles away. Upon our arrival at that place, we found the enemy drawn up in line of battle in readiness to make it warm for us should we feel disposed to advance. The artillery was immediately placed in position and began firing. Whether we did any damage or not we had no means of knowing. On our side no one was hurt, though several were badly scared. During this desultory firing, arrangements were being quietly made by the enemy to gobble the whole outfit, which action was discovered in season to prevent its completion. As there was no time to countermarch the regiment, it marched back to Winchester "left in front," the small men thereby taking the lead. It soon began to rain, and before our arrival in Winchester

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1862. we were drenched to the skin. This return march of eight miles was made in one hour and fifty minutes — extraordinarily good time for a regiment marching in column, and will be recollected by the participants for that, if for nothing else. It was a great day for the "ponies," as it was they who set the pace.

The average speed of a regiment on the march is from two to two and a half miles per hour. This speed includes such delays as occur from obstructions in the road, caused generally by streams that are not bridged. It sometimes happens that a speed of three miles per hour, and occasionally three and a half miles, is attained under special circumstances. In the march from Newtown, just recorded, the rate of speed exceeded four miles per hour; a very exceptional case.

The manner of marching was in fours, and by what is known as "route step;" that is, "go as you please." The men were generally in step, because it was easier, as everybody knows. You were at liberty to carry your gun, knapsack, blankets, ammunition, etc., as best pleased yourself. Three to five days' rations were often carried in the haversack. In the last part of the war, to have had issued to you for *three* days such a quantity and variety of rations as was given you for one day at this time would have made a man think he was preparing for Thanksgiving day.

The machinery necessary for providing an army as large as the Union army with daily rations seemed to us the most wonderful of the various responsibilities that occupied the attention of the government. The occasions were rare when the soldier worried himself about the matter. Of course it did happen occasionally that he was forced to put up with short commons, as in cases where forced marches were suddenly made, or where supplies were cut off by raids of the enemy. In instances where the full ration was not issued, it was the custom of the government to commute the difference, paying the sum so realized to each company, which fund was known as the "company fund," and which was held by the captain, who was allowed to draw therefrom for such purposes as, in his judgment, were necessary for the comfort of his men. The rations issued the first year of the war were good, and little cause for complaint ex-

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1862. isted, as a rule. Later, when the exigencies of the service prevented their prompt delivery, hardtack, from exposure to the weather, was frequently ornamented with a border of green, and occasionally with maggots or weevils. Coffee and pork came in for their share of these diminutive specimens of animal life. As we advanced in our education and experience as soldiers, a small matter of this kind ceased to have a disturbing influence in our daily life. Hardtack was a nutritious article of diet, and though soft bread was occasionally issued, old soldiers preferred the former, not only for its compactness, but for its sustaining and satisfying qualities. When it left the oven it was uniformly good, as it was uniformly hard.

Sunday, March 16. The chaplain preached a rattling sermon on the evils of secession, in front of the court-house. Notice having been given out to the towns-people that he was to preach, advantage was taken by some of them to be present and listen to a "Yankee" preacher. An opportunity was thus afforded the chaplain of airing his eloquence, with which he was highly gifted, on these degenerate sons of Virginia.

Monday, March 17. St. Patrick's day without a procession in honor of the man who drove snakes out of Ireland is a deprivation we were unused to. What a terrible thing is war! We were now in a part of the country where an "F.F.V." was a bigger man than St. Patrick.

For real thoroughbred aristocracy, the "First Families of Virginia" can lay over, or think they can, all the "blue-bloods" of the North or South. They have a well-grounded opinion of their superiority to other mortals in this world, with anticipations of a similar rank in the next. Perhaps they expect, on announcing their names at the gates of Paradise, that St. Peter will doff his cowl with becoming humility, and lead them to the seats already reserved about the throne for people whose blood is of the ultra-marine hue. In their opinion, to bear the label "F.F.V." confers a distinction that no honor can excel. It is a brand of aristocracy too choice to be the reward of mere wealth. As a rule they were persons of culture and refinement, and took great pride and pleasure in dispensing a generous though ruinous hospitality. They looked upon

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1862. themselves as the nobility of the land, and prior to the war, with abundance of means, and numerous slaves to do their bidding, many of them led ideal lives. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the breaking up of such an existence should develop an unnatural animosity toward the government. It was impossible to live as they did, in the dazzling rays of external splendor, without exciting the unreasoning enmity of their less fortunate neighbors, who took advantage of our presence to retaliate. It happened after we crossed the river into Virginia, that, knowing little about them, we sought every opportunity of exciting mirth or provoking ridicule at their weaknesses. As we became acquainted with them, we were ready to believe them to be generous, brave, and attractive in manners, except when their tempers were excited, as against the North, and then they were rabid and unreasonable. We soon learned that every ill-clad ignorant specimen on the roadside was not an "F.F.V." We also learned that their less fortunate neighbors took every opportunity of maligning them, and the stories told us of the terrible things they were doing had to be taken with a good deal of allowance, otherwise we might have done them injustice.

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CHAPTER III.

1862. Tuesday, March 18. COMPANIES B and K, retained in town for duty while the rest of the regiment prepared to go into camp, an order having been received transferring the Thirteenth to General Abercrombie's brigade. During the day we called on our old associates of Hamilton's brigade and bade them good-by.

General Shields with his division of 10,000 men passed through Winchester to-day and made a good show.

Wednesday, March 19. Marched out of town about two miles; pitched tents in sight of the camps of the Second and Twelfth Massachusetts regiments. We then marched to the camps of the regiments in Abercrombie's brigade, that we might see them, and let them see us. The new brigade was composed of the Twelfth Massachusetts, Ninth New York (Eighty-third Vols.), the Twelfth and Sixteenth Indiana regiments. Whatever may have been their opinion of us, we were favorably impressed with our new associates. We thus began an association with the Twelfth Massachusetts and Ninth New York regiments that lasted during the rest of our service, and with whom we shared a good many hardships and dangers as time rolled on.

Thursday, March 20. It snowed and hailed last night, and to-day it rained, so we were relieved of drills and dress parade. We were surprised to find such weather as this in Virginia. It looked like an infringement on New England's weather patent.

Friday, March 21. Marched with the brigade in an easterly direction, ten miles, toward Berryville, and went into camp in the woods about two miles short of that town. It rained hard nearly all day, and it was dark before we halted. Building fires with wet, green wood required a deal more of Christian patience than most of us possessed, to refrain from swearing. Some

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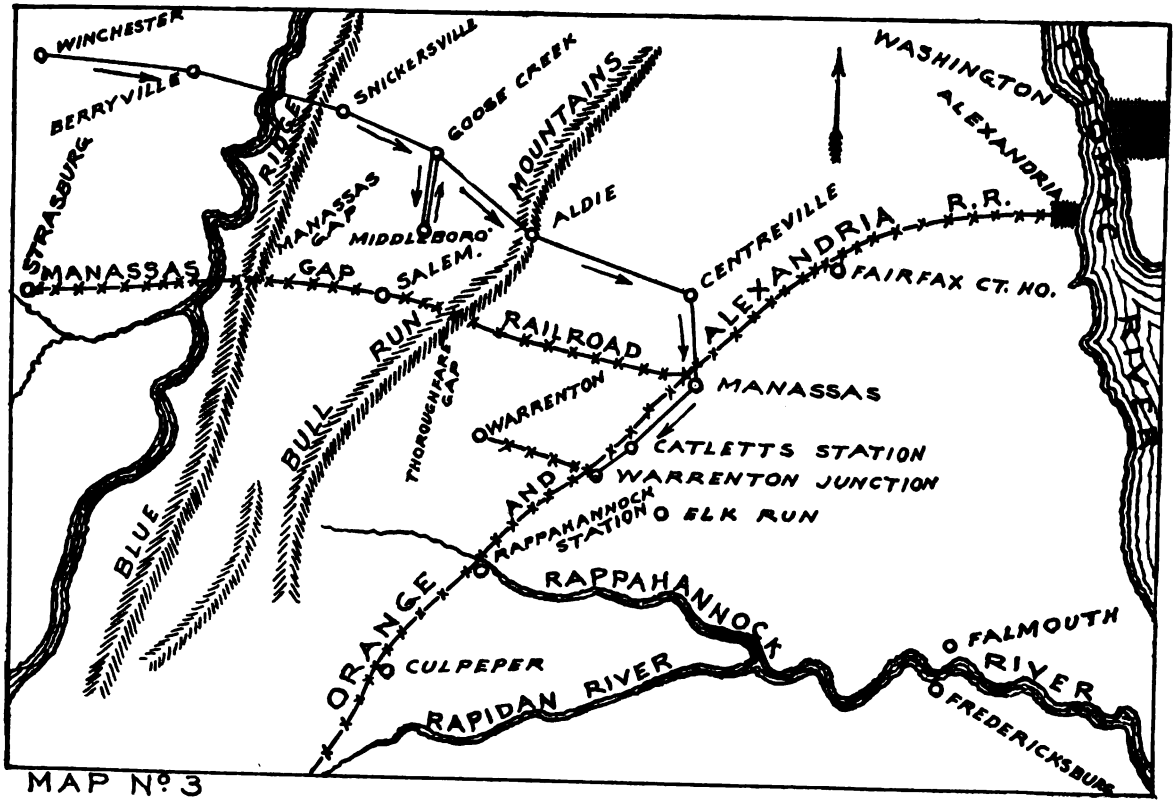

MAP No. 3

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of the boys, whose abilities to overcome obstacles seemed superhuman, succeeded in boiling coffee.

1862. Saturday, March 22. At daylight we built fires and tried to dry our blankets before marching, as a wet blanket is no light load to tote over a mountain. About 9 o'clock we took up the line of march to Snicker's Gap in the Bull Run Mountains, passing through Berryville, where we stopped for half an hour or more, and where we saw some pretty girls, which prompted one of the boys to sing that song which includes:

> "And the captain with his whiskers
> Took a sly glance at me."

Though nothing but a village, it had a few stores and a hotel, so we were able to provide ourselves with some of the delicacies exposed for sale. We then proceeded across the Shenandoah River, by means of a pontoon bridge, and up the mountain to a level plain in Snicker's Gap, where we pitched tents for the night in a beautiful pine grove, and where we found plenty of good water.

Sunday, March 23. Continued the march about 7 o'clock, passing down the east side of the mountain through the village of Snickersville and on to Aldie, eighteen miles. A good day's work for Sunday. The colonel was good enough to compliment us on our marching. Well, taffy is an article that pleases soldiers just the same as it does others of God's children. Orders were issued by General Abercrombie not to meddle with fence rails. There was never anything invented in the shape of wood that would make a better or quicker fire than a fence rail. As the colonel had already given orders not to take any but the top rail, we adhered strictly to that humorous injunction.

Monday, March 24. Remained in camp until 5 P.M., when we received orders to return to Berryville with the greatest possible haste. Banks had been, or was about to be, attacked by Jackson, hence the necessity of our being near when needed. We should have liked it much better if Jackson had made his attack before we left Winchester, and not waited until we were forty miles away.

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1862. Wading through streams had been disastrous to the home-made boots of a good many of the boys, who found it impossible to get them on to their feet, and were therefore obliged to walk in stockings or go barefoot. As stockings were a poor protection, there were some pretty sore feet by the time the eighteen miles were accomplished. Mile after mile of this weary march we counted off, until at last the little stone church in Snickersville, at the foot of the mountain, appeared in sight, lighted as if for a social gathering. The temptation to stop was very great, and many there were in the brigade who availed themselves of the opportunity.

What a scene was presented to view on entering the door! Men were lying on the seats, under the seats, in the aisles, in the pulpit; every available spot, large enough to stow a body, was found to be occupied, until they were packed as closely as sardines in a box. Though every lamp in the church was lighted, there was no one awake to enjoy it; all were snoring away like so many pigs, reminding one of a pond of bull-frogs on a summer's night. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity."

One of our boys finding no place whereon to lay his head, trudged up the mountain and rejoined the regiment, which had already pitched tents on the same ground occupied by it two nights before. "Where have *you* been?" was the inquiry that greeted him as he entered the tent. "To church," he answered. "Yes," said another, "he probably stopped to p-r-e-y."

Tuesday, March 25. When reveille was sounded, it seemed as though we had been asleep but a few minutes. We stretched ourselves into shape, however, answered to roll-call, cooked our "regular coffee," and prepared to march at 9 o'clock. About a mile from camp, as we reached the brow of the mountain, we were informed that the pontoon bridge over the Shenandoah was carried away, and that we should be obliged to wait until it was rebuilt before continuing our journey. These were tidings of great joy, affording us an opportunity of sleeping or gazing on the beautiful valley of this attractive river, and a lovelier sight never greeted the

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1862. eye of man. An opportunity was also afforded those who needed them to draw shoes from the quartermaster.

Some of us, afflicted with more pride than sense, had been having our boots made to order and sent out from home, and now became acquainted, for the first time, with the virtues of an "army shoe," and in a few days were ready to testify that we never saw a shoe so well adapted for its purpose.

About 3 o'clock we resumed our march down the mountain, crossed the river and were well on our way toward Berryville, when a courier from General Banks met us with an order to return; so back up the mountain we marched to our camp-ground in the woods, where for the third time we pitched our tents, "*Dei gratia*," as General Rosecrans says in one of his orders.

Wednesday, March 26. At 8 o'clock A.M. we started down the mountain on the road to Aldie, again passing through the village of Snickersville, where, as before, our appearance ruffled the tempers of the villagers, who expressed their contempt by making faces and calling us "*Miserable Yankees*." We were not disturbed at these exhibitions, though some of the boys exercised their wit in rather irritating words. As we passed by the little stone church we noticed it was closed. Where were all the pious pilgrims who occupied it two nights ago? We halted at Goose Creek for the night, in a beautiful piece of woods. We had hardly dropped our knapsacks when the order was given to "*fall in*," information having been received that the enemy was advancing toward us from Aldie. We soon learned that the alarm was false, and, to our delight, the order was countermanded.

The spot selected for our camp was in a beautiful piece of woods, in close proximity to a clear, sparkling brook, but its situation with respect to a rail fence, upon which we relied for our fuel, was a bad one, inasmuch as it necessitated our walking by the general's tent, if we succeeded in getting any of that forbidden fruit called rails. As soon as tents were pitched, men from each company, in merry mood, started for rails, without the least suspicion that General Abercrombie had placed his tent on the side of the road at the very point where they expected to get them. Their chagrin, as they saw the general,

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1862. like a watch-dog, sitting in front of his tent facing the very fence they proposed to seize, is not easily described. The ill-luck which is said to accompany the number thirteen seemed to acquire justification while we were with Abercrombie. His prejudice against us was unaccountable, considering we had been under his command but a week. If any man in the brigade was caught violating an order, the general's first instinct was to suspect the offender as being a Thirteenth man. In this particular instance, men belonging to other regiments and companies could be plainly seen beyond, helping themselves to rails without hindrance, so it was easy to reason that a change had taken place in his feelings about not touching them, though the boys hardly dared to take them from under his very nose, as it was too much like bearding the lion in his den. Suddenly he disappeared in his tent. Such an apparent dispensation of Providence was made the most of. As rapidly as possible they loaded themselves with all the rails they could carry, and hurried back to camp, careful to make no noise as they passed his tent. Just as they were congratulating themselves on escaping observation, the general suddenly made his appearance.

> "His brow was sad; his eye beneath
> Flashed like a falchion from its sheath."

Above the braying of hungry mules could be heard his shrill voice shouting, "*Put down those rails!*" Appreciating that prompt and cheerful obedience is one of the attributes of a good soldier, they hurried along with might and main to obey his order, but the spot selected was not where he wanted them "*put down.*" The greatest soldiers will often differ about the interpretation of an order. As nothing was said about the particular spot where the rails were to be put down, the boys could only guess what might be his wishes. As often happens, they guessed wrong. Once again he yelled, "D——N YOU, PUT DOWN THOSE RAILS!" As they turned into the woods to the camp, the rails on their shoulders took every sort of angle. While one might be poking into the ground, another would be pointed to the sky, while others would steer off to the right or left, — all wanting to go in different directions, making it an embarrassing piece of work

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1862. to pilot them among the trees. At last the boys reached camp, completely blown and considerably scared with the fear that an aid might soon come with an order for them to appear before General Abercrombie. This anticipation, however, did not interfere with building fires, as that work proceeded at once, and very soon the odor of boiling coffee could be distinguished.

As time wore on, and no officer appeared with a summons, courage returned, and more rails were procured — this time without attracting notice. Very soon the men gathered round huge fires to listen to songs, or to hear the latest gossip. A common topic of discussion during this early part of our service was the probability of our return home in a few days, without seeing any fighting.

Thursday, March 27. About 3.30 A.M. the long roll was sounded, and in company with the Sixteenth Indiana Infantry, a section of artillery and a squadron of cavalry, we made a reconnoissance to Middleburg, about six miles away, with the hope of surprising a rebel camp in that town. The morning was bright and clear and the air delightfully invigorating. Though we marched as fast as we could, we found the enemy had been warned of our approach in season to leave without the risk of a battle, whereupon we were halted in the main street of this pretty town for an hour's rest before returning to camp. During our temporary stay the boys made good use of their time by skirmishing for something to eat.

Our trip was not wholly devoid of fun, as will be seen by the following incident which occasioned the remark, "Who stole the honey?" that has been so often repeated at our regimental gatherings since the war. One of the boys having discovered a beehive, seized it and returned to the regiment with it in his arms; while a short distance away, the loser, like Aristaeus of old, was exclaiming, "Mother! they've stolen my bees!" As the forager approached the regiment he was greeted with shouts of laughter, and "Put down that honey!" Though bedaubed with the contents of the hive, and presenting the most ridiculous appearance, he was in no way disconcerted at the uproar he created, and so had both honey and friends with whom to share it.

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1862. Friday, March 28. Started at 8 A.M. and marched eighteen miles to Pleasant Valley, on the road to Centreville. A hot day and a dusty road.

Saturday, March 29. Marched to Blackburn's Ford, seven miles, passing through Centreville. A part of the way we marched across the fields. We halted about an hour at Centreville in some rebel huts, which protected us from a driving snow-storm. Resumed our march, in snow and rain, to our destination, near the Bull Run battlefield, where we found another lot of huts, the recent quarters of the Washington Artillery from New Orleans. Some of the men preferred tents. There were a good many evidences about these huts that showed a festivity not common in the Union army — such as champagne and whiskey bottles. Some of their mess-houses were embellished with signs such as "Yahoos," "Rest for the Pilgrims," "Pot-pourri," etc., etc.

A good deal of interest was shown among the boys to investigate our surroundings on this unfortunate field, which looked more like a graveyard than anything else. One of the boys counted seventy dead horses in the last two miles of our march. It is said these horses were starved to death for want of forage. The odor that penetrated the camp was very disagreeable.

Sunday, March 30. The seventh day of the week. The day on which the Lord rested. As it rained hard all day, we also rested, though no chime of bells saluted the ear.

Some of the boys complained that the water we were drinking had a bad taste. An investigation showed there was reason why it should, as it flowed through the putrid remains of a dead horse a short distance above where we took it. To complain about a little thing like that showed what mere tadpoles of soldiers we were in comparison with our experience later on — after our taste had been cultivated by rancid pork, mouldy hardtack, and buggy coffee. Yes, we still retained some of the fastidious and dainty habits of the sybarite.

Monday, March 31. About 4.30 P.M. we marched to Manassas, five miles, over a corduroy road, and went into camp. A more God-forsaken place than Manassas Junction was never seen. About everything, even to houses, were found to be in ruins.

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1862. On our way here, a batch of forty-five recruits met us, and a fine set of boys they were. They struck us just as the hard times were beginning, and at a time when the selfish propensities of some of the boys had been excited into activity, as negotiations were immediately begun for the exchange of old worn-out dippers, for the bright new ones just brought out from Boston. Upon the untruthful representation that the old dippers were captured or found on the battlefield, the new recruits showed great eagerness to possess them. The exchange was completed so quickly that warning came too late to be of service to some of the recruits. The transaction was so emphatically condemned by the regiment that most of the dippers were returned.

Tuesday, April 1. "All-Fools' day" was sunny and warm. Recruits were assigned to various companies, choice being allowed those who had friends with whom they wished to serve.

We spent the day, while waiting for the supply train to bring us shoes and rations, in looking over the earthworks thrown up by the enemy, and examining the ruined shops, houses, etc.

Wednesday, April 2. Marched fourteen miles by the Orange & Alexandria Railroad track to Warrenton Junction. The highway was terribly muddy, and the distance by it twice as long. As the company wagons failed to reach us, we turned in supperless. In theory, marching on a railroad is much more fatiguing than on the highway. It didn't seem to be so in this case, as the men arrived in excellent order and condition. Bivouacked in the woods. From the manner in which the rails were torn up and twisted, it was evident our progress was to be delayed as much as possible. The shapes into which they were turned gave rise to the name "Jeff. Davis' cravats."

Thursday, April 3. No breakfast. Surely this must be "Fast day." "Where, oh, where are the teams?" We listened in vain for

> "That all-softening, overpowering knell,
> The tocsin of the soul — the dinner-bell."

In the afternoon the teams arrived, bringing tents and food, and all were happy.

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1862. Friday, April 4. Put the camp in order, that is, as good order as could be got out of a swamp-hole. We wondered who selected this spot for a camp. Fresh meat was issued. After we had removed every particle of meat from the bones, General Blenker's corps, who were in camp near us, took the leavings, such as bones, entrails, etc., and had a regular Thanksgiving dinner on what our luxurious natures discarded as useless. In the afternoon the Ninth New York band entertained us with music, and not to be outdone in courtesy, we sent our band to their camp. We enjoyed their music and likewise the courtesy which prompted it.

Saturday, April 5. Sutler arrived. The following order was received:

WASHINGTON, D.C., April 4, 1862.

MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, *Fort Munroe:*

Two new departments have this day been created, one called the Department of the Shenandoah, under the command of Major-General Banks, comprising that portion of Virginia and Maryland lying between the Mountain Department and the Blue Ridge; the other to be called the Department of the Rappahannock, under the command of Major-General McDowell, comprising that portion of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge and west of the Potomac and Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad, including the District of Columbia and the country between the Potomac and Patuxent.

(Signed) L. THOMAS,
Adjutant-General.

It will be seen by this that we were now a part of the Department of the Rappahannock.

Sunday, April 6. Company D, with one company from each regiment in the brigade and a section of artillery, went out on a reconnoissance to the Rappahannock River, and a rough time they had of it in the rain, hail, and snow, one or the other of which prevailed all the time, while the mud was indescribable. They left camp at 11 P.M.

Inspection. How we loved this duty! Services by the chaplain, who preached to us about following the flag, it being an allegorical piece of word-painting, inspired by a few words he overheard a man in the New York Ninth say on the way up Snicker's Mountain, as that regiment was ordered to "fall in."

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1862. The following communication was this day sent to General McClellan by Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Your instructions to McDowell did not appear to contemplate the removal of his force until some time this week. The enemy were reported to be still in force at Gordonsville and Fredericksburg, and threatening Winchester and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The force under Banks and Wadsworth was deemed by experienced military men inadequate to protect Winchester and the railroad, and was much less than had been fixed by your corps commanders as necessary to secure Washington. It was thought best, therefore, to detach either McDowell or Sumner, and as part of Sumner's corps was already with you, it was concluded to retain McDowell.

This order was commented on by General McClellan in a private letter, as follows:

NEAR YORKTOWN, April 6, 1862.

While listening this P.M. to the sound of the guns, I received an order detaching McDowell's corps from my command. It is the most infamous thing that history has recorded. I have made such representations as will probably induce a revocation of the order, or at least save Franklin to me.

It is interesting to know that he succeeded in saving Franklin's corps. At the time when this was written one might excuse such a statement in a man whose anger had run away with his judgment, but after the lapse of twenty years to repeat it, as he has done in "His Own Story," seems incredible. "*The most infamous thing recorded in history!*" To a man of McClellan's conceit it may be natural that he should consider the events of history as insignificant in comparison with his personal annoyances.

The effect of this order, so far as we were concerned, was important, inasmuch as it completely changed the current of our service.

Monday, April 7. General Abercrombie made the following report of the reconnoissance in which Company D took part:

A reconnoissance was made last night to the river where a picket guard and a few infantry were discovered, occupying what appears to be rifle-pits and two small redoubts of recent construction covering the fords. Some of the slaves who have come in say the rebels appear to be retiring.

We wished as much might be said of the mud.

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1862. Tuesday, April 8. We were obliged to resort to various devices to keep from lying in the water, as our camp was only suitable for amphibious animals. It was a great place for malarial diseases, and was known as "Camp Misery." News was received of the taking of "Island No. 10," whereupon "the bands began to play."

On this day General McClellan wrote as follows, according to "His Own Story":

I have raised an awful row about McDowell's corps. The President very coolly telegraphed me yesterday that he thought I had better break the enemy's lines at once! I was much tempted to reply that he had better come at once and do it himself.

Wednesday, April 9. The weather had been so abominable that the wagons were delayed, and hence our rations were short. Snowed hard in the afternoon, in spite of the fact that we were in "Ole Virginny."

The following is taken from a letter of the President to General McClellan, dated April 9, 1862:

MY DEAR SIR: Your despatches, complaining that you are not properly sustained, while they do not offend me, do pain me very much.

. . . . . .

After you left, I ascertained that less than twenty thousand unorganized men, without a single field battery, were all you designed to be left for the defence of Washington and Manassas Junction; and part of this even was to go to General Hooker's old position. General Banks' corps, once designed for Manassas Junction, was diverted and tied up on the line of Winchester and Strasburg, and could not leave it without again exposing the upper Potomac and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. This presented, or would present, when McDowell and Sumner should be gone, a great temptation to the enemy to turn back from the Rappahannock and sack Washington. My implicit order that Washington should, by the judgment of all the commanders of army corps, be left entirely secure, had been neglected. It was precisely this that drove me to detain McDowell.

I do not forget that I was satisfied with your arrangement to leave Banks at Manassas Junction; but when that arrangement was broken up, and nothing was substituted for it, of course I was constrained to substitute something for myself. And allow me to ask, do you really think I should permit the line from Richmond *via* Manassas Junction, to this city, to be entirely open, except what resistance could be presented by less than twenty thousand unorganized troops? This is a question which the country will not allow me to evade. There is a curious mystery

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1862. about the number of troops now with you. When I telegraphed you on the 6th, saying you had over a hundred thousand with you, I had just obtained from the Secretary of War a statement taken, as he said, from your own returns, making one hundred and eight thousand then with you and *en route* to you. You now say you will have but eighty-five thousand when all *en route* to you shall have reached you. How can the discrepancy of twenty-three thousand be accounted for?

As to General Wool's command, it is doing for you precisely what a like number of your own would have to do if that command was away. I suppose the whole force which has gone forward for you is with you by this time. And, if so, I think it is the precise time for you to strike a blow. By delay, the enemy will relatively gain upon you; that is, he will gain faster by fortifications and reënforcements than you can by reënforcements alone. And once more let me tell you, it is indispensable to you that you strike a blow. I am powerless to help this. You will do me the justice to remember I always insisted that going down the bay in search of a field, instead of fighting at or near Manassas Junction, was only shifting, and not surmounting a difficulty; that we would find the same enemy, and the same or equal intrenchments, at either place. The country will not fail to note — is now noting — that the present hesitation to move upon an intrenched enemy is but the story of Manassas repeated. I beg to assure you that I have never written to you or spoken to you in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you, so far as, in my most anxious judgment, I consistently can. But you must act.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

Thursday, April 10. Mud knee-deep. Drinking-water, which was obtained by sinking a barrel in the ground, was *very* bad. This didn't seem so extraordinary to us inasmuch as it was never good. A mild and pleasant day. As the sun warmed the air, the camp looked like a Turkish bath. The name of the camp was changed to-day from "Misery" to "Starvation."

Friday, April 11. A number of the boys left behind at Hagerstown, sick, returned to camp to-day. A nice place for a sick man. The following order was sent to General McDowell by the Secretary of War, dated April 11:

SIR: For the present, and until further orders from this Department, you will consider the national capital as especially under your protection, and make no movement throwing your force out of position for the discharge of this primary duty.

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1862. Sunday, April 13. A thorough inspection of everything we owned was made to-day, though we were brought up to believe Sunday was a day of rest. This inspection business came painfully often, we thought. We seemed to have had a good deal of labor for the amount of fighting expected of us. The boys were getting listless. It must be that malaria was getting in its work. The idea prevailed that if we didn't move camp pretty soon, the trump would sound for the last "grand inspection."

Monday, April 14. Had a brigade review before General Abercrombie, about four miles from camp. Our respect for him had descended to the point of calling him "Old Crummy."

Wednesday, April 16. An order was issued to-day that Sections 573 to 593 and 399 to 432 be read each day to the guard; then it went on to say: "Further, every sentinel will be required to keep his uniform and equipments in good order. Neatness and uniformity of appearance are among the first requisites of every true soldier."

The malaria must have struck in at headquarters when that order was prompted, or else they were having mighty little to do. Drilling two hours in the mud, each afternoon, to be told afterwards that "neatness is the first requisite of every true soldier," caused an immediate flow of adjectives.

Friday, April 18. Paymaster's shekels put a halo on the camp, notwithstanding we were ordered by the doctor to put vinegar into the water before drinking it. What was the matter with whiskey? Soft bread was issued to us to-day; for the first time, it is said.

Sunday, April 21. Instructions received about drawing and issuing whiskey in cases of excessive fatigue and exposure. Very few of us that didn't think we had both these complaints. It took a good deal of exposure and a large amount of fatigue before the rank and file warmed the cockles of their hearts by virtue of that order.

Wednesday, April 23. The rain which we were having almost every day added no improvement to our camp in the "Dismal Swamp," as some of the boys called it.

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1862. An inspection was made to-day of the men who were thought to be unfit for the hard duty we were expecting shortly to undertake, with a view of their discharge.

Orders were issued to commanders of regiments and by them to captains of companies to forward a list of men who were deemed physically disqualified to encounter the hardships and deprivations soon to follow, that they might be discharged. There were men in the regiment whose patriotism was so sincere and so earnest that when selected to be sent home, they considered it a great hardship, and were very severe in their strictures on their officers. Their willingness to do duty was unquestioned, and in a few instances it became a delicate and an almost painful duty to make the selection, but the order was imperative. The army was not to be encumbered with sick men if it was possible to prevent it, and the time had arrived when the physical abilities of each man were known. We mention this in justice to the officers, some of whom were very severely criticised for their action in this matter. The hardships and privations which followed their departure, though light in comparison to those of 1863–4, were very severe, because they were new to us. It would have taken but a few weeks to convince the men selected for discharge of the soundness of the order.

Friday, April 28. Chaplain returned yesterday from Boston, bringing letters.

Orders were issued to the picket-guard that white persons in the employ of rebel officers, or others opposed to the U. S. Government, would not be permitted to pass within the line of pickets

Nineteen guns were fired in honor of the capture of New Orleans.

The boys grumbled because the brigade was not sent back to General Banks. The report was that such a promise was made some weeks previous.

Tuesday, May 1. The following order was this day sent to Gen. Banks:

WAR DEPARTMENT, May 1, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS, *New Market:*

General Abercrombie has been relieved, and General Hartsuff assigned to his command, with orders to report to General McDowell temporarily, and it is necessary for that force to operate in McDowell's department.

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

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1862. We were glad when the news reached us that "Old Crummy" was going. If the new brigadier would only change our camp to a more salubrious spot, he would receive our lasting gratitude, was the thought that dwelt uppermost in our minds.

Friday, May 2. Hangman's day. The following communication was sent to the Secretary of War:

WARRENTON JUNCTION, May 2, 1862.

Reconnoissances to Warrenton, nine miles, show no enemy in front, and none reported nearer than Culpepper Court House. Prevailing rumor that Jackson went to Gordonsville, thence to Yorktown. I do not believe it. Will keep myself well posted and report. Present effective strength of brigade, five regiments, two of cavalry, and three batteries—5,458 men. Comfortable in respect to supplies, but a great deal of sickness. Four hundred and eighty-six present sick. Two hundred and eighteen absent, sick, in various places. Two Indiana regiments to be mustered out on the ninth. Fifteen hundred and thirty-two effective men. One hundred and seventy-five sick. Two of the batteries require recruits — one thirty-seven, the other twenty-nine. Much crippled. Could be filled from Indiana regiments about leaving service. Asked permission of General Thomas yesterday, and stated how it could be done. No reply. Please spur him up. Situation of camp unhealthy. Request permission to change it to Warrenton or some better place in front. Will send to General McDowell concerning it. Country in immediate vicinity stripped and desolate. Task of correcting impressions left by Blenker's command very hard, but is being performed.

Respectfully,

GEO. L. HARTSUFF,
Brigadier-General.

There was a vigor as well as thoughtfulness about this communication that suggested the possibility of our being moved out of the "Slough of Despond" in which we were living.

We had a visit from General Hartsuff to-day. We were glad to learn he was making efforts to change our camp, though he should have been careful about thrusting too much happiness on us at once. It was a sad sight to see some of the boys, emaciated with sickness, and more fit to be abed, walking about camp braced up with a sickly smile of thanks at the idea of moving from this hot-bed for pensioners.

In appearance, General Hartsuff was a tall, well-proportioned man of commanding presence, his face giving evidence that he would

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1862. require prompt and respectful obedience, a virtue we had allowed to become choked with the weeds of disrespect. He was the very opposite of General Abercrombie in age, physical appearance, and temper. General Abercrombie graduated from West Point in 1821, and had, therefore, at the date of his connection with us, seen forty-one years of service. Upon leaving us he was assigned to duty under General McClellan, where it is said he did excellent service before his retirement, which soon followed. Those who were closely associated with him, as staff-officers, say that notwithstanding his hasty temper, he was just and kind to his subordinates, whom he held to a strict performance of their duties, allowing no interference in them from others. For obvious reasons these good qualities escaped the attention of men who served in the ranks. As we saw him he seemed possessed of an irritable temper, for when excited, he was in the habit of using harsh and, to our notions, unreasonable language. We must admit his temper was sorely tried, as we were often caught violating his orders about fence rails, and frequently forgetting to pay the respect due his age or his rank. We were too fond of exciting his temper by acts unbecoming in us. We were young and thoughtless, while he was old and impatient from a long and faithful service. For one reason or another he failed to command our respect, and so didn't get it. We misunderstood him as, perhaps, he did us; we made no allowance for a man who had been more than twenty years in the service of his country before most of us were born, because we were unacquainted with the fact; but as we look back to that youthful period of our lives, the thought will suggest itself, that possibly a good deal of the misunderstanding was due to ourselves. The testimony of those who knew him best is that he was a fine old fellow. It is certain, however, that we needed discipline when General Hartsuff made his appearance.

Monday, May 5. Moved camp to a hill about two miles back, and nearer Washington. The camp was beautifully situated and excited a feeling of joy among the boys. It was pleasant to once again see cheerful faces.

We bade good-by to the Twelfth and Sixteenth Indiana regiments which started for home, their terms of enlistment (one year) having expired.

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They were looked upon with envy by some of us.

1862. Tuesday, May 6. The passion for decorating camp broke out again; streets were ornamented with boughs and trees, making an effective picture.

In the afternoons, after battalion drill, the game of base-ball daily occupied the attention of the boys. On one of these occasions, General Hartsuff riding by, got off his horse and requested permission to catch behind the bat, informing us there was nothing he enjoyed so much. He gave it up after a few minutes and rode away, having made a very pleasant impression, without in the least sacrificing his dignity or suggesting the lessening of his discipline, the cords of which we already noticed were tightening. It was pretty certain he was testing us one way or another. We were subsequently informed that when General Hartsuff took command of the brigade he made inquiries about the qualifications of the regiments composing it, all of whom were spoken of in words of praise except the Thirteenth, the members of which being characterized as "a d—d insubordinate lot." As General Hartsuff had some practical notions about estimating soldiers, he reserved his judgment until such time as he could satisfy himself by his own observation.

The morning after our camp-ground was changed, at an early hour, before officers or men were supposed to be up, except, of course, the guard, he walked into our camp to see what its condition might be. General Hartsuff was an exacting officer in this respect, as all West Point officers were. The cleanliness of our camp was the one thing of all others in which the regiment took a special pride, and this occasion was no exception, and its appearance wiped out all the severe, though not untruthful words of General Abercrombie.

Among the rations issued to the army were beans. For a long time it was the custom of company cooks to stew them in large kettles. This method of cooking them was not very satisfactory, but was pursued until some one hit on the plan of baking them in the ground, which was done by digging a hole large enough to receive the biggest camp-kettle. When this was done, a fire was built in the hole and kept going all day. The beans, having been parboiled and properly seasoned, were placed in the kettle with a liberal allowance

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1862. of pork, and sunk into the hole, resting on the embers, where it remained until morning. On the top of the kettle, after it had first been covered by a mess-pan, flat stones were placed and a fire built on them. In the morning the stones were removed and the kettle lifted out for the distribution of its contents. With proper attention to details, the result was sure to be an unqualified success.

While walking about the camp General Hartsuff came suddenly upon the cook of one of the companies, who was at that moment too busily engaged in removing the stones and snuffing the aroma from a kettle of beans to notice or care who the intruder was, supposing, of course, it must be some comrade from a neighboring tent.

"Good morning," said the general.

"Good morning," growled the cook.

"What have you there?" said the general.

"Beans, you d—n fool, what do you s'pose?"

"I'm fond of beans," remarked the general, "and wouldn't mind if I had some, they look so nice," he continued.

Without looking round, the cook replied, "Go to h—l! S'pose we feed every d—n bummer round camp?"

This was too much for the general, who returned to his tent without being identified, and lying down on his bed, indulged in unrestrained laughter, until his quartermaster (who was our quartermaster detailed for duty on his staff) inquired the cause of his mirth. After hearing the story, the quartermaster rode over to camp to learn who was the hero of this adventure, and, if possible, have a little fun at the man's expense. He soon discovered that it was the cook of Company I, whom he accosted and explained the circumstance of the morning. The cook was terribly agitated when it was related to him that General Hartsuff was the man with whom he was talking in the morning, and that he was grievously offended, and meant to make an example of this piece of insubordination. After playing on his feelings for some time, the quartermaster suggested that perhaps the temper of the general might be soothed if a dish of these same beans was sent to him. It is hardly necessary to add that the general was not only liberally provided that morning, but each subsequent morning when beans were cooked for the company.

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1862. Wednesday, May 7. An order was sent to General McDowell by the Secretary of War "to get his force well in hand for movement, and push on his bridges to as rapid completion as possible. It is not yet perfectly clear what the movement of the force lately in Yorktown will be."

Thursday, May 8. We saw General Hartsuff riding into camp every day, watching our drills and observing us generally. Every man was made to come to his feet and salute as he passed, and woe betide the man who forgot that duty. Already the officers, it was said, had been told that "obedience is the first duty of a soldier." Some of the boys still growled at the tautness of the discipline, but as a rule they cordially acquiesced. It was beginning to dawn upon us that he was a man of sense as well as strictness. We were beginning to like him, though no great love had yet been expressed.

Friday, May 9. The colonel exercised his skill in drilling us every afternoon, and we found it tough work.

The band of the Twelfth Massachusetts left for home to-day. We hoped the day was far distant when we should lose ours. These evidences of curtailment suggested that some work was being cut out for us.

The following order from General Hartsuff was read at dress parade:

HEADQUARTERS, SECOND BRIGADE,
CAMP STANTON, May 9, 1862.

In passing through the camps of his command, the general commanding the brigade observes very much to commend and be proud of in the general appearance and drill and intelligence of the men. There is, however, in some regiments, a grave defect which officers and men must set themselves immediately at work to correct. It is a lack of the proper respect and attention in the manner of the soldier to his officer. Nothing produces a more favorable impression of the character and discipline of troops than strict attention to these forms. Soldiers, instead of saluting in a lounging, careless manner, or even lying stretched at full length, or sitting on the ground, as has been observed when officers pass, should instantly assume an erect position, and soldierlike, manly bearing, and salute his officer in the proper manner. The same position and appearance should also be kept in addressing an officer, instead of putting the hands on the hips, or leaning against something for support.

Strict attention to this will hereafter be required on the part of all officers and soldiers.

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1862. "ATTENTION, COMPANY!"

Saturday, May 10. The following was sent to the Secretary of War by General McDowell:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK,
OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, May 10, 1862.

HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War:*

I have thrown three new regiments across the river. Have ordered Duryea's brigade to relieve Hartsuff and the latter to join me here, leaving a battery and a regiment of cavalry with Duryea at Catlett's."

This seemed to destroy our hopes of getting back under Banks, which we had been looking forth to.

Sunday, May 11. The following inquiry was made of General McDowell by the Secretary of War:

Could not Gordonsville and Charlottesville be easily reached by a sudden dash of Hartsuff's forces in concert with yours, and the railroad bridges either held or broken, so that they could not be used by the enemy, either retreating or advancing?

The brigade was reviewed by General Hartsuff, after which we escorted the Twelfth Massachusetts back to its camp.

An order was issued to-day by General Hartsuff to march to-morrow. Among other matters appeared the following paragraphs:

Tents will be struck, the baggage-wagons loaded, trains straightened out, and the regiments formed under arms in marching order, on their respective parade grounds. Companies will then be quickly inspected by the captains, under supervision of the colonels. Cartridge-boxes and canteens will be full, and at the signal, the line of march will be taken up.

During the march no straggling will be permitted. The march at starting, and after each halt, will be in close order, at "shouldered arms," until the column is in motion, when the command "route step," given from the head of the column, will be rapidly repeated to the rear. Captains will fall to the rear of their companies, leaving a lieutenant in front, and will see that none of their men leave the ranks without written permission, for which purpose each will prepare beforehand a number of slips of paper, or a little book. If a soldier leaves the ranks temporarily for a necessary purpose, his arms and equipments will be distributed amongst and carried by his set of fours until his return. The rear-guard will take into custody all stragglers without permission, and will turn them over to the provost marshal after arriving in camp.

"Oh, Tom! Cold tea!"

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CHAPTER IV.

1862. Monday, May 12. Hot day. Uniform coats were packed and sent to Boston, except in those instances where they were thrown away. Once again our knapsacks had grown fat with camp life, and had to be trained down. The gossip of the camp said the orders were "On to Richmond." In spite of the explicit directions of yesterday, there was a good deal of confusion in camp, due to packing and sending superfluous baggage home.

We got away at last and marched to Elk Run, six miles, where we bivouacked. During the night General McDowell came through the picket line from Fredericksburg. He should have been cautioned, when approaching a picket line in the middle of the night, to respond to the guard's challenge with more promptness, and not wait until he heard the clicking of the sentinel's gun before he answered, particularly when he came from the outside, as he did on this particular night. On being ordered to halt by a picket-guard, one should obey mighty quick and answer the challenge without delay, otherwise he might be gathered to his fathers. The salvation of the camp often depends upon the wakefulness and quickness of the picket-guard. On this moonlight night, General McDowell, with a large retinue, halted quick enough, but his delay in giving the countersign might have cost the life of himself or one of his attendants. A general ought to know better.

Thursday, May 13. About six o'clock we took up the line of march toward Falmouth, halting late in the afternoon, after tramping eighteen miles. The heat, which was above one hundred degrees, with a bright sun and not a breath of wind, was so intense that both men and horses dropped to the ground overcome by it. On no march, before or after, were the men so terribly affected as on this occasion. For more than a dozen

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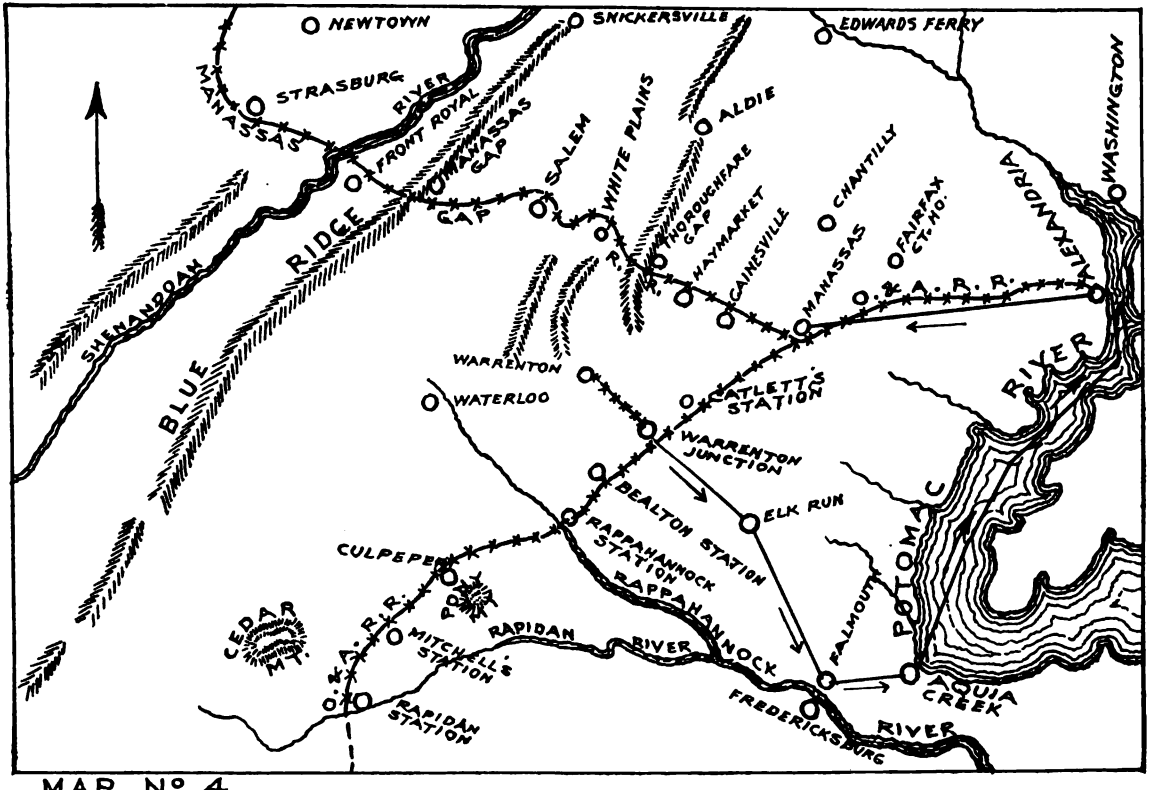

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1862. miles, the road on either side was ornamented by the prostrate bodies of men who were unable to keep along. More than fifty cases of sunstroke in the brigade were reported, while only seventy-five of our regiment reached camp at the end of the march. After dark the balance of the regiment straggled into camp, so that by roll-call in the morning nearly all were present. One of the reasons given for making the march so long was the difficulty of finding water suitable and in sufficient quantities to supply the brigade. We were in no condition for marching, after more than a month of comparative idleness in a swamp where the physical condition of the men had become more or less affected by our malarial surroundings.

Wednesday, May 14. At 7 A.M., in rain and mud, we resumed our march through Falmouth, halting near General McDowell's headquarters, about eight miles from our starting point. Here we waited two hours in the rain before the regimental wagons arrived. In the meantime we settled the responsibility of yesterday's work by placing the blame on McDowell, notwithstanding the question of water was said to be the real cause of our lengthened march.

We had an evidence, to-day, of the Government's thoughtfulness, that came quite unexpectedly. As there was "balm in Gilead," so there appeared to be in Falmouth. Rations of whiskey had occasionally been issued to the guard on outpost duty in the morning after a hard night of exposure. The night the regiment bivouacked at Berryville, it will be remembered, was a very stormy night. When the outpost guard returned to camp in the morning, the boys were wet through to the skin and in a very unhappy condition. It was thought a ration of whiskey might restore them to their usual happy frame of mind, so the sergeant was urged by the guard to make application to General Abercrombie, and he thereupon repaired to the general's tent. After hearing the request, the general walked to the door of his tent, looked at the sky, which had become clear, and with emphatic gruffness replied, "*We never issue whiskey in pleasant weather!*" whereupon the sergeant hastily retreated.

The occasions when a ration of whiskey was issued to a brigade

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1862. were very rare. General Ord was convinced, however, that on this particular day the condition of his men would be improved by it, and we were thereupon ordered to fall in line for that purpose. A large majority of the boys believed that nothing ought to interfere with putting down rum, but insisted that it should go, like all communications to or from the Government, "through the proper channel." There were some among us, however, who, while apparently possessing the same belief, "*down with rum*," differed very radically as to the manner of putting it down, as one of their number on receiving his ration, immediately turned it on to the ground; a proceeding that excited a howl of indignation, not at the waste of the material, but at so gross an act of insubordination in disobeying the order of his superior officers, who expected him to drink it.

We found the whiskey was highly impregnated with quinine, but as some of the boys remarked, "the whiskey was there." It is wonderful how this terrible enemy of mankind is able to warm so effectually the cockles of the heart, and make the dreariest weather seem as soft and mellow as a summer's day. We commended General Ord very highly for this evidence of his intelligence.

Thursday, May 15. Rained hard all day. The rain was unnecessary, except to deepen the mud, which it admirably succeeded in doing.

Occasionally the safety-valve of some soldier, wading through it, would give way and the name of that ancient goddess, "Helen Damnation," would be heard, expressed in the same emphatic tones that has accompanied her name for hundreds of years.

The following order was received:

Friday, May 16.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK,
OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, VA., May 16, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 13.

A division to be composed of Brigadier-Generals Ricketts' and Hartsuff's brigades of infantry and Brigadier-General Bayard's cavalry brigade is hereby formed, to be commanded by Major-General Ord, who will immediately proceed to organize the same. . . .

By command of Major-General McDowell.

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1862. We took a great fancy to General Ord, though we still looked forward to our return to General Banks.

An order was received to make requisition for "shelter" tents.

The Eleventh Pennsylvania joined our brigade to-day.

Hartsuff's brigade, as now formed, consisted of the Ninth New York (scheduled as the Eighty-third Volunteers), the Eleventh Pennsylvania, and the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts, and these regiments continued together in the same division during the remainder of our service, and for many months we were together in the same brigade, an unusual circumstance, we believe.

It is with great pleasure that we are able to speak in terms of admiration of the uniform kindliness that existed among those old regiments. There grew up, among the officers and men, a warm feeling of attachment. Probably the fame it acquired was, in a great measure, due to the harmony that continued so long undisturbed. There were no bickerings or quarrels, and whichever regiment had the advance, a feeling of reliance was felt that near by were men who were watching for an opportunity to aid with their assistance a doubtful moment. It always happens that when soldiers have been long together, they acquire a confidence and faith in each other that makes their service of great value in important exigencies. The Eighty-third New York Volunteers was the "Ninth New York National Guard," composed of a superior class of men, whose homes were in New York City. It was one of the old militia organizations of the State, and was among the first regiments to volunteer for three years. The *esprit de corps* which it showed in retaining its old number, "The Ninth New York," in spite of the number assigned by the Government, indicates the pride felt in the record it had made prior to the war. It was commanded by Colonel Stiles.

The Eleventh Pennsylvania was another good regiment, raised among the mountains of western Pennsylvania, and was commanded by Colonel Richard Coulter, than whom a better fighting man never lived. He was beloved by his old regiment, as he was by every officer and man in the brigade.

The Twelfth Massachusetts, commanded by Colonel Fletcher Webster, was in no way inferior to the others. It was nearer related to

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1862. us than either of the others, being raised in the same community. By reason of this fact, our association was more intimate, and as it has been our fortune to meet its members more frequently since the war, the attachment has flourished. To read the history of either of these regiments, is reading our own story. Each had some qualification that attracted the admiration of the other. If the Eleventh Pennsylvania called us the "Bandbox Guard," we laughed, for we knew it contained no reflection on our courage, but had reference to our taste for prinking, which we indulged to some extent during the early part of our service. Our battles, marches and picket duty we shared together for many months.

Moved camp in the afternoon, about three miles on the road to White Oak Chapel; a pleasant spot.

Saturday, May 17.

General Ord assumed command of the division.

The programme laid out for McDowell's command, of which we still were a part, was comprehended in the following communication to General McClellan, and in considering what really followed, is interesting reading:

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1862.

MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, *Commanding Army of the Potomac, before Richmond:*

GENERAL: Your despatch asking reënforcements has been received and carefully considered.

The President is not willing to uncover the capital entirely, and it is believed that, even if this were prudent, it would require more time to effect a junction between your army and that of the Rappahannock, by the way of the Potomac and York rivers, than by a land march. In order, therefore, to increase the strength of the attack upon Richmond at the earliest moment, General McDowell has been ordered to march upon that city by the shortest route. He is ordered — keeping himself always in position to save the capital from all possible attack —so to operate as to put his left wing in communication with your right wing, and you are instructed to coöperate so as to establish this communication as soon as possible, by extending your right wing to the north of Richmond. It is believed that this communication can be safely established either north or south of the Pamunky river. In any event you will be able to prevent the main body of the enemy's forces from leaving Richmond and falling in overwhelming force upon General McDowell. He will move with between 35,000 and 40,000 men.

A copy of the instructions to General McDowell are with this. The specific task assigned to his command has been to provide against any danger to the capital of the nation.

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1862. At your earnest call for reënforcements he is sent forward to coöperate in the reduction of Richmond, but charged, in attempting this, not to uncover the city of Washington, and you will give no order, either before or after your junction, which can put him out of position to cover this city. You and he will communicate with each other, by telegraph or otherwise, as frequently as may be necessary for sufficient coöperation. When General McDowell is in position on your right, his supplies must be drawn from West Point, and you will instruct your staff officers to be prepared to supply him by that route.

The President desires General McDowell to retain the command of the Department of the Rappahannock and of the forces with which he moves forward.

By order of the President,

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

MEMORANDUM IN HANDWRITING OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN OF HIS PROPOSED ADDITIONS TO INSTRUCTIONS OF ABOVE DATE (MAY 17) TO GENERAL MCDOWELL, AND GENERAL MEIGS' INDORSEMENT THEREON.

You will retain the separate command of the forces taken with you; but while coöperating with General McClellan you will obey his orders, except that you are to judge, and are not to allow your force to be disposed otherwise than so as to give the greatest protection to this capital which may be possible from that distance.

INDORSEMENT.

To the Secretary of War:

The President having shown this to me, I suggested that it is dangerous to direct a subordinate not to obey the orders of his superior in any case, and that to give instructions to General McClellan to this same end, and furnish General McDowell with a copy thereof, would effect the object desired by the President. He desires me to say that the sketch of instructions to General McClellan herewith he thought made this addition unnecessary.

Respectfully,

M. C. M.

General Meigs was right.

Indignation meetings were held, because we were to change our "Sibley tents" for "shelters." We still retained a wonderful regard for our personal comfort. Hard work made us cross and unreasonable. As we recall the mutterings of discontent that found utterance at this deprivation, we are reminded of what a distinguished English officer says about enlisted men: "That to four out of five, the materials of army service are things of no consequence whatsoever." Perhaps not to the man who has felt the magic power of the

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1862. "Queen's shilling," but to those of us who paid $12.50 for the privilege of enlisting in the Thirteenth Regiment, with the expectation of sharing the colonel's tent, this seems the veriest nonsense.

Sunday, May 18. Religious services. The entire brigade being in attendance, it made a fine appearance, sitting on the grass.

Company D ordered to report to General Ord as body-guard.

The following order was received to-day from brigade headquarters:

I. Commanders of regiments and detachments of this brigade will send in requisitions immediately for sufficient ammunition to make in all 200 rounds — small-arms and artillery.

II. It is directed from headquarters of the department that the camp equipage of this division be reduced to the limits observed by the other divisions of the corps. Tents will be vacated when the division marches, and turned over standing. Shelter tents will be supplied to replace them. Baggage of officers will be reduced to the lowest limits. The transportation allowed is five wagons to each regiment; one wagon to each regimental hospital; two wagons to brigade headquarters; twenty wagons as supply and ammunition train to each brigade quartermaster. Regimental and brigade quartermasters will act as ordnance officers.

It will be seen by this that the Government continued its confidence in believing the private soldier would not carry more than he thought he needed, and to his credit, be it said, that this confidence was never abused.

An order was issued to-day by General Ord that

Attendance at divine service is not compulsory on the officers or men of his command. The general desires and hopes to see large attendance, but leaves it discretionary with the troops. Captains or commanders of companies will permit all who apply to be excused.

Having no recollection that any such privilege was accorded the rank and file, we conclude that, like the clouds that lowered round the house of York, it was "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

In the early history of the country, when attending divine service, guns were used as an antidote for premature baldness, but with the

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1862. lapse of two hundred years, the red man and his tomahawk had disappeared, and with him the prejudices of our ancestors, so that, to our modern ways of thinking, the carrying of guns to church seemed in opposition to the peaceful influences of religion. The only reason for such action, that we could think of, was their use as a charm to ward off the machinations of the devil, while the chaplain got in his work for the Lord. A word should be said in behalf of our chaplain, lest any one should suppose him unpopular. He was liberal in thought, and an earnest and attractive speaker, who rarely ever preached to us that he didn't say something worth hearing, to a thoughtful mind. His sermon on the text, "Let us be jolly," the favorite saying of Mark Tapley, preached at a time when officers and men were thoroughly disheartened, acquired much notoriety by extensive notice in the newspapers. His temperament was so sanguine and so cheerful that his approach was always hailed with delight. He admirably filled the duties of his position, and had he lived, would have been the man above all others most fitted, by education and natural gifts, to have written our history. To us, therefore, his death was a great loss.

Tuesday, May 20. A review of the corps by General McDowell, and an imposing spectacle it was, with nearly 40,000 men in line. The regiments were formed *en masse*, and as the field was not large enough, the extreme left was at right angle with the main line. As our brigade was on the left we had an excellent view of this grand and imposing spectacle. General McDowell must have felt proud at the appearance of his command. As he rode down the line, each regiment and detachment cheered him, until he reached the Thirteenth, when he was met with silence. As already has been said, we did not like him.

> "We do not like you, Doctor Fell,
> The reason why we cannot tell;
> But this we know, and that full well,
> We do not like you, Doctor Fell."

According to our idea, he appeared to be very much wrought up at this evidence of our dislike. Whether this was true or not, every disagreeable order that followed from his headquarters was inter-

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1862. preted, in our conceit, as the result of this lack of demonstration on our part. Once possessed with this idea we took every occasion to give annoying expression to our feelings.

We had the honor of being selected as one of three regiments to show our efficiency in drilling. So far as drilling was concerned it was generally conceded that the Thirteenth could hold its own with the best regiments, as the colonel had drilled and drilled us in the most complicated movements, and he was a genius in that line. Only a master in the art of military drill would have dared to undertake, on an occasion of this kind, what he did with perfect confidence on that day. We were the last of the three regiments to march out. Having wheeled into line and presented arms, the colonel, in that clear voice which could always be heard the length of the line, without hesitation, called out order after order for thirty minutes without stopping to recover distances, if such were lost, until the last movement was made and we were marched off the field. We almost forgot our dislike for McDowell in the generous applause he gave us.

Wednesday, May 21. In obedience to orders from General McDowell we were drilled three hours a day in heavy marching order, particular attention being given to marching. As we marched down the road, men from other regiments remarked that they preferred cheering to drilling with knapsacks, conveying the erroneous impression that this unusual duty was in consequence of our silence at the review. As a matter of fact, orders for this duty had been issued to the whole corps, though it was some time before we were aware of it; in the meantime we supposed we were an exception, and unjustly scored one against McDowell.

It was hard work, but admirably fitted us for the arduous duties we were very soon called upon to perform. Each time we turned out for this duty our knapsacks were inspected to see that they contained all our worldly goods, so there was no shirking.

The following despatch was sent to General McClellan under this date:

Your long despatch of yesterday just received. You will have just such control of General McDowell and his force as you therein indicate. McDowell can reach you by land sooner than he could get aboard of boats, if the boats were ready at

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1862. Fredericksburg, unless his march shall be resisted, in which case the force resisting him will certainly not be confronting you at Richmond. By land we can reach you in five days after starting; whereas by water he would not reach you in two weeks, judging by past experience. Franklin's single division did not reach you in ten days after I ordered it.

(Signed)

A. LINCOLN,
President of the United States.

Friday, May 23. Thermometer 90° in the shade. We were reviewed this afternoon by President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, and Secretary Seward, accompanied by General McDowell.

Overcoats were packed and sent away. Clothing, shoes, ammunition, etc. issued to those of us in need of such articles.

The officers were growling about the reduction of their luggage, proving the truth of what the Lord said unto Saul, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

Saturday, May 24. In heavy marching order we marched out on the road to Belle Plain Landing, seven miles, in the mud, and halted in the rain for an hour, and then returned to camp in a cold, drenching rain, to find our "Sibley" tents had been removed and piles of "shelter" tents distributed about, to take their places.

We were wet through already, and muddy to the knees, so that when this transformation greeted us, the air in spite of the rain assumed a cerulean hue. He who couldn't swear

"Gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear."

A worse day for such a sudden change could not have been selected. To appreciate it one should bear in mind the description of a "Sibley" already given. In place thereof we received a piece of thin sheeting about four feet by six feet, in the binding of which were buttons and buttonholes. Each man was given one piece, with instructions to find two other men supplied with a similar piece, and combine the three into a tent. In order to pitch your tent you must first go into the woods and cut crotches with a stick to rest across the top, forming a ridge-pole, on which two of the pieces,

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1862. buttoned together, were to rest, then to be stretched out in the shape of the letter A and fastened to the ground. The third piece was to cover one end. By making a combination of six pieces both ends could be closed. When properly pitched the ridge-pole was about four feet high. To enter one of these "dog-kennels," as they were called, you had to get down on your knees, with your head near the earth, as though you were approaching the throne of an Arabian monarch, and crawl in. Each man was expected to carry his piece of tent in his knapsack. After we had become accustomed to the change, which we did by the exercise of a little patience and ingenuity, we found them not so very uncomfortable, but in the meantime we scored another mark against McDowell. The officers, whose tents had been taken away, were compelled to seek shelter among the rank and file. The officers' tents were subsequently returned.

It was at this place we were dispossessed of our camp kettles, a loss which carried with it another privation — rice. Rice was occasionally substituted for some other article of food, and was cooked in iron kettles previously used for making coffee. Good housekeepers have expended a deal of care and trouble in the preparation of this nutritious article of diet for the table, but in the army it was allowed to be burnt black for about three inches from the bottom of the kettle, thereby imparting to it a peculiar flavor. Since the war we have had no fondness for boiled rice; we miss that burnt taste and the delicate flavor of coffee with which it was permeated. No; when rice is now handed round the table we say, as Mark Twain did, "We pass."

It is not our purpose to encumber this narrative with details, or descriptions of battles, except so far as they may add an interest or explain the reasons for our movements.

At this time a plan had been adopted by which McDowell was to coöperate with McClellan. It was understood that McDowell was to move his corps along the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad on the 24th of May, connecting, if possible, with the right wing of McClellan's army at or near Hanover Court-House, and by turning the left flank of the enemy, prevent his receiving reënforcements

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1862. from the direction of Gordonsville. This plan had been carefully considered and matured by McDowell, who had great faith in its success, as appears in his correspondence with the President at this time.

At this date General McDowell's army was composed of about 40,000 men, in as perfect a condition, respecting discipline and equipment, as any army acquired during the entire war. A finer body of troops, in health, vigor and appearance was never seen, and General McDowell was justly proud of his command.

Just at the moment when his army was concentrated, and about to take up its line of march to Richmond, as he notified McClellan he would do on the 24th, news was received at Washington of an attack on Banks by Stonewall Jackson, subsequently reënforced by Ewell, detached from Lee's army. The suddenness of this intelligence created the wildest alarm among the authorities for the safety of that city, and the following order was telegraphed by the President to General McDowell, dated May 24, 5 P.M.:

General Fremont has been ordered by telegraph to move from Franklin on Harrisonburg to relieve General Banks, and capture or destroy Jackson's and Ewell's forces.

You are instructed, laying aside for the present the movement on Richmond, to put 20,000 men in motion at once for the Shenandoah, moving on the line, or in advance of the line, of the Manassas Gap Railroad. Your object will be to capture the forces of Jackson and Ewell, either in coöperation with General Fremont, or in case want of supplies or of transportation interferes with his movements. It is believed that the force with which you move will be sufficient to accomplish this object alone. The information thus far received here makes it probable that if the enemy operate actively against General Banks, you will not be able to count upon much assistance from him, but may even have to release him.

Reports received this moment are that Banks is fighting with Ewell, eight miles from Winchester.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

Though he obeyed the order with commendable alacrity, his disappointment at the sudden upsetting of a plan upon which his mind was fixed, was very great, as will be seen by the following communication to the President:

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1862. HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK,
OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, May 24, 1862.

(Received 9.30 P.M.)

His Exellency the President :

I obeyed your order immediately, for it was positive and urgent, and perhaps as a subordinate, there I ought to stop; but I trust I may be allowed to say something in relation to the subject, especially in view of your remark, that everything now depends upon the celerity and vigor of my movements. I beg to say that coöperation between General Fremont and myself to cut Jackson and Ewell there is not to be counted upon, even if it is not a practical impossibility. Next, I am entirely beyond helping distance of General Banks; no celerity or vigor will avail so far as he is concerned. Next, that by a glance at the map, it will be seen that the line of retreat of the enemy's forces up the valley is shorter than mine to go against him. It will take a week or ten days for the force to get to the valley by the route which will give it food and forage, and by that time the enemy will have retired. I shall gain nothing for you there, and shall lose much for you here. It is, therefore, not only on personal grounds that I have a heavy heart in the matter, but that I feel it throws us all back, and from Richmond north we shall have all our large masses paralyzed, and shall have to repeat what we have just accomplished. I have ordered General Shields to commence the movement by to-morrow morning. A second division will follow in the afternoon. Did I understand you aright, that you wished that I personally should accompany this expedition? I hope to see Governor Chase to-night and express myself more fully to him.

Very respectfully,

IRVIN McDOWELL.

Sunday, May 25. About 4 P.M. we marched to Aquia Creek, fifteen miles, arriving about 1 A.M. The road, part of the way, was across a swamp, so that candles were lighted to prevent our tumbling into ditches. On the 26th we continued our march four miles, to the landing where the Thirteenth took the steamer "John Brooks" for Alexandria, and where we arrived in due time, after a sail of sixty-five miles up the Potomac River. Other similar means of transportation were provided for the remainder of the division. The severe drilling we had been undergoing, the change of tents and reduction of baggage, all indicated that some important movement was on the *tapis*, which camp gossips had determined was "On to Richmond." We were very much surprised, as we sailed up the Potomac, to learn that it was "On to Washington," for, as yet, we had not received information about Banks' re-

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1862. treat. Whatever fate had in store for us, it didn't interfere with our enjoyment of the sail, though our curiosity was greatly excited to know what this movement meant.

Tuesday, May 27. In a letter to McClellan dated May 25, the President gives a full statement of the situation, closing with the following paragraphs, which he puts in italics:

If McDowell's force was now beyond our reach, we should be entirely helpless. Apprehension of something like this, and not unwillingness to sustain you, has always been my reason for withholding McDowell's forces from you.

Please understand this, and do the best you can with the forces you have.

We were routed out at 3 A.M., and marched to the station in Alexandria, where, after waiting patiently for two hours, we boarded freight cars for Manassas Junction. Some of the boys succeeded in procuring local newspapers, by which we became partially informed of the excitement. The necessity of feeling our way, as we rode along, delayed our arrival until the afternoon. We were soon in possession of Northern papers that gave us full particulars of Banks' movements, and lively discussions round camp-fires ensued, ending in a generally expressed hope that we might take a hand in bagging Jackson.

This was the beginning of that series of movements which culminated in the battle of Manassas, or, as it has sometimes been called, "Second Bull Run."

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CHAPTER V.

1862. Wednesday, May 28. ORDERS received that shovels, pickaxes, etc., were to be carried by the men instead of the wagons, as heretofore. This caused a good deal of grumbling. In addition we were to carry sixty rounds of cartridges, fifty in the boxes and ten in our haversacks. Our prejudices having been excited against McDowell, we promptly placed this disagreeable order with the others, to his credit.

The following communication will indicate the interest felt in our movement by the enemy:

HEADQUARTERS HARRISON'S, VA.,
May 28, 1862, 9 A.M.

GENERAL LEE:

GENERAL, — If McDowell is approaching, of which there can be no doubt, we must fight very soon. Every man we have should be here. Major-General Holmes' troops should therefore be ordered to Richmond forthwith; they may be wanted to-morrow. I have more than once suggested a concentration here of all available forces.

Most respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) J. E. JOHNSTON.

Nine hours later the following despatch was received by General McDowell:

WASHINGTON, May 28, 1862, 5.40 P.M.

GENERAL MCDOWELL, *Manassas Junction:*

I think the evidence now preponderates that Ewell and Jackson are still about Winchester. Assuming this, it is for you a question of legs. Put in all the speed you can. I have told Fremont as much, and directed him to drive at them as fast as possible. By the way, I suppose you know Fremont has got up to Moorefield, instead of going to Harrisonburg?

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

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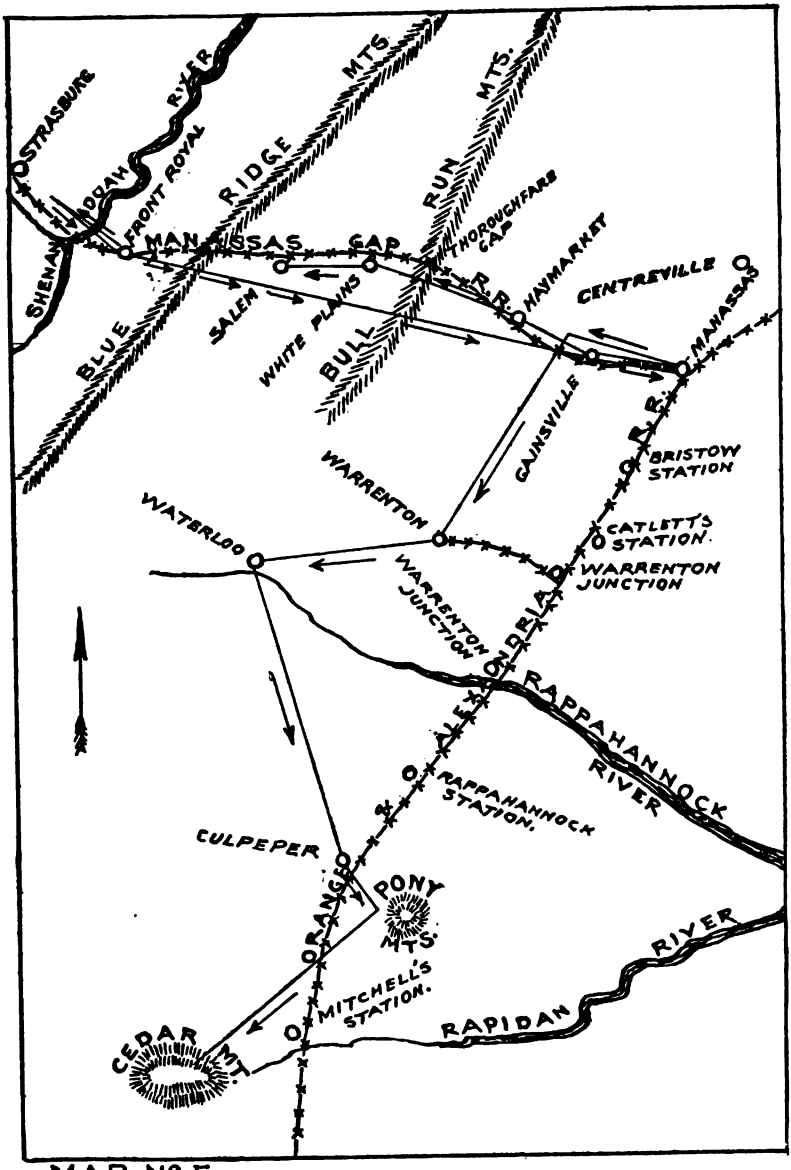

MAP No 5

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1862. Thursday, May 29. At 6 A.M. marched to Hay Market, twelve miles, arriving about 10 A.M., when we took cars and rode to Thoroughfare Gap, where we left the cars and marched through a rough crooked defile to the west side of the mountains and camped in an orchard. While marching to-day, General Ord borrowed a pipe from one of the boys whom he saw smoking; being suddenly called away by an aid, he took it with him. There was not a man in the Thirteenth who wouldn't have been glad to contribute a pipe, or anything else he had, to the comfort or pleasure of General Ord.

Friday, May 30. Started at 5 A.M. and marched through White Plains and Salem, halting three miles from the latter place, making a distance of fifteen miles for the day's march. We were overtaken in the afternoon by a severe thunder-shower which lasted all night, in consequence of which we were completely drenched. Some of the tents were washed away by the rain.

The following despatch was sent by General McDowell to the President:

I am pushing forward everything to the utmost, as I telegraphed the Secretary of War last night. Major-General Shields did not think we could make Front Royal before to-night. I sent him your telegram and asked him what could be done by extraordinary exertions to accomplish your wishes that the advance of my force should be at Front Royal by 12 o'clock noon to-day. I informed him of the position of affairs, and how necessary it was to get forward. He fully appreciated the case, and said he would go without supplies, except what the men could carry themselves, and would place two brigades at Front Royal by noon and two other brigades within five miles of Front Royal by the same time. It will require driving to accomplish this, and the day is hot.

I am urging General Ord forward with all the physical force of the railroad and moral power of a strong representation of the urgency of the case. He will be beyond Rectortown to-night.

At 5 P.M. General McDowell sent a telegram from Piedmont to the Secretary of War of which the following is an extract:

I was disappointed on arriving at this place at 12 M. to find General Ord's division here, only five miles from its camp of last night (although I had ordered them to leave their knapsacks), and in much confusion. I reproached General

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1862. Ord for the condition of his command and for its not being farther ahead. He pleaded sickness, and that he had not been well for several days, and was now unable to hold command, which he turned over to Brigadier-General Ricketts. I have told General Ricketts to have his division at Front Royal by to-night.

Friday, May 31. Started at 5 A.M. and marched to Piedmont, five miles, where we drew rations of hardtack and coffee. We then left our knapsacks, taking only our blankets and equipments, reforded the river and took up the line of march to Front Royal. It rained hard nearly all day, so the wetting we got in fording the rivers and brooks didn't count for much. As we marched through Manassas Gap the water was knee-deep in the highway in some places, and the storm so rough that we took to the railroad. Finding the track encumbered with cars, we enjoyed the boyish sport of dumping them over the precipice, a distance of eighty or a hundred feet, to the valley below, where they were completely destroyed. We arrived within a mile or so of Front Royal at 1 A.M., after a march of twenty-five miles, in good order, though uncomfortably wet and tired. It rained very hard, it was very dark, and the boys were not very affable when we finally halted for the night. Rail fences soon supplied us with fuel, and very soon we were standing round cheerful fires, drinking hot coffee, and thinking how blessed is he who expects nothing, for he will not be disappointed.

Sunday, June 1. About noon we marched two miles on the road to Strasburg, where we were turned into a field for a halt, and where, with the rest of the corps, we were drawn up in line of battle. While we were here Generals Shields and Ord rode by. Being under the impression that it was to General Shields we were indebted for the rations we drew at Piedmont (though the fact is that it was McDowell's thoughtfulness, who, anticipating our arrival at that point, had made the provision), the brigade cheered him as he rode along. General Ord received a share of the enthusiasm, but when General McDowell rode by there was none to do him reverence. He must have felt this very keenly. There was a good deal of gossip about a quarrel between McDowell and Ord. General Shields, at the head of his division, with his wounded arm in a sling, made quite a picturesque object, and the

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1862. fact that he was on the way to cut off Jackson, a part of whose force we could see in the distance trailing along the mountain-side, made him considerable of a hero, and no doubt added a fervor to our emotions.

We were very much disappointed that we were not to join Shields in the pursuit of Jackson.

The following was telegraphed by General McDowell at 3 P.M. to the Secretary of War:

Heard firing this A.M. in the direction of Strasburg. Ord's division could not be got up last night, but came up this A.M., and is considerably aroused by the excitement of an approaching battle, and is now moving forward, replacing Shields' division, who is on the march to Strasburg with that part of his division nearest this place. I am directing General Ord's division (now with Ricketts) to move on the Winchester road, supporting Bayard's cavalry brigade, and sending strong detachments on the Luray road. There has been no firing for some time.

It soon began to rain, which continued during the night. We found it much easier these days to put our trust in God than to keep our powder dry.

Monday, June 2. At noon we marched about five miles on the road to Strasburg, and bivouacked in a pine grove. We had scarcely reached the woods when it began to rain as though it hadn't rained for many months, and was now making up for lost time.

Some of the boys were sent out on picket duty; to think of anybody, even an enemy, being out such a night, seemed ridiculous. The boys were posted in a wheat-field, without umbrellas, the wheat the height of a man's head, while the darkness was as densely black as Egypt is said to be, except when the lightning revealed how impossible it was to distinguish the points of the compass, after five minutes in such a place. Indeed, several of the boys, when daylight did come, found themselves facing the St. Lawrence River, instead of the Gulf of Mexico, so bewildering was the darkness and the wheat. When daylight came and the sun chased away the black clouds, it brought with it a feeling of gladness, in spite of the unpleasantness of their position.

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1862. A half-mile beyond the picket line was a large white house surrounded with out-buildings of a similar color, giving notice that the owner was a prosperous person.

"Who can cloy the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast?"

A half-starved soldier couldn't gaze on such a scene without longing to investigate the possibilities of a breakfast. To go out beyond the picket line was a dangerous experiment in those parts, but quite a number of the boys set aside apprehensions of danger. One of the party was made spokesman to negotiate for a breakfast at a price not exceeding twenty-five cents each. There was much surprise evinced at our appearance, and some hesitation about gratifying our wishes, by the lady of the house. It was evident our presence was not wanted, but we put on our best manners, assuring her we had no intention of disturbing her peace except so far as putting some one to the trouble of preparing a breakfast. After some further hesitation she consented, and very soon the boys had the pleasure of eating a breakfast of fried ham, boiled potatoes, good bread and butter and coffee. As they raised the coffee to their lips their hostess expressed a wish that it might poison every one of them. There was some hesitation about drinking it, but as the boys looked at her and saw a faint smile on her face, they concluded she was not of the poisoning type, and so took their chances. She refused their offered recompense, like the true Southerner she was, and so they distributed the money among the servants, and marched back to camp with renewed strength.

Rations getting short. The whole corps was suffering for want of food, which was being delayed because of the inefficiency of the railroads and the bad condition of the highways. The condition of affairs is so well depicted in the following communication of General Shields of this date to the Secretary of War that we are tempted to make a liberal extract from it:

Jackson passed through Strasburg Saturday and Sunday. Fremont has not been heard from yet. There was firing at Strasburg yesterday — supposed to be Banks in the rear. My poor command were without provisions twenty-four hours. We would have occupied Strasburg, but dare not interfere with what was

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1862. designed for Fremont. His failure has saved Jackson. I will force my way down to Stannardsville to cut him off, but the railroad is miserable, and miserably managed. Cars are running off the track and coming in collision. I never saw anything like the want of efficiency and skill in organization. Our telegraph line ought to be in operation, but it has no working party. I let them have my pioneers, whom I need now. General McDowell has done everything to mend matters, but not much can be done with such means. We have too many men here, and no supplies. How I will get along I do not know, but I will trust to luck — seize cattle, live on beef — to catch Jackson. I could stampede them to Richmond had I even supplies of hard bread and a little forage. I have no fears of their numbers, which have been ridiculously exaggerated by fear.

Tuesday, June 3. Early in the forenoon we advanced across the north fork of the Shenandoah River, about two miles, where we halted, drew fresh beef and flour, after which we moved into a piece of woods near by and bivouacked for the night. It began to rain hard in the night and before morning the camp was inundated with water, and a sorry mess we were in as the water poured around us. The only thing we could do was to grab our things and run for the railroad track, which afforded us a temporary resting-place from the water.

Wednesday, June 4. As soon as possible we were formed in line and marched rapidly back across the river. We had a narrow escape from being left on an island formed by this freshet, which would have cut us off completely from the rest of the corps, without food, or the hope of getting food until the waters subsided, as we had barely crossed the river when the bridge was carried away, leaving a dozen of the Thirteenth on the other side. We marched back toward Front Royal and bivouacked in a piece of woods on a hill, a mile back and overlooking the town.

Thursday, June 5. Our knapsacks, which we left at Piedmont, on the 31st of May, reached us to-day, soaked with rain and mud. We were glad to get our "shelters" again. After our experience of the last five days we no longer despised them. The boys were getting ragged and seedy from overwork and exposure. We had reached that period of our service when pork was eaten raw with pleasure. This was quite an advance in our education as soldiers. Slowly we were being hammered into

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1862. veterans. This was the kind of service that prepared us for the campaigns of 1863–4. It told on the men pretty severely, as our number was now reduced from 1,038 to 600 men for duty, and 94 men in the hospital.

Friday, June 6. A beautiful day. So disciplined had we become by marching, bad weather and fasting, that we were happy if it didn't rain, but when the sun appeared, our feelings became ecstatic.

The sutler arrived with stores, and no longer we hankered for the "flesh pots of Egypt."

The country was full of guerillas, making outpost duty dangerous and undesirable.

The escape of Jackson was a topic of conversation and, as usual, we wrongly credited McDowell with the responsibility.

Many of the women in the town increased their incomes by the sale of pies to the soldiers. They could not endure the sight of a Yankee except when he was buying some of their badly-cooked food. Some of the young women who had nothing to sell were very "sassy," and turned up their pretty noses. The older ones, being in the commercial line, and married, had more sense, bent on "making hay while the sun shines."

One of the boys who was left on the opposite side of the river when the regiment crossed on the 4th inst., was drowned to-day while attempting to cross in a skiff in company with a rebel. When about midway of the stream the boat capsized and both men were dumped into the angry flood. The current was so strong that our man, who was probably unable to swim, was carried out of sight in no time. He was a man over six feet in height, well-proportioned, and an excellent soldier. He was born in Maine, but had come to Boston, where he was employed when the war broke out. He was the man whose letters from home had written across the entire top of the envelope in a bold, round hand, "WITH GOD'S BLESSING." It was the custom of the chaplain, who acted as postmaster during his stay with the regiment, to stand on a box, or stool, in front of his tent, and call off the names on the letters. Whenever he came across one directed to our friend he would hold it up above his head, and in a

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1862. voice of deep feeling, would say, "WITH GOD'S BLESSING!" and the owner would at once step up and take it, so that very soon he became known in the regiment as "God's blessing."

Order received to march to Warrenton.

Saturday, June 7. In an order sent to General Shields, General McDowell complains of the size of wagon trains, directing that nothing be taken in them but ammunition, subsistence, forage and cooking utensils, and states that "Jackson marches thirty miles a day, and that we can never catch an enemy with a train filled with trumpery."

Sunday, June 8. The order which we received yesterday to march on Warrenton was to-day countermanded, and we were thus prevented from breaking the Sabbath.

General Ord was relieved, and the division placed under the command of General Ricketts.

An order from the adjutant-general was received by General McDowell to-day, from which the following is an extract:

The Secretary of War directs, that having first provided adequately for the defence of Washington and for holding the position at Fredericksburg, you operate with the residue of your force, as speedily as possible, in the direction of Richmond, to coöperate with Major-General McClellan, in accordance with the instructions heretofore given you.

The following communication to General McClellan was sent by General McDowell on this date, and has a peculiar interest to us:

For the third time I am ordered to join you, and this time I hope to get through.

In view of the remarks made with reference to my leaving you and my not joining you before, by your friends, and of something I have heard as coming from you on that subject, I wish to say that I go with the greatest satisfaction, and hope to arrive with my main body in time to be of service.

Monday, June 9. An order was received delaying our movement from Front Royal, which in no way displeased us.

Tuesday, June 10. Paid off. Though it rained hard all day and the camp was very muddy, the world seemed bright and pleasant to us, as it apparently did to the thrifty wives of Front Royal, who, regardless of the rain, brought their pies to camp to exchange for the filthy lucre of the "miserable Yankees."

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1862. Thursday, June 12. Company I was yesterday sent to town as provost-guard.

The following letter was sent to-day by General McClellan to the Secretary of War:

In your telegrams respecting reënforcements you inform me that General McDowell, with the residue of his command, will proceed overland to join me before Richmond. I beg leave to suggest that the destruction of the railroad bridges by flood and fire cannot probably be remedied under four weeks; that an attempt to employ wagon transportation must involve great delay, and may be found very difficult of accomplishment. An extension of my right wing to meet him may involve serious hazard to my flank and my line of communications, and may not suffice to rescue from any peril in which a strong movement of the enemy may involve him. I would advise that his forces be sent by water. Even a portion thus sent would, by reason of greater expedition and security and less complications of my movements, probably be more serviceable in the operations before Richmond. The roads throughout the region between the Rappahannock and the James cannot be relied upon and may become execrable even should they be in their best condition. The junction of his force with the extension of my right flank cannot be made without derangement of my plans, and if my recent experience in moving troops be indicative of the difficulties incident to McDowell's march, the exigencies of my present position will not admit of the delay.

Friday, June 13. Six hundred men on duty. Forced marches, exposure, short rations, and malaria were the influences that reduced our number.

Saturday, June 14. Thermometer 95°. We were told by the colonel to-day that our transfer to General Banks' corps would soon take place. This information had a very pleasing effect on the boys. We were also told that Maj.-Gen. Ord, commander of our division, was to be transferred to Corinth, Miss. We had become very fond of General Ord, and were sorry he was to leave us.

During the early part of our service, quite a number of the boys carried a volume of "Hardie's Tactics," which they studied in spare hours. There was no subject so thoroughly discussed as our evolutions at drill. This was, in a great measure, due to the colonel, who daily surprised us by some new movement; hence a volume of the Tactics was indispensable in settling disputes. Another book

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1862. frequently borrowed from one of the officers was the "Army Regulations." It was often read aloud, and humorous interpretations applied to some of its sections. For instance: Section 694 reads, "Soldiers are not to stop for water; the canteen should be filled before starting." Many of the boys insisted that if these sections were interpreted literally, the inference would be that you might stop for anything but water. Others said it was plain enough that you might stop for whiskey, though experience showed that the man who depended on alcohol for his energy, was generally left by the roadside, completely knocked to pieces.

No one can forget his struggles in attempting to procure water from a well surrounded by a hundred thirsty soldiers. Tramping along a hot, dusty road, the water in our canteens would soon become lukewarm, supplying no refreshment, nor even quenching the thirst. At last, you spy a well, but, alas! others have spied it, as you see by the number congregated about it. You are not easily discouraged by numbers, and so you add one to the struggling crowd, pushing and edging your way in until you get a sight of the well, and the bucket of clear, cool water. With dipper in hand you make a thrust, only to be shoved aside by others with more strength or agility. As each succeeds and retires, his place is immediately filled by another, equally thirsty. If you have patience you may succeed, but it often happens that you are obliged to give up the contest, and hurrying on to catch the regiment, which has already passed out of sight, you cannot help thinking what an ill-mannered cub a soldier is, when tired and thirsty, striving for water. The weaker men soon learned the uselessness of struggling against odds so great. A soldier soon learns that to observe the golden rule is to find himself both hungry and thirsty. There were men in the army, however, whose lives moved without friction. They let others do the crowding and pushing, and when calmness was restored, begged what had been fought for. The same practice held good with respect to every other article, whether of rations or comfort. With honeyed words they beguiled from others the things they were too lazy to carry themselves. In the case of water, it was particularly aggravating, because the carrying of it meant an additional weight, as well as the bother of procuring it.

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1862. Sunday, June 15. General McDowell sent the following to President Lincoln:

So much has been said about my not going to aid McClellan and of his need of reënforcements that I beg the President will now allow me to take every man that can be spared. I make this request in view of what I have just learned from Front Royal of an intention to have my second division broken up and Hartsuff's brigade transferred to General Banks' department.

Fremont's and General Banks' commands are now superabundantly strong for all purposes, in the valley.

In a communication to the Secretary of War, he further says that he learns

There is a plan on foot for having Hartsuff's brigade transferred to Banks', who is on his way to Washington. I regret to have to trouble you in this matter, and beg that I may not be deprived of Hartsuff.

He also wrote to the same purpose to Secretary Stanton.

The reply which he received from the Secretary of War was as follows:

You need be under no apprehension about your force being broken up. Banks wants Hartsuff's brigade, but the President refuses to let it be taken from your command. Banks comes here by my invitation, in order that the President may see him and urge prompt compliance with his arrangement.

We might have been saved a good deal of headache about our transfer to Banks if General McDowell had invited us into his tent, and while extending the hospitalities of his sideboard, quietly informed us that his love was too overpowering to admit of the change; but this kind of forgetfulness was common among corps commanders.

Monday, June 16. General Shields' division returned to-day from Cross Keys as ragged and dirty as ourselves, but the fighting they had seen made them heroes in our eyes.

Tuesday, June 17. At 11.30 A.M. we took cars for Manassas, fifty miles. Left the cars about 6 P.M. and marched two miles and went into camp about half-way between the junction and the Bull Run battlefield of July, '61, and on the road to Blackburn's ford.

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1862. The following information was sent from Manassas by General McDowell to General Banks on this date:

I beg to acquaint you that General Hartsuff's brigade has moved here to-day; that General Ricketts will follow to-morrow, and that General Shields' division is now in Front Royal, where I will thank you to support him, in case it should be necessary, until he can be withdrawn.

Wednesday, June 18. In camp at Manassas Junction, where we remained until July 4. In our childhood we were taught that "God is everywhere," but after seeing this place we concluded that there were exceptions to this statement.

Some of us made ourselves quite comfortable by building up sides with boards and pitching tents on top, so as to make it high enough to walk in without stooping. By putting two tents together, it looked like a hut with a canvas roof. We built narrow seats against the sides, about eighteen inches from the ground, extending the whole length of both tents, serving the double purpose of a seat by day and bed by night. As boards were scarce, this idea was not extensively carried out. Those who omitted to build these huts, suffered from the first rain-storm. Manassas being situated as though at the bottom of a bowl, every time it rained all the water collected from the surrounding hills, and as it did not soak away very readily, the result was an inundated camp.

Four to five hours daily were spent in drilling. Rations were in abundance and sutlers numerous, so on the score of food we had little reason for complaining.

June 26. On this date the following order was issued by the President:

Ordered (1), The forces under Major-Generals Fremont, Banks, and McDowell, including the troops now under Brigadier-General Sturgis at Washington, shall be consolidated and form an army, to be called the Army of Virginia.

2. The command of the Army of Virginia is specially assigned to Major-General John Pope, as commanding-general. The troops of the Mountain Department, heretofore under command of General Fremont, shall constitute the First Army Corps, under the command of General Fremont; the troops of the Shenandoah Department, now under General Banks, shall constitute the Second Army Corps, and be commanded by him; the troops under the command of

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1862. General McDowell, except those within the fortifications and city of Washington, shall form the Third Army Corps, and be under his command.

3. The Army of Virginia shall operate in such manner as, while protecting Western Virginia and the national capital from danger or insult, it shall in the speediest manner attack and overcome the rebel forces under Jackson and Ewell, threaten the enemy in the direction of Charlottesville, and render the most effective aid to relieve General McClellan and capture Richmond.

4. When the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Virginia shall be in position to communicate and directly coöperate at or before Richmond, the chief command, while so operating together, shall be governed, as in like cases, by the "Rules and Articles of War."

A good bit of work was cut out for us by this order, and how well we performed the task will be seen farther on.

As Fourth of July approached, thoughts of having a celebration found utterance. Some of the boys, appreciating that our nearness to Washington, with daily communication by rail, made it possible for friends at home to come out, wrote to them, and several took advantage thereof by suddenly making appearance in camp. It afforded us a great deal of pleasure to entertain them, and we did our best to make them comfortable while they stayed; but before their departure, they were the most miserable creatures in existence. To them the fare was poor and the beds hard. There were also visitors from the State authorities, who came out to look after the condition of Massachusetts troops, but they were better taken care of. The officers were very courteous in their offers of hospitality to all the visitors, but those of the rank and file said they preferred roughing it with the boys — and they found it was rough. Boxes were received from home, in many instances containing the ingredients for a Fourth-of-July punch, and we all looked forward to a glorious time.

Friday, July 4. We were early at work opening boxes — those which had not already been opened — and preparing for a grand celebration, when an order was received to march at 8 o'clock. A howl went up at this news, and groans for McDowell were heard everywhere. To our minds it looked like a piece of spite. There was no way out of it, so we took all the boxes on the parade ground, piled them up in a pyramid, with the empty bottles on top, and then pelted them with rocks until the last

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1862. one was smashed. Soon after we bade "good-by" to our visitors and proceeded on our way in a most unpleasant mood. As we marched along the road we noticed three figures hanging in the air, effigies of Stanton, McDowell, and Jeff Davis, labelled respectively, so no mistake should be made as to whom they were intended to represent. We expressed our approbation as we passed by.

After marching eleven miles, we camped for the night about a mile beyond Gainesville, on the road to Warrenton. We found cherries in great abundance, and were privileged by General Hartsuff to gather all we wanted. The day was hot and sultry and reminded us of our march of a year ago when the battalion companies escorted the city government of Boston on its annual parade. We found no such hospitality as greeted us on that occasion.

Our march to-day was in consequence of the following order from General Pope to General McDowell, July 3, '62:

GENERAL: I think you had best push Ricketts' division as far as Warrenton, and direct it to take post there. . . . Will you please have these arrangements made without delay? I desire also to hear from the division at Warrenton at least once a day.

It will be seen by this that McDowell was not responsible for our marching to-day, though we gave him credit for it, as we did everything else that was disagreeable.

During the afternoon the question arose as to where we were to halt for the night, it depending on a supply of water. In discussing the subject with the regimental commanders, General Hartsuff suggested that Colonel Leonard turn the Thirteenth into the nearest field, and he felt sure the men would find water if there was any about. There was reason for this suggestion, inasmuch as it was the habit of a good many of the boys, when the final halt for the day was made, to start with towels in hand for the nearest brook for a bath, without suggestion as to where water could be found.

There were boys in each company who had an unerring instinct as to the location of water. We had one man in particular, whom we called "Simplot," to whom Nature had unfolded many of her secrets. He knew the name of every bird, of every tree and flower, and

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1862. seemed to know equally well where to find water, for whenever there was any doubt, he would give the direction in which to seek it, as if he knew every foot of the country; but his information about whiskey was not as correct. Once acquire the habit of cleanliness, and you are ever after the slave of soap and water. It is as difficult to overcome as drinking or the use of opium.

In Colonel Fox's "Statistical Book of the War" occurs the following paragraph:

> The Thirteenth Massachusetts has a meritorious record in its small number of deaths from disease, its percentage of deaths from that cause being the smallest of any three-years regiment in the entire army. There were regiments with a smaller number of deaths from disease, but they were two-years regiments, or carried a less number of names on their rolls. The extraordinary exemption from disease in the Thirteenth Infantry would indicate that the regiment was composed of superior material.

Whatever may have been the cause by which we excelled all others in healthfulness, we hesitate to admit that it was due to habits of cleanliness, inasmuch as later on, when the exigencies of the service prevented a liberal use of water, most of us continued to remain free from sickness of any kind. In spite of this encomium we did have, here and there, a man so insensible to personal cleanliness, so fond of the tickling sensations of that little parasite called the "grayback," as to neglect the ordinary proprieties of life which are dependent on the use of water. In the first year of our service there was no excuse for any man not keeping reasonably clean, and any dereliction in this respect was sure to excite complaint from one's associates. Uncleanliness was one of the things the regiment would not patiently endure. There were instances, though very few, where the offender was taken to a brook, stripped of his clothing, and his body holystoned until he looked like a boiled lobster. One such case we have in mind, of a man whose uselessness as a soldier suggested a likeness to that worthless old arm known as the "smooth-bore musket," which was carried by a few regiments in the first months of the war, and so they called him "Smooth-bore." Water and lead were two things his melancholy nature could not stand, and so he relieved the regi-

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1862. ment of his presence by deserting. It was a happy thought on his part, and put us under obligations we can never repay. To our mind, nothing he did, while in service, so became him like the leaving it. Exit "Smooth-bore."

Saturday, July 5. Started at 7.30 A.M. for Warrenton, eight miles. As the weather was very hot we were allowed to take it pretty easy. The cherries were in great abundance along the road, and as they were not included in the list of articles to be protected for the use of Stonewall Jackson, we were allowed to help ourselves. Just before our arrival in camp, news was received that McClellan had taken Richmond, whereupon we all cheered ourselves hoarse. Camp gossip set the day for our departure for home during the following week. A good many of the boys expressed sorrow that they were to go home without seeing any fighting that amounted to anything.

We went into camp in a delightful spot, a mile or so from the town of Warrenton. The whole country about was beautiful, and the land possessed of great fertility. Near our camp was a clear sparkling brook of pure water, besides a spring highly impregnated with sulphur. A short distance away were blackberry fields, one of which was many acres in extent, filled with berries of the most luscious kind, reminding us of the words in Izaak Walton as applied to the strawberry: "Doubtless God might have made a better berry, but doubtless He never did." If, perchance, this record of ours is read by other persons than ourselves, who have not seen the like, they may think we exaggerate; that the contrast with our frugal fare added a fictitious sweetness to the berries we found about Warrenton. And such quantities! For nearly two weeks the whole division luxuriated in those fields. This is the only camp of the regiment where the doctor was able to report: "No sick in the hospital."

During our stay at this place we received a visit from General Banks, and in a speech he made encouraged us to think we were to be transferred to his command, though the question of our return to him had been settled some days before. It seemed to stir up our enthusiasm, however, and we cheered him lustily. As this was on the 16th of July, the anniversary of our muster-in, we felt like cele-

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1862. brating, though little opportunity was afforded the rank and file to be fooling with anniversaries.

We remained in this camp, in this land flowing with milk and honey, until the 22d of the month. While we were at Warrenton the following order was issued to the Army of Virginia:

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 14, 1862.

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia:

By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition, and your wants, in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in positions where you can act promptly and to the purpose. These labors are nearly completed, and I am about to join you in the field.

Let us understand each other. I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when he was found; whose policy has been attack, and not defence. In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western armies in defensive attitudes. I presume I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving. That opportunity I shall endeavor to give you. Meantime I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find so much in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of "taking strong positions and holding them," of "lines of retreat," and of "bases of supplies." Let us discard such ideas. The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before us, and not behind. Success and glory are in advance, disaster and shame lurk in the rear. Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.

(Signed) JNO. POPE,
Major-General Commanding.

Some of the boys facetiously called it the "Pope's Bull."

"Seest there a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him," says the Holy Bible. Up to this date the army was well disposed toward General Pope, but this bombastic and offensive circular unfortunately lessened its respect for him.

It will be noticed, on reading the circular, that "*my headquarters are in the saddle,*" does not appear. It is difficult, now, to recall

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1862. just how we became possessed with the idea that General Pope wrote it. Probably some newspaper desiring to ridicule his famous proclamation, added the offensive paragraph on publishing it, and the army not being very friendly toward him, repeated it so often as a joke on Pope, very soon believed it to be true. It became a by-word throughout the army, and a good deal of fun we had out of it. In justice to General Pope, we are glad to give his statement, which he made in his account of the second battle of Bull Run, as published in the "Century" magazine of January, 1886:

> There are other matters which, although not important, seem not out of place in this paper. A good deal of cheap wit has been expended upon a fanciful story that I published an order, or wrote a letter, or made a remark, that my "headquarters would be in the saddle." It is an expression harmless and innocent enough, but it is even stated that it furnished General Lee with a basis for the only joke of his life. It is painful, therefore, to a well-constituted mind, to be obliged to take away the foundation of that solitary joke; but I think it due to army tradition, and to the comfort of those who have so often repeated this ancient joke in the days long before the Civil War, that these later wits should not be allowed with impunity to poach on this well-tilled manor. This venerable joke I first heard when a cadet at West Point, and it was then told of that gallant soldier and gentleman, Gen. W. J. Worth. I presume it could be easily traced to the Crusades, and beyond; and while it may not be as old as the everlasting hills, it is certainly old enough to have been excused from active duty long years ago. Certainly I never used this expression, or wrote, or dictated it, nor does any such expression occur in any order of mine; and as it has, perhaps, served its time and effected its purpose, it ought to be retired. Let us hope that it may be permitted to sleep in peace, and no longer rack the brain of those whose intellectual machinery can ill bear the strain, or be perpetuated among their natural successors.

Military critics and officers high in command have asserted that General Pope was an officer of exceptional abilities. If this is true, and we are not inclined to dispute it, he did himself a grievous wrong when he published this order.

Tuesday, July 22. Marched to Waterloo, ten miles. Though the distance was not great it was a hard march, and as it began to rain before we reached our camping-ground, the temper of the regiment was not improved. We had been feasting on the fat of the land and drinking spring-water, and other-

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1862. wise enjoying ourselves, so that we were in no humor to get pleasure out of a hot, dusty road.

In passing through towns and villages, and even on the high-roads, we naturally attracted a good deal of attention. We frequently noticed among the crowds so gathered, the scowling faces of women, who, upon learning we were from Massachusetts, saluted us as "Nigger-lovers," and other opprobrious epithets, while it occasionally happened that by grimaces only could they express the intensity of their feelings. We were in no way disturbed by these manifestations of unfriendliness on the part of the fair sex, but the men in reddish-brown suits, watching our movements with eager eyes, passing themselves off as innocent farmers, who were they? They excited our suspicion by their restless, sneaking manners, their evident desire not to be observed. Yes, we soon learned that these innocent men combined the peaceful avocation of farming with the nocturnal pastime of throat-cutting, under the leadership of that champion throat-cutter, John S. Mosby. It often happened, later on, that soldiers returning to camp after dark, were waylaid and murdered, and their bodies horribly mutilated. Of course it made little difference to the man after he was dead what disposition was made of his body, but it was none the less disagreeable to the living to contemplate what might be the fate of a man who fell into the hands of such a band, particularly when he reflected that life might not be wholly extinct when the mutilation took place. It was the presence of these men in our midst that enabled Mosby to carry on his nefarious work. We can respect the foe who stood up in a manly way and fought for what he honestly believed was right, but we do not believe in gilding with heroism the deeds of Mosby and his guerillas, which kind of warfare is abhorred by all civilized nations.

The remarks we heard from the bystanders as we marched along often became by-words in the regiment. We were no exception to the generality of mankind, of liking to see a pretty face, even if it did belong to a woman of "secesh" sentiments. When the boys at the head of the column discovered a pretty girl, if she was on the right side of the road, "*guide right*" would be passed along the line; and "*guide left*," if on the left side of the road. By this ingenious device

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1862. we were enabled to direct our eyes where we would receive the largest return for our admiration.

The ignorance displayed in answering our inquiries respecting distances was unfathomable. An answer might be "five miles," and after an hour's marching, the same inquiry would be repeated, when the answer would be "ten miles." We often would be told that "'Taint a great ways when you get 'most there." This might, at first, seem intended for a joke, but its frequency and the stolidity with which it was given removed any such doubt. After awhile the boys would reverse the question by asking "How far is it to such a place when you get 'most there?" and it was amusing to see how completely puzzled they were. After considerable experience of this kind we concluded that while Virginia was called "The mother of Presidents," she was not the mother of a man who could accurately tell you the distance from one town to another.

Various were the devices adopted by the boys to relieve the monotony of weary marches. On these occasions, as conversation was allowed, stories were told, gossip repeated, discussions carried on, and criticisms made on the acts of public men, as well as on the merits of our commanders. An occasional silence would be broken by the starting of a familiar song, and very soon the whole regiment would join in the singing. Sometimes it would be a whistling chorus, when all would be whistling. Toward the end of a day, however, so tired were we all, that it was difficult to muster courage for these diversions, then our only reliance for music would be the band. When a temporary halt was granted, it was curious to see how quickly the boys would dump themselves over on their backs at the side of the road as soon as the word was given, looking like so many dead men. There was one thing we were thankful to the colonel for, and that was his freedom from nonsense on such occasions. No "right-facing," no "right-dressing," no "stacking arms," to waste valuable minutes, but "get all the rest you can, boys," and when the order was given to "forward," each man took his place in line without confusion or delay.

Every opportunity for a joke or a "*grind*" on a comrade was seized to enliven our toil. At this particular time it happened that

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1862. one of the boys, a private in one of the companies, — and we beg his pardon for mentioning the circumstance, — was appointed to a lieutenancy in the Regular army. "The mills of the gods grind slowly," it is said, but he must have thought them a lightning express in comparison to the wheels of our War Department, as between the time when he read in the paper his confirmation by the Senate and the time when he received an order to report at Washington, nearly three months elapsed. In the meantime, being a good soldier, he did duty with the rest of us as good-naturedly as a man can who is in hourly expectation of saying "good-by." When the inquiry was made, "What regiment is that?" the answer would be returned, "Thirteenth, Mass.; none but regular army officers in the ranks!" The opportunity of saying this afforded us more enjoyment than it did the bystanders, who had no appreciation of what it meant.

It would often occur, when we were tired and dusty from a long day's march, "Old Festive" would ride by, when suddenly you would hear sung:

"Saw my leg off,
Saw my leg off,
Saw my leg off —
SHORT!!!"

There was another man in the regiment who contributed a large share of fun for the amusement of others, and that was the "Medicine man" — the man who honored the doctor's sight-drafts for salts, castor-oil, etc., delicacies intended for the sick, but greatly in demand by those who wished to rid themselves of unpleasant duties. He was the *basso profundo* of the glee club, and could gaze without a tremor at the misery of a man struggling with castor-oil, while at the same time encouraging him to show his gratitude at the generosity of the Government by drinking the last drop. "Down with it, my boy, the more you take the less I carry."

Moved camp to a better spot, on Carter's Run.

Friday, July 25. An incident happened while we were at this camp that shows how much patience was required to prevent one's language from acquiring a gilding of profanity. In the reduction of baggage, company kettles and pots had to go, so that

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1862. each man was forced to do his own cooking on his own fire, and with his tin dipper. Now, this meant a good deal where wood was scarce, or where we had to go a distance for it. Men were therefore jealous of its use by those who were known as being too lazy to procure wood. It frequently happened that when your fire was well going, some fellow would put his dipper down beside yours and with flattering words of greeting ward off your anger, gradually pushing the dipper farther into or on the fire, until he had gained entire possession of it. This was aggravating, but not so much so as an instance where a single fire had been extended by the use of rails until it contained not less than thirty cups filled with water, the owners crowding and pushing, each with a handful of coffee watching for the water to boil, when he was to put in his coffee. In walking round looking for a vacant spot where he might slide in his dipper, one of the boys hit his toe against one of the rails, and over went all the dippers into the fire. Did the owners sit down and laugh at the accident? No; they did not. Even those whose coffee had been placed in the dippers showed no joy. Once more the goddess whose name suggests eternal punishment was invoked upon the offender. "For a voice of wailing is heard out of Zion: How are we spoiled?"

Thursday, July 31. Orders were read notifying us of the death of ex-President Van Buren. Some of us were shocked because one of the boys, an Englishman by birth, asked, "Who in h—l is Van Buren?"

The brigade was ordered out in full marching order to be inspected by General Pope.

An order was received that men quit straggling off the picket line. Who had been giving away the secrets of the picket line?

Yesterday an order was received that "at company drills the men will be instructed in calculating distances within five hundred yards." This looked like business.

Monday, August 4. At 5.30 A.M. we left our pleasant and healthy camp at Waterloo and marched towards Culpeper, eleven miles. The roads were dusty and the temperature of the air, as well as our language, was very high. We had been very

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1862. comfortably situated, with an abundance of cherries, good water, and enough to eat. Nothing better could be got by moving, so we preferred to stay. The Government showed an uneasiness about us that was very exasperating. Whenever we were particularly pleased with our situation, it took that moment to move us to some less agreeable spot. We came out to fight, — not to march. Therefore it was the duty of the Government, if it had any enemies, to bring them along, that we might do the fighting, and go home.

Tuesday, August 5. Marched at 5 A.M. Having paced off twelve miles we went into camp within sight of Culpeper Court House, and in close proximity to a large number of troops.

Friday, August 8. In the afternoon sudden orders were received to move, and after marching about four miles beyond Culpeper, we halted for the night near Pony Mountain. An order was received that no horses be allowed, except to those men mounted by law. Perhaps the Government thought we were keeping private saddle-horses.

Saturday, August 9. At daylight the army marched a few miles and halted, while General Banks' corps continued on and became engaged in the battle known as Cedar Mountain. During the day we several times changed our position, short distances, in hourly expectation of taking part in the battle which we knew, by the sound, was going on. Late in the afternoon we were ordered forward to take our place in line of battle, first leaving our knapsacks.

In all ages and in all climes every army has had its percentage of men who ran away, hoping they might escape fighting, and our army was no exception in this respect. On our way to the front we saw men who, though wounded and capable of taking care of themselves, were being assisted to the rear by two, three, and occasionally as many as four men, who shouted as we passed along, "Go in boys! Give 'em h—l!" In their haste to believe "that discretion is the better part of valor," they forgot that if this remark has any force at all, it could be only in those cases where valor existed. It was a common saying in the army that such men wrote

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1862. their letters home in red ink to impress their friends with the belief that they were "bloody heroes."

By the time we reached the front it was nearly dark and the fighting had ceased. While we were halted, waiting for orders for the night, General Carroll's brigade came marching along headed by a fife and drum corps playing "Dixie" loud enough to wake the dead. They had scarcely reached our line when the enemy's artillery, from an elevated position, filled the air with exploding shells, whereupon they turned and fled to the rear, helter-skelter, with an alacrity that was laughable considering the boldness of their advance, while the enemy, anticipating what would happen upon a sudden attack like this, attempted to follow up the advantage. It was a critical moment; a panic might ensue unless prompt and vigorous measures were taken to prevent it. General Hartsuff disposed his brigade at once. His prompt action and his experience as an artillerist, in moving his brigade from point to point out of range of the enemy's guns, saved it from the loss which might easily have occurred under an officer with less practical appreciation of the situation. Shortly afterward we were led along the base of the hill to the right, hugging the ground while the enemy's artillery fired over our heads into the woods at our rear until after midnight, during which time our artillery returned the fire with equal vigor. It was a grand sight to watch the burning fuses of the shells as they hissed through the air, while we laid flat on the ground, safely ensconced, until morning. At daylight a flag of truce was received from Jackson asking for a cessation of hostilities to enable him to bury his dead, which was granted. Instead of attending to this sacred duty, as set forth in his request, he obeyed the injunction contained in the Holy Scriptures, which says, "Let the dead bury their dead." In other words, he took advantage of the armistice, and with his army slipped quietly away.

When daylight appeared, we found ourselves near a cornfield, and taking advantage of the occasion, we gathered the ripening ears and proceeded, without let or hinderance, to roast them, and considering the shortness of rations this was a big streak of luck.

We were very fortunate on this occasion, as the Thirteenth was

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1862. the only regiment in the brigade that suffered no loss. Persons unfamiliar with such matters commonly estimate the value of a regiment's service by its number of killed and wounded. This is not a safe guide, as it frequently happens that the commanding officer of a regiment can save his men by coolness and good judgment. The regiment that can do the most execution with the smallest loss, is certainly the one that serves the country best. An instance happened with us at this time which, though seemingly insignificant, illustrates this idea very well. When we received orders to change position to the right, the brigade had its bayonets "fixed." The moon happened to be in a cloud when the movement was begun, and, as it was important that it be made with all possible secrecy to the enemy, our colonel gave the order to "trail arms!" which order had the effect of concealing the bayonets from view as the moon became unobscured. The position of the other regiments was discovered when the rays of the moon flashed on their bayonets, thereby drawing the enemy's fire. Whether or not this accounts for our good fortune, the thoughtfulness exhibited by the colonel on this occasion has often been spoken of in terms of praise. There are plenty of instances during the war when the rashness of officers has cost the lives of many men.

General Hartsuff's report of his part in the battle of Cedar Mountain is as follows:

> I first took position in close column by division about two hundred and fifty yards in the rear of the centre of General Tower's line, and when the fire of the enemy's battery was directed toward my position, I moved my brigade a few yards beyond the crest of a hill, which sheltered them from the fire, and changed my direction so as to face the fire. In this position I remained until 3.30 A.M., when, by General McDowell's directions, I moved about half a mile to the rear. Officers and men behaved under the unexpected and close fire with very commendable coolness; ranks were unbroken, and there was no confusion.

The last place to look for a stock company would be among a regiment of soldiers. After being deprived of camp kettles, mess pans, etc., each man was obliged to do his own cooking, as already stated, in his tin dipper, which held about a pint. Whether it was coffee, beans, pork, or anything depending on the services of a fire to

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1862. make it palatable, it was accomplished by aid of the dipper only. Therefore any utensil like a frying-pan was of incalculable service in preparing a meal. There were so few of these in the regiment, that only men of large means, men who could raise a dollar thirty days after a paymaster's visit, could afford such a luxury. In one instance the difficulty was overcome by the formation of a joint-stock company, composed of five stockholders, each paying the sum of twenty cents toward the purchase of a frying-pan, which cost the sum of one dollar. The par value of each share was therefore twenty cents. It was understood that each stockholder should take his turn at carrying the frying-pan when on a march, which responsibility entitled him to its first use in halting for the night. While in camp, it passed from one to the other each day in order of turn. It was frequently loaned for a consideration, thereby affording means for an occasional dividend among the stockholders. The stock advanced in value until it reached as high as forty cents per share, so that a stockholder in the "Joint Stock Frying Pan Company" was looked upon as a man of consequence. Being treated with kindness and civility by his comrades, life assumed a roseate hue to the shareholders in this great company, in spite of their deprivations. It was flattering to hear one's self mentioned in terms of praise by some impecunious comrade who wished to occupy one side of it while you were cooking. On this particular morning, when we started out, expecting shortly to be in a fight, the stock went rapidly down, until it could be bought for almost nothing. As the day progressed, however, there was a slight rise, though the market was not strong. When the order was given to leave knapsacks, it necessarily included this utensil, and so the "Joint Stock Frying Pan Company" was wiped out.

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CHAPTER VI.

1862. Sunday, August 10. MARCHED back to the place where we left our knapsacks yesterday afternoon, while on the way to the front.

Having recovered our worldly goods and restored our tempers to as near a normal condition as the exasperating circumstances would allow, we were formed in a square to listen to a sermon by the chaplain, whose text was, "What came ye out for to see?" That was a conundrum that each must answer for himself, and some of us very soon.

Friday, August 15. Marched to the Rapidan River, seven miles, and camped. The spot selected was in an elevated position in sight of the river and the fields beyond, where could be seen the enemy's pickets.

Sunday, August 17. In the afternoon we received sudden orders to march down the river about four miles, the enemy being in force on the opposite side. Our camp was not far from Mitchell's station, and the water scarce.

Monday, August 18. In the afternoon a batch of recruits arrived from Boston, and another fine lot of boys they were. Their knapsacks were loaded, as we knew from experience, with many things they could do without, and beside ours they looked like "Saratogas." They were at once drawn up in line and assigned to companies, after which the chaplain gave them some friendly advice as to what we "*old fellows*" were; cautioning them to beware of our seductive advice about discarding this or that, and particularly cautioning them about swapping their bright, new dippers for our old, battered ones. His advice was, no doubt, well-intentioned, but his accusations were so general that the recruits hardly knew whom to trust, and it was, therefore, a rather delicate matter for us to give advice, though they sadly needed it. However, we

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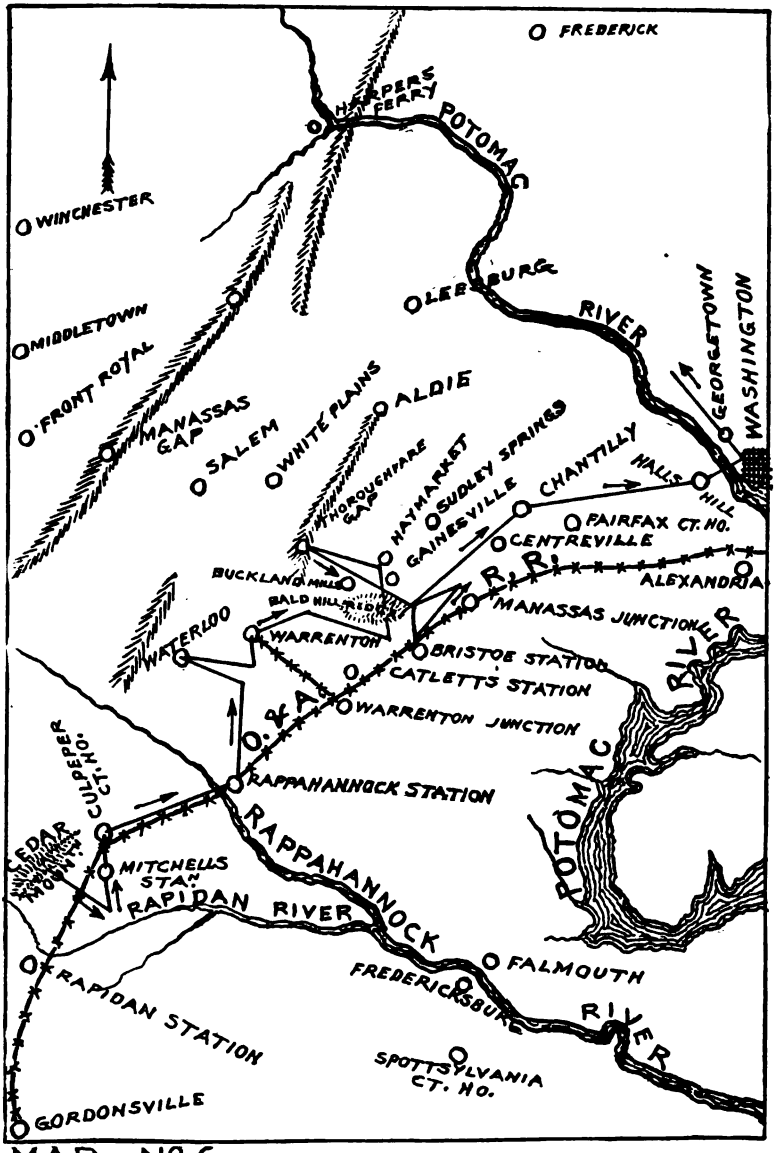

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1862. did our best to make them comfortable, though the best must have seemed very little to them, and let experience teach them the rest. As there were very few surplus guns, most of these recruits had to do without them until after the 30th of August.

At 11 P.M. the long roll was sounded and, nearly dead with sleep, we turned out to answer to our names, and then to march. We marched about an hour toward Culpeper, when we were halted to allow the wagon train to pass.

Tuesday, August 19. From midnight until 9 o'clock in the morning we stood in the road, with our noses pointed toward Culpeper, patiently waiting for an order to march, in a frame of mind that is well described by Mr. Kipling in the following lines:

> "Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes 'im to perspire?
> It isn't standin' up to charge or lying down to fire;
> But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road
> For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat load."

It was a long weary march of twenty miles and a very hot day. When twelve miles had been counted off we were led into a field, as we supposed, to camp for the night. Having faced into line, General Hartsuff addressed us in complimentary terms on the manner in which this distance had been made, trusting the remaining eight miles to the Rappahannock River, which we must reach before making a halt for the night, would be done in the same good order. Our hopes were therefore completely dashed. The fact that the enemy were closely following us, as we were informed, lent a vigor to our step in the remaining eight miles, though it was not until after dark (8.30 P.M.) that we crossed the river at Rappahannock station and bivouacked. If a man has the luck to escape picket duty after such a day's work he has reason to thank his stars. Our retreat afforded the women of Culpeper a good deal of pleasure. It is well to know that some one got pleasure out of it, even if we did not.

Wednesday, August 20. Early in the morning the "rebs" were seen on the opposite side of the river, and we were hastily thrown across, companies D and K acting as skirmishers. Very soon the Eleventh Pennsylvania followed and relieved us,

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1862. when we took position on a little knoll near the bridge, and proceeded at once to throw up earthworks for our protection. In order to do this with haste we were obliged to resort to our tin plates, dippers, or anything else we could find that would do the work. Matthews' battery (Co. F, First Pennsylvania Artillery) was with us. During our stay at Williamsport last winter, this battery was encamped within our lines, by reason of which we became well acquainted with the men and officers. They had continued with us in the same brigade right along since. They were a first-rate set of fellows, and we appreciated very highly the acquaintance thus formed, and which continued in perfect harmony.

Thursday, August 21. We continued our work in the trenches, the artillery firing over our heads, while the infantry, like "Brer Fox," laid low. General McDowell visited us daily. A conspicuous article of his apparel was the pith hat which he wore to protect his head from the rays of the sun. This hat, which looked like an inverted wash-bowl, was a matter that excited much unreasonable comment among the men of his corps.

Saturday, August 23. The heavy rain of yesterday had such an effect on the river that at half-past four this morning, General McDowell, fearing the bridge would be carried away, ordered us across the river, which order we carried out with rather unseemly haste. Owing to the excited manner of the staff-officer (Miller), who was to see the order carried out, and who damned us for the time wasted in collecting our duds, which he seemed to think we ought to leave behind, a good deal of unnecessary confusion arose, during which he was told to go where overcoats were not needed. As soon as we reached the opposite bank there began a heavy firing by artillery — more artillery-firing than we had seen before. Inasmuch as we lay ensconced behind the guns this duel was very impressive, particularly as we were in imminent danger of being hit. Once the enemy charged across the plain, but were repulsed.

In the afternoon we marched toward Warrenton.

In his report of this campaign General McDowell says:

Fearing for the safety of Hartsuff's brigade, who were on the opposite bank, I ordered them to be withdrawn. It was now impracticable to cross the river and

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1862. make the attack you had planned. Your orders then were to move the army against the enemy, who had crossed at Sulphur Springs and gone to Warrenton, whence he had made the attack with his cavalry at Catlett's, and who, it was thought, would be unable, on account of the state of the river, either to recross or be reënforced.

The withdrawal of Hartsuff's brigade from the south side encouraged the enemy to move forward to seize the hills he had abandoned before we could complete the entire destruction of the railroad bridge, which we did not wish to leave for the enemy to repair and use to annoy us on our march to Warrenton. They opened a furious fire upon us, and moving their infantry down in masses, rushed upon the hill Hartsuff had just left.

Sunday, August 24. Back and forth we marched all day between two roads that led to Warrenton, until night, when we moved to a spot about three miles beyond that town, where we halted and drew rations. The officers were without tents, the wagon train having disappeared. They had our charitable commiseration.

Monday, August 25. Rested until about 5 P.M., when we marched to the Waterloo road and went into camp. General Hartsuff was ordered to the hospital on account of old wounds, and the Colonel of the Ninth New York assumed command of the brigade. We found plenty of green corn and apples to help out our rations.

In a communication to General Halleck, under this date, General Pope says that "McDowell's is the only corps that is at all reliable that I have." If we had only known of this compliment at the time, we should have felt like "Big Injun!"

Tuesday, August 26. At 7 A.M. we marched back to the spot we left last night and laid there about an hour, and then marched back to the Waterloo road and went into camp.

At night the rebel general, Stuart, made a raid on Pope's headquarters. The repugnance which the army felt toward General Pope gave rise to expressions of glee at his probable discomfiture when it heard of this raid.

Wednesday, August 27. In the afternoon we started on what turned out to be a slow, tiresome march of only eight miles, through Warrenton, out on the Gainesville road, going into camp at 2.30 A.M. This dallying along, instead of marching

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1862. straight on, was one of the most exasperating things with which we had to contend. Having no knowledge of what was going on about us, it was as uninteresting as the work of a galley-slave.

Thursday, August 28. Resumed our march toward Manassas, but on reaching Hay Market we were ordered to leave our knapsacks and push on to Thoroughfare Gap to prevent Longstreet's corps from reënforcing Jackson. As we recall the work of that day we are not able to rid ourselves of the impression that we might easily have gained possession of that Gap had we started earlier, or if we had not dallied so long on the road after we did start. It seems that Longstreet left White Plains, eight miles west of the Gap, about 10 A.M., and succeeded in reaching it just before our arrival, so that when we got there the woods on the sides of the mountain were filled with "Johnnies." Thoroughfare Gap is naturally fortified, and whoever occupied it might easily keep possession against a much superior force.

The testimony of General Ricketts, on this movement, given at the McDowell Court of Inquiry is interesting:

> I received an order on that day (the 28th) to send a brigade and a battery of artillery to support Colonel Wyndham at Thoroughfare Gap, and to push on to the same place with the rest of my division. I do not know what hour of the day the order was received, but should judge some time in the forenoon. I was at the time with my division on the road from Buckland Mills to Gainesville, and marched directly across the country by Hay Market. This order was brought to me by Captain Wadsworth, of General McDowell's staff, and was in writing. Somewhere between Hay Market and Thoroughfare Gap I saw Captain Leski, of General McDowell's staff, who gave pretty much the same order, — to go there and support Colonel Wyndham at the Gap. That is all I recollect.

On reaching the entrance of the Gap we filed to the left along the base of the mountain, which was covered by dense woods already occupied by the skirmishers of Longstreet's corps. Though we could not see the enemy, we were made aware of his presence by the bullets which flew about our heads in too great a profusion for comfort. Protecting ourselves as well as we could behind a stone wall, we prepared to return the fire of our invisible enemy. After a few moments we were again formed in line, retiring to the open field,

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1862. where we were deployed as skirmishers, facing the woods on the mountain, as before. Here we remained for a short time loading and firing at will, until an order was given to fall back to another piece of woods in our rear which afforded some protection from the enemy's fire. About dark the brigade was withdrawn and marched with the division toward Manassas bivouacking shortly after midnight.

In connection with our day's work the experiences of companies D, H, and K ought not to be omitted.

Upon our arrival at the Gap Company D was deployed as skirmishers and advanced up the mountain. On the way, the boys suddenly came across a lot of blueberries. Such an abundance they had not seen since leaving home. Hungry and thirsty, they forgot their dangerous position and proceeded at once to gather what they could. While thus engaged, the Eleventh Pennsylvania, which was in their rear, unaware that Company D was in their front, began to fire. Between two fires was a perilous position to be in. The Eleventh Pennsylvania was immediately notified, and their firing ceased. Company K was at the same time ordered into the Gap to take possession of a stone mill, followed by Company H as support. Longstreet had already entered the Gap with the head of his corps of 30,000 men, making it a specially dangerous service for these three companies. While Company D pursued its way, K, the next company on the right, was detailed to go up the railroad to the stone mill. H was sent to support K, a few minutes later; it followed a small stream to the rear of the mill, entering it at what might be called the cellar or basement. These companies, in column of fours, then in twos, and finally in single rank, marched as rapidly as possible, without running, under a hot fire from the enemy, without losing a man. Upon their arrival they returned the fire of the enemy, who, being concealed by the woods, probably escaped any loss. Just as the boys were getting in their work, a full, fresh-looking regiment of rebels came in sight, marching across from the railroad toward the skirmish line of D. As our boys were about to fire into this regiment an aid appeared for the second time to inform them that they were firing into their own men, a mistake he made in

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1862. misapprehension of the situation. This time he gave no order or hint what the boys were to do, but his previous instructions having been opposed to defending the mill, our men were forced to abandon it before being taken prisoners, and returned to the regiment, as did also Company D.

Our losses at Thoroughfare Gap were two men killed and two wounded.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 10.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD CORPS, REYNOLDS' CAMP, Aug. 28, 1862.

I. Major-General Sigel will immediately march with his whole corps on Manassas Junction, his right resting on the Manassas Railroad.

II. Brigadier-General Reynolds will march on the turnpike immediately in the rear of General Sigel, and form his division on the left of General Sigel, and march upon Manassas Junction.

III. Brigadier-General King will follow immediately after General Reynolds, and form his division on General Reynolds' left, and direct his march upon Manassas Junction.

IV. Brigadier-General Ricketts will follow Brigadier-General King and march to Gainesville; and if, on arriving there, no indication shall appear of the approach of the enemy from Thoroughfare Gap, he will continue his march along the turnpike, form on the left of General King, and march on Manassas Junction. He will be constantly on the lookout for an attack from the direction of Thoroughfare Gap, and in case one is threatened, he will form his division to the left and march to resist it.

The headquarters of the corps will be at King's division.

By command of Major-General McDowell,

(Signed) ED. SCHRIVER,
Colonel, Chief of Staff.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
BRISTOE STATION, Aug. 27, 1862, 9 P.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL MCDOWELL:

At daylight to-morrow morning march rapidly on Manassas Junction with your whole force, resting your right on the Manassas Gap Railroad, throwing your left well to the east. Jackson, Ewell, and A. P. Hill are between Gainesville and Manassas Junction. We had a severe fight with them to-day, driving them back several miles along the railroad. If you will march promptly and rapidly at the earliest dawn of day upon Manassas Junction, we shall bag the whole crowd. I have directed Reno to march from Greenwich at the same hour upon Manassas Junction, and Kearney, who is in his rear, to march on Bristoe at daybreak. Be expeditious and the day is our own.

JNO. POPE,
Major-General Commanding.

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1862. At the McDowell Court of Inquiry, the foregoing was read, when the following question was asked of General Pope:

Question by the Court. After the order just read to you, had General McDowell any discretionary power to send Ricketts' division to Thoroughfare Gap, to check the approach of Longstreet?

To which General Pope answered as follows:

Answer. At the time that the order in question was written, I was satisfied that we had completely interposed between the forces under Jackson and the main body of the enemy, yet to the westward of the Bull Run Range. The order directing General McDowell's march would have carried him eastward, and in the same direction in which the main body of the enemy was marching to join Jackson. I believed then, and believe now, that we were sufficiently in advance of Longstreet, who was supposed to lead the main body of the enemy, that by using our whole force vigorously, we should be able to crush Jackson completely before Longstreet, by any possibility, could have reached the scene of action. I sent nothing to General McDowell concerning Thoroughfare Gap, and regretted afterward that any portion of his forces had been detatched in that direction. General McDowell had the discretion, however, necessarily incident to his position, and to his distance from me, to make such a disposition to cover his rear, as he might consider necessary. From the order of General McDowell, which he showed me afterward (the order No. 10), I understood that the movement of Ricketts' division was made conditionally, and in view of the possibility of an attack upon his rear, from the direction of Thoroughfare Gap.

Question by the Court. Were you aware that King's division had a fight with the enemy near the evening of that day, and after the fight fell back to Manassas?

Answer. It was reported to me about 8 or 9 o'clock at night, on the 28th, that King's division of McDowell's corps had met the enemy retreating from Centreville, and after a severe fight had remained masters of the field, still interposing between Jackson's forces and the main body of the enemy. This report was brought to me by a staff-officer, I think, of General King's. Upon receiving this information I stated to several of my staff-officers who were present that the game was in our hands, and that I did not see how it was possible for Jackson to escape without very heavy loss, if at all. Immediately upon receipt of this intelligence I also directed General Kearney, whose division occupied Centreville, to push forward cautiously at 1 o'clock that night in the direction of Gainesville, to drive in the pickets of the enemy, and to keep himself in close contact during the night; to rest his left on the Warrenton turnpike, and to throw his right to the north, toward the Little River, and well to the front. I directed him at the first blush of daylight to attack the enemy with his right advanced, and informed him that Hooker and Reno would be with him immediately after daylight. To my surprise

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1862. and dissatisfaction I learned toward daylight on the morning of the 29th that King's division had withdrawn in the direction of Manassas Junction, leaving open the road to Thoroughfare Gap. This withdrawal of that division made necessary a great change in the movement and the position of the troops, and was a most serious and unlooked-for mistake. I was so impressed with the necessity that that division should hold its ground during the night of the 28th, that I sent several orders to General King (one by his own staff-officer) during that night to hold his ground at all hazards and to prevent the retreat of the enemy, and informed him that our whole force from the direction of Centreville and Manassas Junction would fall upon the enemy at daylight.

Friday, August 29. Another hot day. At 5 A.M. we marched to Bristoe Station, about five miles, rested until 3 P.M., and then marched to the Bull Run battlefield of 1861, passing through Manassas.

An order had been issued for the muster-out of the band, but owing to the excitement of those busy days, no attention was paid to it. In the meantime they kept along with us, not knowing where else to go.

This skurrying back and forth over almost the same ground day and night, with short rations and hard work, was harassing. The rank and file knew little about what was going on, though it did know that Jackson and Longstreet had crossed the Bull Run Mountains in spite of our efforts to stop or delay their movements. We also knew that Stuart had made a daring and successful raid on Pope's headquarters. Therefore, right or wrong, it betokened to us an uncertainty and confusion at headquarters, and we felt the hour could not be far distant when we were to encounter some hard fighting. These reflections had no effect on our sleep, however, which was sound as usual.

Saturday, August 30. We spent the first half of the day in marching back and forth in an aimless sort of way, occasionally halting as if waiting for some one to put us on the right road. In one of these halts we were ordered to leave our knapsacks, whereupon we piled them up on the side of the road in the woods, and for aught we know they are there yet. [A.D. 1893.] Toward the middle of the afternoon, under the protection of a knoll, we hastily drew rations, — eighteen hard-tack, nine spoonfuls of

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1862. sugar and nine of coffee, which allowance was to last us for three days. In fact this had been our allowance for some time. During all this marching and counter-marching, a desultory firing was kept up by the enemy.

Having drawn this meagre supply of rations, we were marched to the top of a knoll near by and halted. Quite a number of the boys loaded with canteens started off for water. They had hardly gone when the enemy opened the battle in deadly earnest by a tremendous artillery fire. The air seemed filled with shot and bursting shell, the noise of which was deafening. While we stood wondering what we should be called upon to do, General McDowell rode up, and inquiring what regiment we were, ordered us into line at once on the double-quick. As we filed down the knoll, we noticed the hospital men bringing off the zouaves of General King's division on stretchers, and a bloody sight it was. Suddenly we received the order, "On right by file into line!" and we at once found ourselves facing the enemy. We were led by General McDowell, whose courage we had so often doubted. We soon found it was lively work, and the boys were falling fast; but General Tower was close to us with all the words of encouragement at his command. Standing in his stirrups he gave the order to fix bayonets and then to "*Charge!*" In battle the order to charge is not given in the placid tones of a Sunday-school teacher, but with vigorous English, well seasoned with oaths, and a request, frequently repeated, to give them that particular province of his Satanic Majesty most dreaded by persons fond of a cold climate. At the same time you are ordered to yell with all the power of your lungs. It is possible that this idea may be of great advantage in forcing some of the heroic blood of the body into the lower extremities. Whatever may be the reason, it was certainly a very effective means of drowning the disagreeable yell of the enemy. We charged three times, and on each occasion were successfully driven back by the solid mass of men in front of us. As we fell back from the last charge, General Tower, on horseback (in the midst of Company B), a conspicuous mark for the enemy who were within twenty-five yards of us, was shouting "For God's sake re-form the line!" when he was sent flying through the air, both horse and rider fearfully wounded.

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1862. It was hot work, and the thinness of our line, compared with the solid ranks of the enemy, made it painfully evident that we could stand the terrible fire but a short time longer. Where was our supporting column? Part of the time they had been firing into our backs, under the impression that we were the enemy. Fortunately that error was discovered before much harm was done. Already the enemy had planted some batteries on a neighboring knoll on our left flank, and were giving us the benefit of a raking fire. The order was then given to retire; but as only part of the regiment heard it, our retreat was irregular and occasioned some confusion and separation of companies.

The brigade retired in fair order, acquitting itself creditably, carrying off all guns except those lost in actual combat, and having checked the enemy's pursuit. That night we bivouacked at Centreville.

General Hartsuff having been sent to the hospital previous to the battle, his brigade was merged with that of General Tower, under whose immediate command we fought.

Among the many curious and affecting incidents of an army life the following possesses more than a common interest:

In one of the companies a boy sixteen years of age, after gaining his father's consent, enlisted as drummer, being too young for service in the ranks. The popular idea is that weight and height are necessary qualifications in a soldier. To be sure, as far as appearance goes, the large men have the advantage, but when it comes to fighting qualities, it was shown during the war that the small men could do quite as much execution, and were quite as good soldiers. So far as endurance and bravery go, the "ponies," as they were called, had no superiors.

We were all young — mere boys — but this boy seemed so very much younger than the rest of us, that few suspected his slight and youthful frame contained so stout and brave a heart. He joined the regiment at Fort Independence, and by a sort of natural selection became the chum of another boy, who, though older in years, was also slight in physical make-up. Perhaps of the hundred men in the company, these two boys would have been the last selected as

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1862. possessing special merit as soldiers. They both did their duty faithfully and without a grumble. It was always the ambition of the younger one to serve in the ranks with his chum and carry a gun. He proved an inferior drummer by very reason of his ambition, but no opportunity was afforded him of making the change until our arrival at Williamsport, Md., when two other boys, possessed with strong Union sentiments, having escaped from their home in Martinsburg, Va., where their family had been terribly persecuted because of the sentiments they expressed, crossed the river and offered their services as drummers in the Thirteenth, the only capacity in which they could be received. They were two bright, intelligent boys, fourteen and sixteen years of age, and were accepted. The opportunity was thus afforded of promoting our young drummer to service in the ranks. A happier boy never lived than he on the day when, with a gun on his shoulder, he paraded with his company. The two boys were now closer than ever. Being of the same height, they were enabled to march side by side and render each other assistance on the long, weary marches of the regiment. They were practically inseparable. When the regiment went into the fight of Second Bull Run, the younger was first killed, whereupon the other took him in his arms to move his body one side, and was immediately killed by a bullet which struck him in the temple. As the army retreated it was an affecting sight to see these two boys, so close to each other in life, now locked in each others arms, in death.

It is not our purpose to give a detailed account of Pope's campaign or to draw any conclusions from it, nor would we if we had the space, as it has been written, discussed, investigated, and rewritten by persons more competent than ourselves to perform such a service. We have made a few extracts from his report, because they appear to add an interest to our narrative. Those who wish to read the full report — and it is of great interest to members of the Thirteenth — are referred to "Series 1, Vol. XII., Part II., of the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion."

In his report of the campaign, General Pope says:

On the 26th day of June, 1862, by special order of the President of the United States, I was assigned to the command of the Army of Virginia. That army was

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1862. constituted as follows: First Corps, under Major-General Fremont, 11,500 strong; Second Corps, under Major-General Banks, reported 14,500, but in reality only about 8,000; Third Corps, under Major-General McDowell, 18,500; making total of 38,000 men. . . .

It was the wish of the Government that I should cover the city of Washington from an attack from the direction of Richmond, make such dispositions as were necessary to assure the safety of the valley of the Shenandoah, and at the same time so operate upon the enemy's lines of communication in the direction of Gordonsville and Charlottesville as to draw off, if possible, a considerable force of the enemy from Richmond, and thus relieve the operations against that city of the Army of the Potomac. . . .

After General McClellan had taken up his position at Harrison's Landing, I addressed him a letter, stating to him my position and the distribution of the troops under my command, and requesting him in all earnestness and good faith to write me fully and freely his views, and to suggest to me any measures which he thought desirable to enable me to coöperate with him, or to render any assistance in my power in the operations of the army under his command.

. . . . . .

In reply to this communication, I received a letter from General McClellan, very general in its terms, and proposing nothing toward the accomplishment of the purpose I had suggested to him. It became apparent that, considering the situation in which the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Virginia were placed in relation to each other, and the absolute necessity of harmonious and prompt coöperation between them, some military superior both of General McClellan and myself should be called to Washington and placed in command of all operations in Virginia. In accordance with these views, Major-General Halleck was called to Washington and placed in general command. Many circumstances, which it is not necessary here to set forth, induced me to express to the President, to the Secretary of War, and to General Halleck, my desire to be relieved from the command of the Army of Virginia and to be returned to the Western country.

. . . . . .

From the 18th of August until the morning of the 27th, the troops under my command had been continuously marching and fighting, night and day, and during the whole of that time there was scarcely an interval of an hour without the roar of artillery. The men had had little sleep, were greatly worn down with fatigue, had had little time to get proper food, or to eat it, had been engaged in constant battles and skirmishes, and had performed services laborious, dangerous, and excessive, beyond any previous experience in this country.

. . . . . .

Every indication during the night of the 29th and up to 10 o'clock on the morning of the 30th pointed to the retreat of the enemy from our front. . . . Gens. McDowell and Heintzelman, who reconnoitred the position held by the enemy's left on the evening of the 29th, confirmed this statement. They reported

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1862. to me that the positions occupied by the enemy's left had been evacuated, and that there was every indication that he was retreating in the direction of Gainesville.

On the morning of the 30th, as may be supposed, our troops, who had been so continually marching and fighting for so many days, were in a state of great exhaustion. They had had little to eat for two days previous, and the artillery and cavalry horses had been in harness and saddled continually for ten days, and had had no forage for two days previous. It may easily be imagined how little these troops, after such severe labor, and undergoing such hardship and privation, were in condition for active and efficient service. I had telegraphed to the General-in-Chief, on the 28th, our condition, and begged of him to have rations and forage sent forward to us from Alexandria with all despatch. I also called his attention to the imminent need of cavalry horses to enable the cavalry belonging to the army to perform any service whatever.

About daylight of the 30th I received a note from General Franklin, herewith appended, written by direction of General McClellan, and dated at 8 o'clock the evening before, informing me that rations and forage would be loaded into available wagons and cars at Alexandria as soon as I would send back a cavalry escort to bring out the trains. Such a letter, when we were fighting the enemy, and Alexandria was swarming with troops, needs no comment. Bad as was the condition of our cavalry, I was in no situation to spare troops from the front, nor could they have gone to Alexandria and returned within the time by which we must have had provisions or have fallen back in the direction of Washington, nor do I yet see what service cavalry could have rendered in guarding railroad trains.

It was not until I received this letter that I began to feel discouraged and nearly hopeless of any successful issue to the operations with which I was charged, but I feel it to be my duty, notwithstanding the desperate condition of my command, from great fatigue, from want of provisions and forage, and from the small hope that I had of any effective assistance from Alexandria, to hold my position at all hazards and under all privations, unless overwhelmed by the superior forces of the enemy. I had received no sort of information of any troops coming forward to my assistance since the 24th, and did not expect on the morning of the 30th that any assistance would reach me from the direction of Washington, but I determined again to give battle to the enemy on the 30th, and at least to lay on such blows as would cripple him as much as possible and delay as long as practicable any farther advance toward the capital.

. . . . . .

Tower's brigade, of Ricketts' division, was pushed forward into action in support of Reynolds' division, and was led forward in person by General Tower, with conspicuous skill and gallantry. The conduct of that brigade, in plain view of all the forces on our left, was especially distinguished, and drew forth hearty and enthusiastic cheers. The example of this brigade was of great servioe, and infused new spirit into all the troops who witnessed their intrepid conduct.

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1862. I well understood, as does every military man, how difficult and how thankless was the duty devolved upon me, and I am not ashamed to say that I would gladly have avoided it if I could have done so consistently with my sense of duty to the Government. To confront with a small army vastly superior forces, to fight battles without hope of victory, but only to gain time and to embarrass and delay the forward movements of the enemy, is of all duties the most hazardous and the most difficult which can be imposed upon any general of an army. While such operations require the highest courage and endurance on the part of the troops, they are, perhaps, unlikely to be understood or appreciated, and the results, however successful, have little in them to attract popular attention and applause.

From General McDowell's report we take the following statement:

Here the campaign ended. If it had been short it had been severe. Beginning with the retreat from Cedar Mountains, seldom has an army been asked to undergo more than our men performed. With scarcely a half-day's intermission the Third Corps was either making forced marches, many times through the night and many times without food, etc., or was engaged in battle. Their fatigues were most severe toward the last, when, on account of the movements of the enemy, we had to separate from our supplies, and many generals, as well as privates, had no food, or only such as could be picked up in the orchards or cornfields along the road. In all this the patience and endurance and general good conduct of the men were admirable. To fight and retreat, and retreat and fight, in the face of a superior force is a severe test of soldiership. This they did for fifteen days, and though many broke down under the fatigues and exposures and many straggled from the ranks, the troops as a general thing behaved most creditably; and even to their return to the lines in front of this place [Washington], though they were sad at seeing their numbers so much diminished by hardships and battles which had availed them nothing, and were tired and reduced from marching and fasting, they preserved their discipline, and it is an abuse of words to say they were either demoralized or disorganized.

The services of Tower's brigade were especially arduous, forming the rear guard on almost every occasion. On the retreat from Cedar Mountain, from the Rappahannock station, from the Waterloo road, and from Thoroughfare Gap, it had an undue share of the severities of this campaign. The general was detached from the division with his own and Hartsuff's brigade, and posted on Bald Hill Ridge, where he remained until a severe wound forced him to retire.

Brigadier-General Hartsuff was so ill and weak from overwork as to have to move from place to place in an ambulance. He had rendered valuable service both at Cedar Mountain and at Rappahannock station, where he occupied the advanced position beyond the river. He would not leave his brigade, though unable to get on his horse, and to save his life I was obliged to interfere and have him quit us at Warrenton, and thus lost him in the battles which followed.

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1862. There are few spectacles in this life of ours more hideous than a battlefield immediately after a battle. The following is by an eye-witness of the scenes depicted:

"The battle of Manassas, or Second Bull Run, as it has also been called, was one of the great disasters of the war, and resulted in losses to the Union Army of eight hundred killed, four thousand wounded, and three thousand missing; the Confederate loss being seven hundred killed, three thousand wounded, and the missing unknown. The battlefield remained in possession of the enemy, so that access to it could not be gained except by the protecting influence of a flag of truce. The attempts that were made by the Government did not reach that part of the field where the Thirteenth fought until seven days had elapsed. Ordinarily the wounded would have been taken to rebel prisons, but in this instance the enemy needed all its means of transportation for food, ammunition, etc., so they escaped that misery, if no other. The battle occurred on Saturday, and that night and all day Sunday it rained hard. The retreating army was closely followed by the enemy, who filled the air with shouts of victory. The roar of artillery, the firing of musketry, and the noise and uproar of an advancing army was followed by a depressing stillness, interrupted only by the groans of the wounded, many of whom barely escaped being trampled to death. It was not long, however, before the rumbling sound of thunder could be heard in the distance, and by dark the rain poured down like a deluge. The thunder was terrific. Crash followed crash with such frequency that it seemed as if a real battle was going on in the sky. On Monday morning it cleared away, and until the following Saturday the weather was bright and clear. During the day, under the influence of the warm rays of the sun, sleep would come; but when the sun had disappeared and darkness followed, the air became cool, as it generally does the first week in September, and one's teeth would chatter chatter the whole night long, making sleep impossible. Shaking with the cold, enduring the agony of pain from undressed wounds and the pangs of hunger, it seemed as though the nights would never end. A good many men pegged out under this combination who might have lived, possibly, had they been removed to

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1862. hospitals early in the week. By the fourth day the stench on the field, from decaying bodies, was almost unbearable. In such a situation it is not to be wondered at that men became irritable and resented any attempt on the part of their comrades to cheer them with words of hope or encouragement.

"Men gathered together in groups and shared their scanty rations with those who had none, and by the strictest economy were able to make them last until Monday morning, from which time until Friday night they had nothing to eat.

"There is one instance that deserves to be recorded, not only for the exhibition of devotion to the Union cause, but for the tender feeling that prompted so kind an act. On Thursday afternoon an old man, not far from sixty years of age, with a bag on his shoulders, was seen prowling about the field apparently for the purposes of gain, as he was seen frequently to bend his body as if engaged in searching the dead. Presently it was discovered that no such motive prompted his action, inasmuch as his bag was filled with apples and biscuits which he was distributing to men on the field, giving one to each, according to choice, that as many as possible might have even a mouthful. To each and every one visited he proffered a kind and encouraging word, and it is possible that many a fellow's courage was kept alive by his patriotic undertaking. He had twice been made a prisoner for similar acts and for expressing Union sentiments.

"Each day, beginning with Monday, the wounded and dead were searched by rebel stragglers on the way to rejoin their regiments. Though there was nothing to gain after the first search, it was carried on just the same, followed by curses at their ill-luck. These searches were generally conducted by two men, one standing ready to give a thrust with his bayonet, if objection was made, while the other would hunt for what his imagination led him to think he could find. There were other men, however, who came on to the field who were intelligent and cultured, possessed of gentlemanly instincts, and who expressed regrets that they were unable to gratify the urgent demands for food. All seemed convinced that the stories told them about grass growing in the streets of New York were true, and ridiculed the denials of such silly statements.

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1862. "There was still another class who paid them a visit, and who remarked that 'You 'uns came down to fight we 'uns, but we 'uns licked h—l out of you 'uns,' which remark was painfully true.

"There were other visitors besides soldiers. The turkey buzzard made it his home as soon as the bodies became sufficiently putrid to satisfy his epicurean tastes. They are repulsive-looking birds, with eyes as bleared as an old soaker's, and a neck as bare of feathers as if they indulged in a daily shave. When they were completely gorged with food they would settle their heads down close to their bodies, concealing their naked necks, and remain torpid until nature had completed the work of digestion, when they would wake up and go at it again.

"Friday afternoon a Confederate officer, with assistants, came on to the field, recorded each man's name and regiment, requiring him to swear that he would not take arms against the Confederacy until legally notified of his exchange, — a useless formality in this case, as it is hardly likely that any man who laid on that field ever returned to the army. After he had performed this duty, he was followed by a band of Union surgeons, who were allowed to come on to the field under a flag of truce to prepare the men for removal on the following day. After their wounds were dressed, each man was given a drink of whiskey, a slice of raw pork, and some hard bread. Under the circumstances, perhaps this was sufficient, after so long a fast, but men are sometimes very unreasonable, as the wounded may have appeared to be in this instance. After the men were thus attended to, the surgeons sat down to a meal composed of canned food of various kinds, bread, and hot coffee, making a very unpleasant contrast to the raw pork. The hot coffee was probably "the straw that broke the camel's back," inasmuch as a draught of that wholesome and agreeable beverage would have given more satisfaction than the food dispensed. When the men saw this lay-out, they indulged in remarks of a highly seasoned character, which were deemed unnecessary and out of place to those by whom they were overheard, calling forth from the listeners some emphatic expressions about the ingratitude of man.

"On the following morning, Saturday, about 11 o'clock, a train of

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1862. two hundred and seventy-five vehicles was in readiness, and it started on a journey of thirty-eight miles, threading its way among the dead horses, and men swollen beyond recognition, the shattered guns and equipments, broken wheels and other *débris* of a battlefield, until it reached Washington about 3 o'clock Sunday morning, when the train was divided and the men distributed among the hospitals of that city. Whoever has seen a battlefield will allow that no words of description can give an adequate idea of its sickening horror."

According to the official report, the regiment lost twenty-one killed and one hundred and eight wounded. Of the wounded, four were officers.

An idea of the excitement that prevailed in Boston and elsewhere may be obtained from the papers of that date. A report of the disaster was received as the people were on the way to church. The feeling occasioned by the startling news of the battle was so intense that thoughts of worship were forgotten in the excitement. The following graphic account of what was done is taken from one of the daily papers:

The grace of God seemed to be in the hearts of all the people yesterday. With the news of the bloody battles around Centreville, came the request for hospital stores. Every household, it appeared, immediately engaged in preparing lint, towels, sheets, bandages, or in packing brandy, wines, jellies, and other articles required by the wounded and sick. Intimation was given at the church doors of what was needed, and pews were deserted for vestries, where good was being done on the Sabbath day. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon all the express wagons in the city were loaded with barrels, boxes, baskets, filled with articles, and it seemed as though enough left the city to answer the emergency of one hundred thousand dollars. . . .

The money offered at the sanitary headquarters in Tremont street amounted to a large sum in the aggregate,— every one was anxious to do something to mitigate the sufferings of the disabled, and if ever a whole community was deeply, intensely moved by heartfelt sympathy, it was the people of Boston, yesterday. Let not the heavenly sentiment slumber, but be quickened by constant deeds of love, duty, patriotism, until the Angel of Peace shall spread his wings over our whole land.

To properly picture Tremont Temple as it appeared yesterday afternoon would require the pen of the poet, the eye of the artist, and the spirit of the philosopher. Not less than 1,000 women were busily, earnestly at work in the manufacture of bandages and lint. Innumerable sheets, garments, towels, and other articles

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1862. and fabrics were torn into strips, sewed together, and then rolled up in the best manner. Upstairs and down, in the gallery, upon the platform, in the doorways, in the aisles, on the stairways, from top to bottom, were these ministering angels laboring with an industry and zeal worthy of the ennobling cause. It was a glorious, a beautiful, and a rare spectacle. From morn until dark was this most interesting spectacle prosecuted. Men were cutting and tearing fabrics, women sewing and rolling them, boys and girls were supplying needles and thread — bandages by the thousands, lint by the cart-load, were in this manner made ready. What more appropriate labor for the Sabbath; and in what place more fit than the sanctuary?

Sunday, August 31. We remained in Centreville all day in line-of-battle. During the day, the men who were unable to keep up with the regiment, when we marched to the rear, rejoined us.

Monday, Sept. 1. Band mustered out. Something has already been said in these pages to show how much we enjoyed the presence of our band. It was one of the best in the service, and afforded us daily entertainment that was highly appreciated. Its departure left a vacancy that nothing could fill.

About 3 P.M. we marched to Chantilly, where the enemy had made an attack. We laid in line-of-battle as reserve, but did no fighting. While in this position, General Ricketts rode up and announced the fact that General McDowell had been relieved from his command, and that he had been succeeded by General Hooker. The cheers that went up at this news were such as had not been heard from the boys for many a day. It produced a cheerfulness that even the thunder-storm, which wet us through to the skin, failed to affect. Thus ended our service under General McDowell, about whom General McClellan makes the following statement in his book:

[JULY 30, 1861.]

At this period I committed one of my gravest errors: that was in retaining General McDowell on duty with the troops under my command. I knew that he had been a close student of military affairs, and thought he possessed sufficient ability to be useful in a subordinate capacity. Moreover, I pitied him extremely, and thought that circumstances had as much to do with his failure at Bull Run as any want of ability and energy on his part. I knew that if I sent him away he would be ruined for life, and desired to give him an opportunity to retrieve his

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1862. military reputation. I therefore left him in the nominal command on the Virginia side of the river, until the order forming the army of the Potomac was issued, he doing some little bureau work and retaining a large staff, while I performed the real military labor demanded by the occasion. I was sadly deceived. He never appreciated my motives, and felt no gratitude for my forbearance and kindness. Subsequent events proved that, although in some respects a very good bureau officer and a fair disciplinarian and drill officer for a school of instruction, he lacked the qualities necessary for a commander in the field.

Good judges, long ago, decided that McDowell was a faithful, competent, and loyal general officer, McClellan's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Tuesday, Sept. 2. Marched to Hall's Hill, about five miles from Washington, and went into camp on elevated ground, from which could be seen the Capitol.

On this day General McClellan was put in command of the fortifications of Washington and all the troops for the defence of the capital.

In "McClellan's Own Story" appears the following account of what occurred on his arrival at Upton's Hill:

A regiment of cavalry, marching by twos, and sandwiched in the midst of which were Pope and McDowell with their staff officers. I never saw a more helpless-looking headquarters. When these generals rode up to me and the ordinary salutations had passed, I inquired what that artillery firing was. Pope replied that it was no doubt that of the enemy against Sumner, who formed the rear guard, and was to march by the Vienna and Langley road. He also intimated that Sumner was probably in a dilemma. He could give no information of any importance in relation to the whereabouts of the different corps, except in a most indefinite way; had evidently not troubled his head in the slightest about the movements of his army in retreat, and had coolly preceded the troops, leaving them to get out of the scrape as best they could.

He and McDowell both asked my permission to go to Washington, to which I assented, remarking at the same time that *I* was going to that artillery firing.

He further says that

Nothing but a desire to do my duty could have induced me to accept the command under such circumstances. Not feeling sure that I could do anything, I felt that under the circumstance, no one else *could* save the country, and I have not shrunk from the terrible task. McDowell's own men would have killed him had he made his appearance among them; even his own staff did not dare to go

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1862. among his men. I can afford to forgive and forget him. I have not seen them since; I hope never to lay eyes on them again. Between them they are responsible for the lives of many of my best and bravest men. They have done all they could (unintentionally, I hope) to ruin and destroy the country.

A good deal was said during the war about soldiers shooting their officers. Such kind of talk was unknown in our regiment. So far as our brigade is concerned General McDowell would have been as safe within its lines as in his own home. During the entire war there was not another instance of an officer being more thoroughly disliked by his men than was McDowell by his corps. The mere mention of his name generally excited the strongest execrations, and yet it has been proven that he was one of the best officers in the army. It is doubtful if any officer who served during those four years could have shown a finer record of exemplary conduct or subordination as an officer. It is difficult after thirty years to recall an excuse for our feelings toward him. We were as thoughtless in our dislike of him as we were in our admiration of McClellan. The last part of our service under McDowell was very hard, and the rapidity and frequency of our movements made it difficult for wagons to reach us with rations, so that we often were very short. Every time a disagreeable order was received it was placed to his credit. If rations were scanty, or marches long, McDowell was the cause, and so, little by little, we came to hate the sight of him. To transfer our loyalty and affection from Banks, with whom we had been since our entry into service, to McDowell, was not an easy thing to do, particularly as our admiration for General Banks was very strong. McDowell had a fiery temper that occasionally found utterance. His exhibitions of irritability were related by the observers, and in passing from mouth to mouth received the customary exaggeration and polish that such stories generally get, and no doubt furnished a groundwork for the superstructure of ill-will that we reared to his credit. Since his death the Government has published the War Records, and the story of this campaign with the orders and dispatches sent at the time are open to us for our inspection and information. It is impossible to read these records, even with our prejudices excited as

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1862. they were in 1862, without feeling a pang of regret that we should have been so unreasonable.

On the 30th of August we were witnesses to an exhibition of his bravery that removed, from our minds at least, the charge that had been made by the newspapers, as well as his men, that he was a coward and a traitor. After he was relieved of his command he demanded to be heard before a Court of Inquiry, which was duly appointed and convened for the purpose.

The court held its sessions for more than sixty days in readiness to receive from his most vindictive enemy charges or information that could be proved. One of the charges made against him was drunkenness, and it was shown by his own statement under oath, and by ample corroborating evidence, that he had never drank a drop of liquor in his life. As we read page after page of this record our admiration is excited at his patient, manly bearing, and the ease with which he disproved the assertions of his enemies. The testimony of General Hartsuff is particularly interesting, as showing very vividly and very truthfully the state of our feelings in the Front Royal and Bull Run campaigns:

Question by General McDowell. What command have you held under General McDowell? When did you come under his command? In what condition was the brigade when you first joined it?

Answer. I commanded a brigade under General McDowell. I came under his command on the first of last May. The general condition of the brigade was good.

Question by General McDowell. How was it as to means of transportation and camp equipage when you joined it?

Answer. The means of transportation and the amount of camp equipage were very abundant; unusually so.

Question by General McDowell. What reduction was made in the means of transportation and in the camp equipage on your coming under General McDowell's immediate command at Fredericksburg?

Answer. The number of wagons to each regiment was reduced to seven or eight, I think. The Sibley tents, with which the command was furnished, were changed to shelter-tents; officers' baggage was necessarily considerably reduced, and the baggage of company messes, and baggage generally of officers and men.

Question by General McDowell. Do you know if the reduction of means of transportation and camp equipage was the cause of any feeling or the cause of any remark in the brigade?

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1862. *Answer.* It was the cause of considerable feeling and many remarks of ill-will toward General McDowell by officers and men. I did not hear the remarks of the men, but am satisfied remarks of the kind were made.

Question by General McDowell. State, if you know, of another cause of ill-feeling toward General McDowell or dissatisfaction with him in that brigade, connected with their having been under another department commander, where these restrictions had not been made.

Answer. Three of the four regiments composing my brigade had been under the command of General Banks. The brigade was, as they believed, temporarily attached to General McDowell's command. They were very desirous of getting back under General Banks' command, believing the amount of transportation they brought to General McDowell's command would be restored to them, and with it their baggage and comforts.

Question by General McDowell. Was anything done at Front Royal or at Warrenton to lead these regiments to continue in this belief that they would continue under General McDowell?

Answer. At Front Royal some officers of Massachusetts regiments visited General Banks, who was then at Middletown, and brought from him the assurance that the brigade would soon again be under his command. At Warrenton, in July last, General Banks visited the command one evening and spoke to the regiments separately, I believe, telling them, as I heard, that they would soon be again under his command; that he was making efforts to get them back. I did not hear him myself.

Question by General McDowell. What was the nature of the forced march, as to severity, of the brigade from Alexandria to Front Royal?

Answer. The weather at that time was very hot, and the march, considering the weather, was made as quickly as troops could perform it and be at all efficient at the end of the march.

Question by General McDowell. Was that march the cause of complaint, so far as you know, in the brigade?

Answer. It was the cause of complaint, and I saw afterward letters written by the officers of the brigade and published in the Boston newspapers, containing severe strictures on General McDowell as the author of suffering on the marches. The letter was filled with falsehoods.

Question by General McDowell. Was there any complaint that the men were forced over the Blue Ridge in the rain and without tents or shelter?

Answer. There was such complaint.

Question by General McDowell. Where did the brigade stop and how were they occupied the night before they reached Front Royal?

Answer. They stopped between two and three miles of the town of Front Royal, bivouacked in some pine bushes by the roadside.

Question by General McDowell. What kind of weather was it that night?

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1862. *Answer.* There was a severe rain-storm during the whole of the night.

Question by the Court. Do you know any matter or thing tending to show that General McDowell was treacherous, incompetent, unfaithful, or otherwise disqualified for the command of a division, corps, or department; and if you do, state what you know as fully as though you were specifically interrogated in respect thereto?

Answer. I do not know any such cause.

As the Thirteenth was in Ricketts' division it will be interesting to read the following extract of the testimony of Brig.-Gen. James B. Ricketts:

Question by the Court. At what time did you reach Thoroughfare Gap, on the morning of that day, with your division?

Answer. I don't know the time of day. I do not know that it was in the morning; I think it was in the afternoon.

Question by the Court. Had you any orders from General McDowell in respect to your movements that day? If so, how were they communicated, and when, and what were they? State fully and particularly.

Answer. I received an order on that day to send a brigade and a battery of artillery to support Colonel Wyndam at Thoroughfare Gap, and to push on to the same place with the rest of my division. I do not know what hour of the day the order was received, but should judge some time in the forenoon. I was at the time with my division on the road from Buckland Mills to Gainesville, and marched directly across the country by Hay Market. This order was brought to me by Captain Wadsworth, of General McDowell's staff, and was in writing. Somewhere between Hay Market and Thoroughfare Gap I saw Captain Leski, of General McDowell's staff, who gave directions to go to Thoroughfare Gap; he gave pretty much the same order, to go there and support Colonel Wyndam at the Gap. That is all I recollect.

Question by the Court. Did you have any engagement with the enemy at the Gap; and if so, at what time?

Answer. I had an engagement in the afternoon of the 28th, which continued until dark.

Question by the Court. At what time did you retire from the Gap, and where did you go?

Answer. I retired from the Gap just after dark on the evening of the 28th, and rested my division that night between Hay Market and Gainesville. I was myself at Gainesville.

Question by the Court. Where did you move when you left Hay Market and Gainesville, and at what time did you start?

Answer. I moved toward Manassas, and started very early in the morning of the 29th, after break of day.

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1862. *Question by the Court.* How far past Manassas did you go, and where?

Answer. I was conducted by a guide on the Sudley Springs road, and remained near the road, not far from the Henry house, where the headquarters of my division remained for the night.

Question by the Court. What orders or occasion had you to go from Thoroughfare Gap to the place referred to by you, between Gainesville and Manassas?

Answer. I left Thoroughfare Gap because the enemy was turning the right and left flank. I left Gainesville because General King sent me word that he would retire toward Manassas; that was all.

Question by the Court. Did any communication other than the one referred to in your last answer pass between you and General King during the 28th August and up to the time that you moved from Gainesville on the morning of the 29th? And, if so, state what they were.

Answer. I had two communications from General King; the first stating that he had an engagement with the enemy and had held his ground; the other representing a large force of the enemy in front of him, and that he would retire toward Manassas. In answer to the last I told him that I would retire from my position. I do not recollect of any others.

Question by the Court. Why did not you await orders from General McDowell to move from Gainesville on the morning of the 29th August?

Answer. When General King sent me word that he would retire, I then knew I would be unsupported.

On the 16th of January the examination of General Ricketts was continued as follows by General McDowell:

Question by General McDowell. What o'clock on the 28th of August were you ordered to march from your bivouac beyond Buckland Mills?

Answer. I was ordered to march at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Question by General McDowell. How far did you march on the Warrenton turnpike before you turned off the road to go by Hay Market under the order given you by Capt. Wadsworth?

Answer. I had crossed the bridge at Broad Run, and was but a very short distance from it.

Question by General McDowell. Do you know any cause of delay in getting forward from your bivouac to the place where you turned off; were there any obstructions in the road?

Answer. The road was very much encumbered by wagons. I saw a very large number in the vicinity of this stream — Broad Run.

The following is taken from General Longstreet's report of his arrival at Thoroughfare Gap:

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1862. The head of my column reached Thoroughfare Gap about three P.M., on the 28th. A small party of infantry was sent into the mountain to reconnoitre. Passing through the Gap, Colonel Beck, of the Ninth Georgia Regiment, met the enemy, but was obliged to retire before a greatly superior force. The enemy held a strong position on the opposite gorge and succeeded in getting his sharpshooters in position on the mountain. Brig.-Gen. D. R. Jones advanced two of his brigades rapidly, and soon drove the enemy from his position on the mountain. Brig.-Gen. Hood, with his own and General Whiting's brigade, was ordered by a foot-path over the mountain to turn the enemy's right, and Brig.-Gen. Wilcox, with his own and Brig.-Gens. Featherstone's and Pryor's brigades, was ordered through Hopewell Gap, three miles to our left, to turn the right and attack the enemy in the rear. The enemy made his attack upon Jones, however, before these troops could get into their positions, and after being repulsed with severe loss, commenced his retreat just before night.

On reading the foregoing statements, a discrepancy as to the hour of our retiring will be noticed in the statements of Generals Ricketts and Longstreet. Though of no great consequence to our narrative, the fact prompts us to say that we believe Longstreet's statement to be the correct one, so far as our brigade was concerned.

In the long report made by the court, in rendering its decision exonerating General McDowell, occurs the following tribute to his character, and we gladly give it publication:

When General Pope assumed command of the Army of Virginia, on the 26th of June, 1862, although in order of rank he was below General McDowell, he received from that officer the most valuable and cordial coöperation and assistance.

The court dwell with satisfaction on these fine qualities of military subordination frequently exemplified by General McDowell under circumstances trying to the pride and emulation of a general officer.

The following is taken from a copy of the "Boston Evening Transcript," published in May, 1870:

General Irvin McDowell was, at the beginning of the War of the Rebellion, in consequence of the disaster of the first Bull Run, one of the best abused men in the country. His taken-for-granted military blunders and personal character were condemned in unqualified terms; and except with a few, his name was synonymous with imbecility and unworthiness. Perhaps there never was an instance of grosser injustice done to a faithful soldier, devoted patriot, and courteous high-toned gentleman, than was done to one whose misfortune it was to be compelled to command undisciplined and inexperienced troops under the direction of a blind, excited, and exacting public sentiment. But his subsequent record and

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1862. his patient waiting for time to bring the rightful judgment and justification are having their reward. The "Chicago Tribune," as copied by the "Army and Navy Journal," may exaggerate the probable consequences of this reaction in favor of the maligned, misrepresented, and misunderstood officer; but to a very large extent its statements and decision will now be cordially indorsed as the truth. Many will read the following paragraph from the "Tribune's" vindication with pleasure:

"Last winter when the Army of the Potomac met at Philadelphia, and McDowell sat quietly among them, thinking himself an unsuccessful man, and one set down among the failures of the war, a quiet young officer arose with his glass in his hand, and proposed the health of General McDowell. As he did so he made a stammering effort to say that since the war had passed by, and we had come to know man for man and man to man, we were equal to the appreciation of the commander of the first Army of the Potomac. At once the whole table rattled with bravos and hearty cheers, and amidst more applause than had greeted the name of any man that night, McDowell rose, profoundly moved, the most patient and heroic martyr of the war, and he said, as he had always said, that he knew the justice of his countrymen would come at last; that he had expected it long before, but that he had not complained, because he knew that it would come; and then his cold, regular army nature melting down to the occasion, he gave a little burst of egotism, which was truer than tears, because it was both the occasion and himself. His great element of character was resignation, never mutinying, never abusing any man behind his back, holding to the cause at the expense of frightful calumnies heaped upon himself; and it is probable that his fame will grow henceforward as roundly as, during the war, it was suddenly obscured."

What we have quoted is sufficient to show how unjust we were to a gallant officer, and we freely confess ourselves in the wrong. It would have been much better on our part to have made this avowal during his lifetime; but the opportunity never seemed at hand when we could do it gracefully, and now the time is past when it can afford him any gratification; but, nevertheless, we owe it to his memory, as well as to ourselves, to make this acknowledgment. We were young, at an age when one's judgment is more often influenced by what affects one's personal welfare or comfort, than a sober consideration of facts. Our service under him began at a time when the Government found it necessary to curtail the equipment of the army, and restrict it in many ways, still retaining what in the years 1863–4 would have been considered luxuries. Our transfer from the command of General Banks, under whom our service had been particularly

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1862. pleasant, was not in accordance with our wishes, and we were in daily expectation of returning to his corps. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," was true in our case. It seemed like disloyalty, after nine months' service under Banks, to suddenly transfer our soldierly regard to a stranger under whom we expected to serve but a short time. Therefore, every disagreeable order or curtailment was looked upon as something peculiar to McDowell, which we would escape on returning to Banks. McDowell had none of those traits of personal magnetism which have often made inferior generals very popular with the rank and file. His temper, which had been exhibited on several trying occasions, was exaggerated by the statements of those who were witnesses to it, while omitting the qualifying circumstances of the occasion. The newspapers that we received held him up to public contempt, and were filled with tales of his habits and the belief that he was a traitor, etc., all of which affected our susceptible minds, and aggravated the annoyance we felt at remaining under his command. It seems as though these impressions might have been corrected by just a little effort on his part, though it doesn't appear that he took the first step toward counteracting the ill-will that was bestowed upon him.

Wednesday, Sept. 3. We were still at Hall's Hill. As this was the first field on which we had slept two nights in succession for two weeks, an opportunity was afforded us to make up some of our lost sleep, which we took advantage of by day as well as night.

Thursday, Sept. 4. Still another day of quietude, except to those unhappy creatures who had to go on guard. The wagons which we had not seen since the 18th of August, returned today. While this brought little comfort to the rank and file, it meant a good deal to the officers, who had been deprived of any shelter but blankets during the interim. It is no wonder, therefore, that they were happy at the sight of their tents and the opportunity of changing their clothing.

Friday, Sept. 5. The sutler arrived with quantities of canned food, fruits, and other luxuries. As our credit was still good with the sutler, we made the most of it, and many a "belly was with fat capon lined." The sutler and the

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1862. quartermaster succeeded in raising our spirits to a high state of buoyancy.

Saturday, Sept. 6. About 8 P.M. we started on a long, all-night march, going through Georgetown and Washington, without halting, not even paying our respects to the President, who had done the honor of calling on us at Falmouth.

In a letter written by General McClellan, under date of September 5, he makes the following statement:

> It makes my heart bleed to see the poor, shattered remnants of my noble Army of the Potomac. Poor fellows! and to see how they love me even now. I hear them calling out to me, as I ride among them, "George, don't leave us again!" "They shan't take you away from us again," etc.

How sweet! and to think this man marched us on Sundays.

On the 6th of September the Secretary of War issued an order, as follows:

> Major-General McDowell, at his own request, is hereby relieved from the command of the Third Army Corps, and Major-General Reno is, by direction of the President, assigned to the command.

On the same day General McClellan issued the following order:

> Maj.-Gen. Joseph Hooker is assigned to the command of the Third Corps, Army of Virginia, lately commanded by Major-General McDowell. He will assume command immediately.

The following orders of the same date explain themselves:

> WASHINGTON, Sept. 6, 1862, 4.05 P.M.
>
> MAJOR-GENERAL MCDOWELL,
>
> *Or Senior Officer Commanding First Army Corps, Upton's Hill:*
>
> General McClellan directs that you move your corps at once to this side of the river, by the Long and Aqueduct bridges, taking the Seventh-street road to Leesborough, or vicinity. It is important that this movement be made promptly.
>
> (Signed) A. V. COLBURN,
> *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

The designation *First* Corps in the above address must have been an error.

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1862. HEADQUARTERS THIRD CORPS,
NEAR ARLINGTON HOUSE, Sept. 6, 1862, 5.30 P.M.

COLONEL COLBURN, *Assistant Adjutant-General, Washington:*

I have received your telegram, directed to Upton's Hill, ordering the movement of the Third Corps to Leesborough. As I am informed at the War Department that I am relieved from the command of this corps, I have turned over the order to the second in command, General Ricketts.

(Signed) IRVIN McDOWELL,
Major-General.

SEPT. 6, 1862, 7.50 P.M.

BRIG.-GEN. S. WILLIAMS, *Assistant Adjutant-General, Washington:*

Shall the divisions of the Third Corps, ordered to move to Leesborough, quit the forts at Upton's Hill before they are dismantled and the ammunition removed? Will you please give the order direct, as I move my headquarters to Washington.

(Signed) IRVIN McDOWELL,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY, Sept. 6, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL McDOWELL, *Arlington:*

General Porter has been instructed to relieve the pickets of the Third Corps immediately, and to remove the heavy guns from Upton's Hill during the night, leaving an advance guard in the works there to hold it against an attack of pickets of inferior force.

(Signed) S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 224. WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, Sept. 6, 1862.

XIII. Major-General McDowell, at his own request, is hereby relieved from the command of the Third Army Corps, and Major-General Reno is, by direction of the President, assigned to the command.

. . . . . .

By order of the Secretary of War,

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 3. HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, Sept. 6, 1862.

XVII. Major-General Hooker is assigned to the command of the Third Corps, Army of Virginia, lately commanded by Major-General McDowell. He will assume command immediately.

By command of Major-General McClellan.

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

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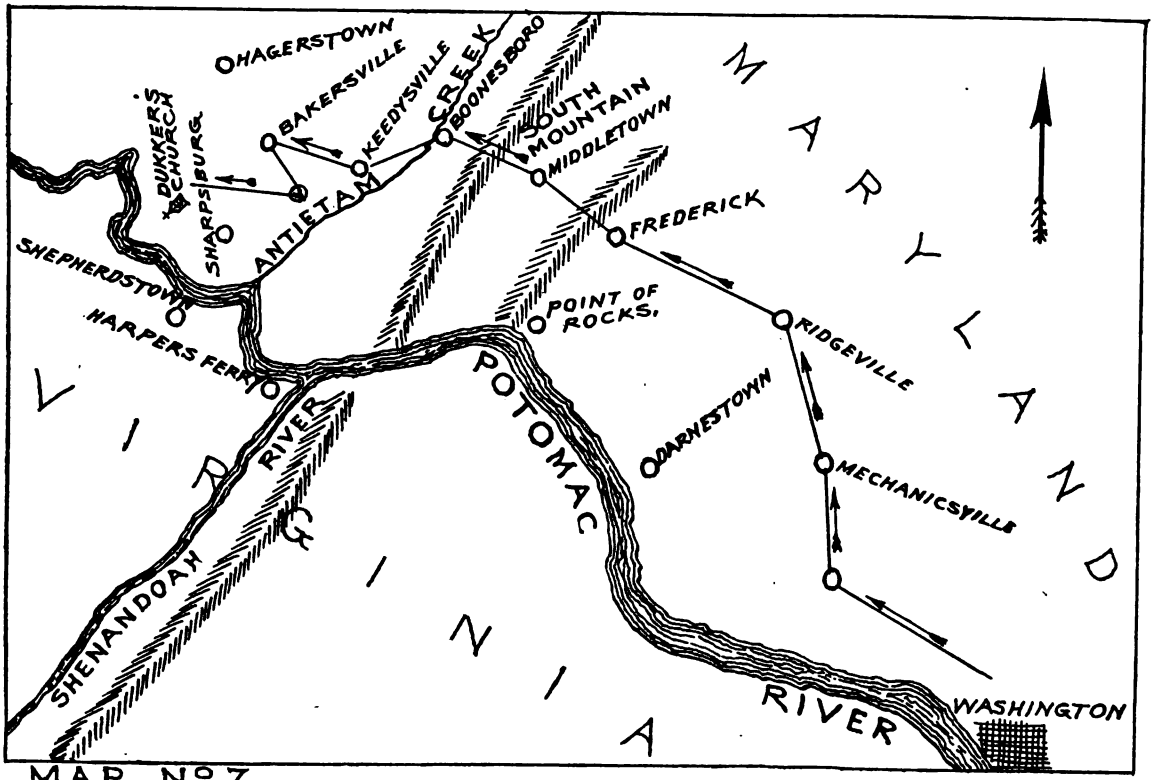

MAP No. 7

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CHAPTER VII.

1862. Sunday, Sept. 7. AT daylight we halted, having marched all night. We were about ten miles from Washington on the Baltimore road. About 9 A.M. we resumed our march, and after tramping five miles went into camp.

We were back in Maryland, which we left six months before. While the progress we had made toward crushing the rebellion was not very flattering, it afforded us pleasure to be again marching among loyal people who had an interest in our welfare.

Monday, Sept. 8. We were now about half-way between Washington and Darnestown, the place where we were encamped a year ago. Then we were a thousand strong; but now we had dwindled to half that number. Some were killed, and a good many in hospitals, wounded or sick, never to return.

Wednesday, Sept. 10. Yesterday at 4.15 P.M. we marched to Mechanicsville, about eight miles, where we now were.

We received another lot of recruits to-day, and a fine-looking set of men they were. It is a notable fact that this batch of recruits was the last in which we had any feeling of pride. Up to and including this time we had been fortunate in our recruits. They were a credit to the State and reflected honor upon the regiment; they were in such marked contrast to those who followed that the fact is worth mentioning.

Disappointment and mortification was the lot of one of this number, who came to us full of confidence and hope. Having completed his school education he was seized with the patriotic desire to enlist, and leaving the tender care of mother and father he joined the Thirteenth. His first shock was at our appearance. Instead of bright uniforms, with gilt buttons and shoulder knots, he found us with ragged trousers, ill-fitting blouses, and torn and faded caps —

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1862. the result of long marches over dusty roads and bivouacking in ploughed fields, that made us look more like a regiment of tramps than soldiers.

On the morning following his arrival, our new recruit made inquiry of his comrades as to where he was to get milk for his coffee, and was told that the captain kept the milk in his tent. Having perfect confidence in his comrades, he made application at once. The captain was surprised at the request, and explained to him that milk was not in the list of articles of diet provided by the Government. Of course the recruit felt mortified at his mistake, but made the best of it, though it destroyed his confidence for a while in his associates' statements. He learned that "Ask and ye shall receive" had no coinage in the army. Notwithstanding his verdancy he became an excellent soldier.

Most of us cared little about the deprivation of milk, though the temptation was strong among some of the boys, when sighting a cow, to ascertain if they had lost the trick of milking. Although a cow, under ordinary circumstances, is a peaceable animal, she draws the line when her lactary reservoir is being too energetically pumped. To hold a dipper with one hand and milk with the other, particularly when three other hands were endeavoring to do the same thing on the same cow, and she unwilling to stand still, required a degree of skill that few of us possessed. In spite of being well-aimed, the stream of milk would generally go in any direction but that of the dipper; hence the necessity of struggling with this problem when no other soldiers were about, unless you were fond of unrewarded labor. Therefore most of us preferred buying it at farm-houses, though the demand was so much greater than the supply, we were often disappointed in our efforts to obtain it. When the sutler was with us we could buy "condensed milk," which we found an excellent substitute.

Thursday, Sept. 11. At 9 A.M. we started on the march and kept it up all day, in a slow, tedious manner, until we paced off twelve miles on the road to Frederick.

Friday, Sept. 12. After inspection in the morning we marched to Ridgeville, seven miles, and camped.

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GENERAL ORDERS
No. 129. } WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 12, 1862.

1. The President directs that the First, Second, and Third Corps of the Army of Virginia, announced in General Orders No. 103, be hereafter designated the First, Eleventh, and Twelfth. The several army corps will now stand as follows:

The First, Second, Third, and Fourth, as arranged in General Orders No. 151, of March 13, 1862, from the Headquarters Army of the Potomac.

The Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth, as announced in General Orders No. 84, of July 22, 1862, from this office.

The Tenth, as announced in General Orders No. 123, of Sept. 3, 1862, from this office.

The Eleventh and Twelfth the same as the First and Second Corps, Army of Virginia.

. . . . . .

By order of the Secretary of War,

L. THOMAS,
Adjutant-General.

1862.

Saturday, Sept. 13. We started at 1 P.M. and marched twelve more miles toward Frederick.

Sunday, Sept. 14. At 5 A.M. we broke camp and marched all day with frequent and uncertain halts, passing through Frederick and Middletown, until about six o'clock, when our division (Hooker's) was placed in second line of battle on South Mountain. As we climbed up the steep sides of the mountain we were fired at by the enemy, who made the very common mistake of soldiers when firing from an elevated position, — that of firing too high, — by which means we escaped any casualties. We laid on our arms until morning.

The unexpected often happens in the army. When we retreated from Manassas, the afternoon of August 30, we gave up all hope of seeing our knapsacks again, as the grove where they were deposited had been taken possession of by the enemy. During our advance up the mountain to-day, the dead body of a rebel belonging to a Georgia regiment was seen lying on the ground near the road, where he was killed. One of our boys, regretting the loss of his knapsack, and noticing the Reb had one, concluded to make good his loss by transferring it to his own back. Now the most astonishing thing about this was the discovery, upon removing the knapsack, that it

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1862. was his own property, which had been toted from Manassas to South Mountain by a rebel soldier. He was still more amazed on opening it to find the contents had been undisturbed.

The following is taken from the report of General Ricketts, our division commander, dated Sept. 21, 1862:

"On the morning of the 14th instant the division was under arms to march at daylight from its encampment near the Monocacy, and arrived at the east side of South Mountain, about a mile north of the turnpike, at 5 P.M., forming line of battle, First Brigade, Brigadier-General Duryea, on the extreme right; Third Brigade, Brigadier-General Hartsuff, in the centre, and Second Brigade, Colonel Christian, on the left. The route of the First and Third Brigades extended over a very rough ground to the crest of the mountain, which was gallantly won. On the left the Second Brigade was sent to the relief of General Doubleday's, which was hard pressed and nearly out of ammunition. It engaged the enemy with terrible effect, and drove him down the west side of the mountain.

It being now too dark to advance, and the men much exhausted, operations ceased for the night. The next morning, the enemy having fled during the night, the division moved forward and encamped near Keedysville. The artillery was not engaged.

In his report on the battle of South Mountain, General Hooker makes the following statement:

It being very dark, our troops were directed to remain in position, and Hartsuff's brigade was brought up and formed a line across the valley, connecting with Meade's left and Hatch's right, and all were directed to sleep on their arms.

At dawn, Hartsuff's skirmishers were thrown forward, supported by his brigade, to the Mountain House, a mounted picket of the enemy retreating as they advanced. The enemy had been reënforced by twenty regiments of Longstreet's corps during the early part of the night, but between 12 and 1 o'clock commenced a hurried and confused retreat, leaving his dead on our hands and his wounded uncared for.

Monday, Sept. 15. Marched at daylight, two companies being thrown out in front as skirmishers, until the top of the mountain was reached, when we saw the enemy retreating toward Boonsboro', whereupon we started in chase, passing through that town to Keedysville, about ten miles, without overtaking them. It is not without some truth they were called the "Fleet-footed Virginians."

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1862. The towns of Boonsboro' and Keedysville were decorated with Union flags, and it was inspiring to march through towns with Uncle Sam's bunting displayed, and listen to encouraging words from friends. This was our stamping ground of '61, and it seemed like home to us.

Tuesday, Sept. 16. At 3.30 P.M. we moved across a bridge toward the village of Bakersville, on the Hagerstown and Sharpsburg turnpike, turning to the left after crossing a country road, also leading to Sharpsburg, moving parallel to it nearly half a mile under a heavy artillery fire from the enemy. In order that their guns might have as little effect as possible we were formed "double column half distance" and march to the front, then to the right, then front, then to the left, then front, then right again, then front, always preserving our formation, and gaining to the front all the time. This movement made under a heavy fire was performed with as much precision and coolness as though the regiment was on a battalion drill. It is worth mentioning to show what good use may be made of the skill and confidence acquired by constant drilling.

Wednesday, Sept. 17. It was a gray, misty morning, and like the girl who was to be Queen of the May, we were called early. All night long the firing of guns on the picket line in front of us disturbed our sleep, sounding very much like a "night before the Fourth" at home. While we were endeavoring to see whether the men moving in front of us were our own men or the rebels, an aid from General Hooker's staff dashed up to where we stood, and, after satisfying himself, ordered us to move. We went obliquely to the right, across a fence, then across a lane and on to the corner of the woods, from which we moved to the corn-field in front of the Dunker Church. As we entered the corn-field we were received by a sudden volley from the enemy, who, until that moment, were lying concealed from view. Here we stayed until our ammunition was exhausted, when we were relieved and marched to the rear, where our cartridge-boxes were replenished, and where we remained the rest of the day. We took into this fight three hundred and one men and brought out one hundred and sixty-five, a loss of forty-five per cent.

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1862. A hospital for the Thirteenth was established in a barn in Keedysville.

The following is from the report of General Ricketts on his division's work at Antietam:

From Keedysville on the afternoon of the 16th, the division crossed the Antietam river and moved toward Sharpsburg, in direction of the enemy's left flank. Third Brigade [Hartsuff] was formed in line while under fire from the enemy's artillery; Second Brigade toward the left of the Third, and First Brigade in reserve. The artillery, though within range, was placed as much under shelter as possible for the night.

The morning of the 17th your order to advance and occupy the woods in front was being carried out when General Hartsuff, who was examining the ground, was severely wounded, and the services of this valuable officer were lost. The brigade moved forward [under command of Colonel Coulter], supported by Second Brigade on the left and First Brigade on the right, all advancing with the artillery, Battery F, First Pennsylvania, under Captain Matthews, Captain Thompson's Independent Pennsylvania Battery, each consisting of four 3-inch rifled guns. Taking advantage of the ground both batteries opened with destructive effect, officers and men displaying great coolness while exposed to a severe fire of artillery and infantry. The division gained the outer edge of the wood and kept up a fearful fire for four hours, until the ammunition being exhausted and the supports not coming up, it was compelled to retire to refill boxes, after which the division joined the rest of the corps on the right, near the turnpike, and with the exception of a brisk fire from the enemy's artillery, under which they stood, was not employed again during the day only to hold that position.

In General Hooker's report may be seen the following:

The whole morning had been one of unusual animation to me and fraught with the grandest events. The conduct of my troops was sublime, and the occasion almost lifted me to the skies, and its memories will ever remain to me. My command followed the fugitives closely until we had passed the cornfield, a quarter of a mile or more, when I was removed from my saddle in the act of falling out of it from the loss of blood.

The following account is from the pen of G. W. Smalley, correspondent of the "New York Tribune" and other papers. He was near General Hooker during the fight, with excellent opportunities for seeing and knowing all that occurred. The extract we quote shows how it appeared to him:

The battle began with the dawn. Morning found both armies just as they had slept, almost close enough to look into each other's eyes. The left of Meade's

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1862. reserves and the right of Ricketts' line became engaged at nearly the same moment, one with artillery, the other with infantry. A battery was almost immediately pushed forward beyond the central woods, over a ploughed field, near the top of the slope where the cornfield began. On this open field, in the corn beyond, and in the woods which stretched forward into the broad fields, like a promontory into the ocean, were the hardest and deadliest struggles of the day.

For half an hour after the battle had grown to its full strength, the line of fire extended neither way. Hooker's men were fully up to their work. They saw their general everywhere in front, never away from the fire; and all the troops believed in their commander, and fought with a will. Two-thirds of them were the same men who, under McDowell, had broken at Manassas.

The half-hour passed; the rebels began to give way a little, — only a little; but at the first indication of a receding fire, "Forward!" was the word, and on went the line with a rush. Back across the cornfield, leaving dead and wounded behind them, over the fence, and across the wood, and then back again into the dark woods, which closed around them, went the retreating rebels.

But out of those gloomy woods came suddenly and heavily terrible volleys — volleys which smote, and bent, and broke, in a moment, that eager front, and hurled them swiftly back for half the distance they had won. Not swiftly nor in panic, any further. Closing up their shattered lines, they came slowly away; a regiment where a brigade had been; hardly a brigade where a whole division had been victorious. They had met at the woods the first volleys of musketry from fresh troops — had met them and returned them till their line had yielded and gone down before this weight of fire, and till their ammunition was exhausted.

In ten minutes the fortunes of the day seemed to have changed; it was the rebels who were now advancing, pouring out of the woods in endless lines, sweeping through the cornfield from which their comrades had just fled. Hooker sent in his nearest brigade to meet them, but it could not do the work. He called for another. There was nothing close enough, unless he took it from his right. His right might be in danger if it was weakened; but his centre was already threatened with annihilation. Not hesitating one moment, he sent to Doubleday, "Give me your best brigade instantly."

The best brigade came down the hill to the right on the run, went through the timber in front, through a storm of shot and bursting shell, and crashing limbs, over the open field beyond, and straight into the cornfield, passing, as they went, the fragment of those brigades shattered by the rebel fire, and streaming to the rear. They passed by Hooker, whose eyes lighted as he saw these veteran troops led by a soldier whom he knew he could trust. "I think they will hold it," he said.

General Hartsuff took his troops very steadily, but, now that they were under fire, not hurriedly, up the hill from which the cornfield begins to descend, and formed them on the crest. Not a man who was not in full view — not one who bent before the storm. Firing at first in volleys, they fired then at will with won-

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1862. derful rapidity and effect. The whole line crowned the hill, and stood out darkly against the sky, but lighted and shrouded ever in flame and smoke.

They were the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts, the Ninth New York, and the Eleventh Pennsylvania — old troops, all of them.

Then for half an hour they held the ridge, unyielding in purpose, exhaustless in courage. There were gaps in the line, but it nowhere bent. Their general was severely wounded early in the fight, but they fought on. Their supports did not come — they determined without them. They began to go down the hill and into the corn; they did not stop to think that their ammunition was nearly gone; they were there to win that field, and they won it. The rebel line for the second time fled through the corn and into the woods. I cannot tell how few of Hartsuff's brigade were left when the work was done. There was no more gallant, determined, heroic fighting in all this desperate day. General Hartsuff is severely wounded; but I do not believe he counts his success dearly purchased.

There has been some doubt thrown upon this story because Hartsuff's brigade was not in Doubleday's division.

A soldier, when actively engaged in battle, has so little appreciation of how his actions may appear to a looker-on, that when we read the "best brigade" story, we felt that, notwithstanding the facts were all there, they had received a rhetorical coloring which made them seem different from what they really were.

Alfred C. Munroe, of the Twelfth Massachusetts, who was at that time attached to General Hooker's headquarters, says he heard the order given as Smalley relates it. That part of the story, however, is of little consequence beside the important one of removing any doubt as to whether Hartsuff's brigade really did such a service on that memorable day. The following letter by General Doubleday, published in the "National Tribune" of March 24, 1892, seems to settle the question so completely that we give it publication:

Editor National Tribune, — A very interesting article appeared in your paper a few weeks ago in reference to the battle of Antietam. It is in the main accurate, but contains one error which I desire to correct, and which would seem to have originated in the correspondent of the New York "Times." After three hours' fighting, at a crisis in the battle when it became doubtful if we could hold the bloody cornfield between the lines, Hooker, it is alleged, sent word to Doubleday, "Send me your best brigade." It stated that this "best brigade" went forward and held the field, which, however, was lost later in the day.

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1862. Now, as my division began the battle in the morning, and was the first to charge the enemy, I had no brigade to spare, for three of mine, under Gibbon, Patrick, and Phelps, were already closely engaged at the front. They had lost heavily, had captured six battle-flags, were out of ammunition, and in obedience of an order from General Hooker were holding the position with the bayonet. I had another brigade, it is true, under the gallant Hoffman, but it was kept in rear by a special order from General Hooker, in consequence of a slight demonstration made by Stuart's cavalry on that flank. It was Hartsuff's brigade, of Ricketts' division, that held the cornfield so handsomely, and not one of mine. Ricketts was entitled, I thought, to a good deal of credit for the way in which he handled his men; but through some misrepresentations or misunderstanding he was relieved from command at the close of the day by General McClellan, and his division was turned over to General Gibbon.

ABNER DOUBLEDAY,
Brevet Major-General, U.S.A.

MENDHAM, N. J.

The following official announcement of the battle of Antietam was sent to Washington on the 19th of September, it being reasonably certain, by that time, that the rebel army had recrossed the river into Virginia:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
SHARPSBURG, September 19, 1862.

MAJ.-GEN. H. W. HALLECK, *Commanding U.S. Army:*

I have the honor to report that Maryland is entirely freed from the presence of the enemy, who have been driven across the Potomac. No fears need now be entertained for the safety of Pennsylvania. I shall at once occupy Harper's Ferry.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

The rebel army having voluntarily returned to the "sacred soil" of Virginia, without let or hindrance from our forces, it would seem that the word "driven" which appears in the dispatch was not an exact statement of fact, while General McClellan omitted to say that the opportunity for destroying Lee's army was lost.

The following statement by General McClellan, concerning the battle of Antietam, we quote from his book:

The spectacle yesterday was the grandest I could conceive of; nothing could be more sublime. Those in whose judgment I rely, tell me that I fought the battle splendidly, and that it was a masterpiece of art.

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1862. "'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he;
'But 'twas a famous victory.'"

With respect to the condition of the rebel army, it is interesting to read what General Lee says about it in a report he made to President Davis, dated Sept. 21, 1862:

The army is resting to-day on the Opequan, below Martinsburg. Its present efficiency is greatly paralyzed by the loss to its ranks of the numerous stragglers. I have taken every means in my power from the beginning to correct this evil, which has increased instead of diminished. A great many men belonging to the army never entered Maryland at all; many returned after getting there, while others who crossed the river kept aloof.

There is much more in this letter that goes to show how badly off the enemy felt themselves to be; but this extract is sufficient to show that they were glad enough to have the fighting postponed until they could recuperate.

It is also interesting to read what an Englishman thinks about the battle of Antietam. In Mr. Archibald Forbes' article on Abraham Lincoln as a strategist, published in the "North American Review," July and August, 1892, is the following:

Though he [McClellan] still held to him the Army of the Potomac, he had lost with the nation the mesmerism of his prestige. But fortune favored him. Pope's regiments turned out so much less demoralized than had been supposed, that McClellan's work of organization was easier and shorter than could have been anticipated. He was as assiduous in that work as ever; as ever, he was slow when the march with an enemy at the end of it came to be undertaken. Rarely, indeed, has it been the good fortune of a general, at the beginning of a campaign, to find himself placed in full knowledge of his adversaries' disposition; yet the possession of that enormous advantage could not stir McClellan into prompt alacrity. His sluggishness cost the loss of the garrison of Harper's Ferry. He threw away invaluable time before taking the offensive at South Mountain; and he could have done Lee no better service than in wasting a whole autumn day in deliberately putting his army into position for the unscientific, unpurposeful, and butcherly fighting of the morrow. Not until the 26th of October did McClellan begin to cross the Potomac. During the interval of more than five weeks he had practically been immobile, while Lee quietly watched him from Winchester. During

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1862. that interval he continuously clamored for reënforcements, for re-equipment of all kinds, for supplies on supplies.

With respect to renewing the attack on the 18th, General McClellan makes the following statement:

After a night of anxious deliberation and a full and careful survey of our army, the strength and position of the enemy, I conclude that the success of an attack on the 18th was not certain. I am aware of the fact that, under ordinary circumstances, a general is expected to risk a battle if he has a reasonable prospect of success; but at this critical juncture I should have had a narrow view of the condition of the country had I been willing to hazard another battle with less than an absolute assurance of success.

In testimony of his own abilities, he further says:

Since the war I have met many of my late antagonists, and have found none who entertained any personal enmity against me. While acknowledging with Lee and other of their generals that they feared me more than any of the Northern generals and that I had struck them harder blows when in the full prime of their strength, they have all said that I fought them like a gentleman and in an honorable way, and that they felt nothing but respect for me.

I remember very well, when riding over the field of South Mountain, that passing by a severely wounded Confederate officer, I dismounted and spoke with him, asking whether I could do anything to relieve him. He was a lieutenant-colonel of a North Carolina regiment, and asked me if I was General McClellan; and when I said that I was General McClellan, he grasped my hand and told me that he was perfectly willing to be wounded and a prisoner for the sake of taking by the hand one whom all the Confederates so honored and admired. Such things happened to me not infrequently, and I confess that it gave me no little pleasure to find that my antagonists shared the feelings of my own men for me.

In the Gospel according to Saint Luke occurs the following paragraph: "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets."

As a contrast to General McClellan's methods of conducting a battle, it is interesting to read what Stonewall Jackson would have done had he been in McClellan's position. General Imboden writes that Jackson often said to him:

There were two things never to be lost sight of by a military commander: Always mystify, mislead, and surprise the enemy, if possible; and when you strike

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1862. and overcome him, never let up in the pursuit so long as your men have strength to follow; for an army routed, if hotly pursued, becomes panic-stricken, and can then be destroyed by half their number. The other rule is, never fight against heavy odds, if by any possible manœuvring you can hurl your own force on only a part, and that the weakest part, of your enemy and crush it. Such tactics will win every time, and a small army may thus destroy a large one in detail, and repeated victory will make it invincible.

As an additional reason for not following up the advantage gained on the 17th, General McClellan says that

The troops were greatly overcome by the fatigue and exhaustion attendant upon the long-continued and severely contested battle of the 17th, together with the long day-and-night marches to which they had been subjected during the previous three days.

To us of the Thirteenth it seemed just possible that the enemy might be equally tired and a good deal more discomfited, and that the time had come when we might efface the disagreeable recollection of Manassas; and the wonder was why we were not allowed to follow up our advantage. When men are stimulated by success in battle they forget everything but pushing their good fortune to a complete triumph. As it was, we remained in idleness until the 25th of October, allowing the enemy to find their way back across the river at their leisure. There was one man, however, who appreciated that instinct in human nature which prompts us all to "sail in" when the other fellow weakens, and that was "Old Abe." Day after day telegrams from Washington were sent to McClellan asking him to explain his delay, and urging the importance of his present advantage, until he (General McClellan) was prompted to return to General Halleck an answer, in which is the following paragraph:

I regret that you find it necessary to couch every despatch I have the honor to receive from you in a spirit of fault-finding, and that you have not yet found leisure to say one word in commendation of recent achievements of the army, or even to allude to them.

The following interesting order explains itself:

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1862. HEADQUARTERS, DEFENCES OF WASHINGTON,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 23, 1862, 10.30 A.M.

BRIG.-GEN. S. WILLIAMS,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Headquarters Army of the Potomac:

Telegram of last night received this morning. It occurs to me that at least a part of the confusion caused by the new numbers of the corps arises from the fact that you have got them wrong. Siegel's corps is the Eleventh, Banks' is the Twelfth, and Hooker's (late McDowell's) is the First Corps. This is warranted correct, the newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding. Consequently, after some puzzling, I infer from your telegram that Meade commands the First Corps, vice Hooker, wounded, and A. S. Williams commands the Twelfth Corps, vice Mansfield, killed. Is this right? To whom was Webber's brigade assigned? Is Couch's division independent? Does Sturgis command Reno's division, and Wilcox, Stevens'? Piatt's brigade is here, in Whipple's division.

. . . . . .

RICHARD B. IRWIN,
Captain, Aide-de-Camp, and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

Whatever confusion may have existed in the minds of others, it is certain that we were in the second division of the First Corps. General Ricketts commanded the division and General Meade the corps.

By an order dated Sept. 29, 1862, General Reynolds assumed temporary command of the First Corps, and in the same communication General Meade was ordered to reassume the command of the third division of the same corps. General Reynolds remained in command of the First Corps, however, until he lost his life at Gettysburg.

On the 6th of October General Halleck was instructed by the President to telegraph General McClellan as follows: "The President directs that you cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him south." This, however, did not move McClellan.

On the 10th of October the rebel general, Stuart, crossed the Potomac at McCoy's ford, between Williamsport and Hancock, penetrated as far as Chambersburg, which he occupied for a time, destroyed public property, made the entire circuit of the Federal army, and recrossed the Potomac near the mouth of the Monocacy, without any loss worth mentioning, and to the mortification of the Union army, which was doing nothing. Both of these fords were

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1862. within the sphere of our duty during the year 1861 and the first two months of 1862. The following extracts are taken from his report of the affair to General Lee:

Unoffending persons were treated with civility, and the inhabitants were generous in proffers of provisions on the march. We seized and brought over a large number of horses, the property of citizens of the United States. The valuable information obtained in this reconnoissance, as to the distribution of the enemy's force, was communicated orally to the commanding general, and need not be here repeated. A number of the public functionaries and prominent citizens were taken captives, and brought over as hostages for our own unoffending citizens, whom the enemy has torn from their homes and confined in dungeons in the North. One or two of my men lost their way, and are probably in the hands of the enemy.

. . . . . .

Believing that the hand of God was clearly manifested in the signal deliverance of my command from danger, and the crowning success attending it, I ascribe to Him the praise, the honor, and the glory.

If it was true, as General Stuart asserted, that he was under Divine protection and guidance, perhaps it was just as well for us that we didn't interfere with his progress.

We notice in the War Records that the hand of God was not recognized when armies met with defeat.

On the 13th of October the President sent the following letter to General McClellan, which shows how clearly Mr. Lincoln comprehended the possibilities of the situation:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D.C., Oct. 13, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN:

MY DEAR SIR: You remember my speaking to you of what I called your overcautiousness. Are you not overcautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doing? Should you not claim to be at least his equal in prowess, and act upon the claim? As I understand, you telegraphed General Halleck that you cannot subsist your army at Winchester, unless the railroad from Harper's Ferry to that point be put in working order. But the enemy does now subsist his army at Winchester, at a distance nearly twice as great from railroad transportation as you would have to do, without the railroad last named. He now wagons from Culpeper Court-House, which is just about twice as far as you would have to do from Harper's Ferry. He is certainly not more than half as well provided with wagons as you are. I certainly should be pleased for you

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1862. to have the advantage of the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, but it wastes all the remainder of autumn to give it to you, and, in fact, ignores the question of time, which cannot and must not be ignored. Again, one of the standard maxims of war, as you know, is to "operate upon the enemy's communications as much as possible without exposing your own." You seem to act as if this applies against you, but cannot apply in your favor. Change positions with the enemy, and think you not he would break your communication with Richmond within the next twenty-four hours? You dread his going into Pennsylvania; but if he does so in full force, he gives up his communications to you absolutely; and you have nothing to do but to follow and ruin him. If he does so with less than full force, fall upon and beat what is left behind all the easier. Exclusive of the water-line, you are now nearer Richmond than the enemy is by the route that you can and he must take. Why can you not reach there before him, unless you admit that he is more than your equal on the march? His route is the arc of a circle, while yours is the chord. The roads are as good on yours as on his. You know I desired, but did not order, you to cross the Potomac below, instead of above, the Shenandoah and Blue Ridge. My idea was that this would at once menace the enemy's communications, which I would seize if he would permit.

If he should move forward I would follow him closely, holding his communications. If he should prevent our seizing his communications and move toward Richmond, I would press closely to him, fight him if a favorable opportunity should present, and at least try to beat him to Richmond on the inside track. I say "try;" if we never try we shall never succeed. If he makes a stand at Winchester, moving neither north nor south, I would fight him there, on the idea that if we cannot beat him when he bears the wastage of coming to us, we never can when we bear the wastage of going to him. This proposition is a simple truth, and is too important to be lost sight of for a moment. In coming to us he tenders us an advantage which we should not waive. We should not so operate as to merely drive him away. As we must beat him somewhere or fail finally, we can do it, if at all, easier near to us than far away. If we cannot beat the enemy where he now is, we never can, he again being within the intrenchments of Richmond.

Recurring to the idea of going to Richmond on the inside track, the facility of supplying from the side away from the enemy is remarkable, as it were, by the different spokes of a wheel extending from the hub toward the rim, and this, whether you move directly by the chord or on the inside arc, hugging the Blue Ridge more closely. The chord-line, as you see, carries you by Aldie, Hay Market, and Fredericksburg; and you see how turnpikes, railroads, and finally the Potomac, by Aquia Creek, meet you at all points from Washington; the same, only the lines lengthened a little, if you press closer to the Blue Ridge part of the way.

The gaps through the Blue Ridge I understand to be about the following dis-

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1862. tances from Harper's Ferry, to wit: Vestal's, 5 miles; Gregory's, 13; Snicker's, 18; Ashby's, 28; Manassas, 38; Chester, 45; and Thornton's, 53. I should think it preferable to take the route nearest the enemy, disabling him to make an important move without your knowledge, and compelling him to keep his forces together for dread of you. The gaps would enable you to attack if you should wish. For a great part of the way you would be practicably between the enemy and both Washington and Richmond, enabling us to spare you the greatest number of troops from here. When at length running for Richmond ahead of him enables him to move this way, if he does so, turn and attack him in the rear. But I think he should be engaged long before such point is reached. It is all easy if our troops march as well as the enemy, and it is unmanly to say we cannot do it. This letter is in no sense an order.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

A prominent public man who knew McClellan as an engineer, before the war, once remarked that if he had a million of men it would take a million of years for him voluntarily to move, which number is probably an exaggeration by several years.

The following communications of General Lee, giving his interpretation of the battle of Antietam, are interesting reading:

HEADQUARTERS, SHARPSBURG, MD.,
Sept. 18, 1862, 6.30 A.M.

MR. PRESIDENT: On the afternoon of the 16th instant the enemy, who you were informed that day was in our front, opened a light fire of artillery upon our line. Early the next morning it was renewed in earnest, and large masses of the Federal troops that had crossed the Antietam above our position assembled on our left and threatened to overwhelm us. . . .

In the afternoon the enemy advanced on our right, where General Jones' division was posted, who handsomely maintained his position. General Toombs' brigade, guarding the bridge over Antietam Creek, gallantly resisted the approach of the enemy; but his superior numbers enabling him to extend his left, he crossed below the bridge, and assumed a threatening attitude on our right, which fell back in confusion. By this time, between 3 and 4 P.M., General Hill, with five of his brigades, reached the scene of action, drove the enemy immediately from the position they had taken, and continued the contest until dark, restoring our right and maintaining our ground. . . .

R. E. LEE,
General Commanding.

His Excellency PRESIDENT DAVIS, Richmond, Va.

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1862. HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Sept. 20, 1862.

SIR: Since my last letter to you of the 18th, finding the enemy indisposed to make an attack on that day, and our position being a bad one to hold with the river in the rear, I determined to cross the army to the Virginia side. This was done at night successfully, nothing being left behind, unless it may have been some disabled guns or broken-down wagons, and the morning of the 19th found us satisfactorily over on the south bank of the Potomac, near Shepherdstown, when the army was immediately put in motion toward Williamsport. Before crossing the river, in order to threaten the enemy on his right and rear and make him apprehensive for his communications, I sent the cavalry forward to Williamsport, which they successfully occupied. At night the infantry sharpshooters left in conjunction with General Pendleton's artillery, to hold the ford below Shepherdstown, gave back, and the enemy's cavalry took possession of that town, and, from General Pendleton's report after midnight, I fear much of his reserve artillery has been captured. I am now obliged to return to Shepherdstown with the intention of driving the enemy back, if not in position with his whole army; but if in full force, I think an attack would be inadvisable, and I shall make other dispositions.

I am, with high respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

His Excellency JEFFERSON DAVIS, Richmond, Va.

On the 8th of October Brig.-Gen. Nelson Taylor took command of Hartsuff's brigade, and he produced a favorable impression. His assignment was dated September 18th.

General Hartsuff was dangerously wounded at the battle of Antietam, and before his recovery was promoted to major-general of volunteers for gallant and meritorious conduct.

We were sorry to part with General Hartsuff, to whom we had become warmly attached. He was a graduate from West Point in the Class of 1852. When he took command of our brigade he was in the thirty-second year of his age, tall and commanding in appearance, with a fine soldierly presence. He soon learned that we needed training, and the cords were at once tightened, and no excuse for breach of discipline was accepted. Little by little the men realized that while he required prompt obedience, he was watchful of the comfort and health of his men, and before a month had elapsed we began to feel a pride in the new order of things. As week followed week our attachment strengthened, until he became the idol of

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1862. his brigade. He succeeded in establishing so high a degree of discipline that the brigade received the enthusiastic praise of General Hooker. On the night of the battle of Cedar Mountain, on a knoll exposed to the enemy's fire, he was a conspicuous figure in the moonlight, in plain sight of his brigade, an example to every man of the bravery that becomes a soldier. By his coolness on that night he inspired in his men a self-reliance that was of great service to them in the scenes that followed. There was no general officer under whom we served that excited in us so deep an affection as that which we felt for Gen. Geo. L. Hartsuff.

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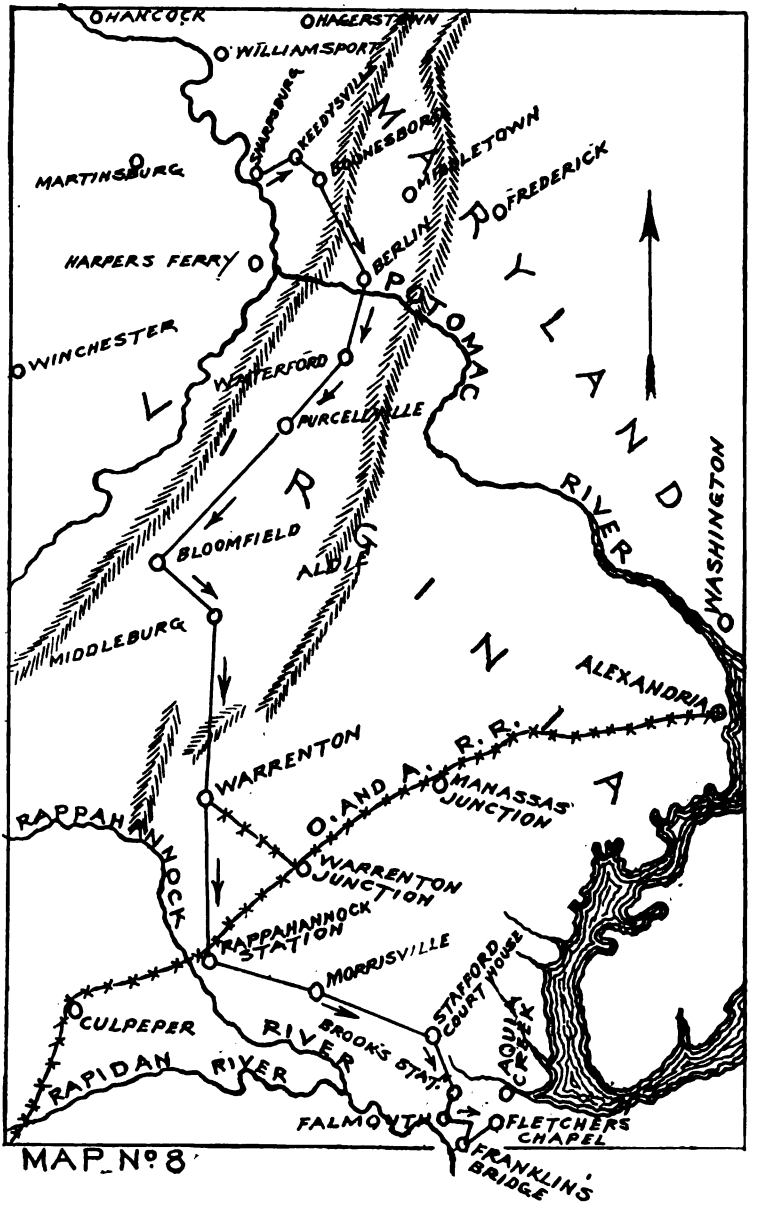
HANCOCK
HAGERSTOWN
WILLIAMSPORT
SHARPSBURG
KEEDYSVILLE
BOONESBORO
MARYLAND
MARTINSBURG
HARPERS FERRY
BERLIN
POTOMAC
WINCHESTER
WATERFORD
PURCELLVILLE
BLOOMFIELD
ALDIE
MIDDLEBURG
RIVER
WASHINGTON
ALEXANDRIA
WARRENTON
O. AND A. R. R.
MANASSAS JUNCTION
RAPPAHANNOCK
WARRENTON JUNCTION
RAPPAHANNOCK STATION
MORRISVILLE
STAFFORD COURT HOUSE
CULPEPER
BROOK'S STA.
RAPIDAN RIVER
FALMOUTH
FLETCHERS CHAPEL
FRANKLIN'S BRIDGE

MAP No 8.

CHAPTER VIII.

1862. Until October 26.

We were in camp near Sharpsburg, where opportunity was afforded us of renewing an acquaintance with the people of that town, whom we met in August, 1861. Visits were made to the battlefield and to the Dunkards' church, in the vicinity of which had occurred such terrible fighting. The ludicrous instincts of the army were excited by the suggestiveness of the name, and it was christened by some wag "Drunkards' church;" and it became so fastened upon the Society, which was very little known to the world, that it was deemed necessary to correct the error by an article published in one of the magazines some years after the war, protesting against a continuance of the outrage.

The denomination of Dunkers, or Dunkards as it was originally called, is of German origin. They came to this country in 1719, and settled in Pennsylvania. In the beginning they were a simple peasant people, exclusive in thought and habits of life, interpreting the Bible literally, endeavoring to find in it directions for every act. Though the rule of their church was an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a horse for a horse, the Society of the Dunkards was noted for the honesty and integrity of its members. All the fashions and follies of the world were deliberately shut out from their lives, while they erected every possible barrier against its influences and the advancing spirit of the age. In spite of all their efforts to the contrary, they began almost insensibly to relax their discipline by the modification of some of their practices. They found that innovations had come among them in the form of day-schools, Sunday-schools, the use of musical instruments, and a gradual departure from the severe plainness of dress which they formerly considered essential, and in the mode of wearing the hair and beard. This tendency naturally met with opposition by the older members, resulting some years ago in a division of the Society.

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1862. Dr. Letterman, Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac, in his report to General McClellan, makes the following interesting statement:

> The surgery of these battlefields has been pronounced butchery. Gross misrepresentations of the conduct of medical officers have been made and scattered broadcast over the country, causing deep and heart-rending anxiety to those who had friends or relatives in the army, who might at any moment require the service of a surgeon. It is not to be supposed that there were no incompetent surgeons in the army. It is certainly true that there were; but these sweeping denunciations against a class of men who will favorably compare with the military surgeons of any country, because of the incompetency of and shortcomings of a few, are wrong, and do injustice to a body of men who have labored faithfully and well. It is easy to magnify an existing evil until it is beyond the bounds of truth. It is equally easy to pass by the good that has been done on the other side. Some medical officers lost their lives in their devotion to duty in the battle of Antietam, and others sickened from excessive labor which they conscientiously and skilfully performed. If any objection could be urged against the surgery of those fields, it would be the efforts on the part of surgeons to practise conservative surgery to too great extent.
>
> I had better opportunities, perhaps, than any one else to form an opinion, and from my observations I am convinced that if any fault was committed it was that the knife was not used enough. So much has been said on this matter, that, familiar as I am with the conduct of the medical officers on those battlefields, I cannot, as the medical director of this army, see them misrepresented and be silent.

We are glad to give this publication, because we believe it is true, and the more willingly, for the opportunity offered of expressing our high appreciation of our own surgeons, whose services in our behalf deserve recognition. They were not only men of skill in their profession, but were courageous in battle, and kind and attentive to men needing their services. In this respect we were fortunate.

We cannot forbear mentioning the generosity shown by the people of the surrounding towns, who came on to the field the day following the battle, with food and supplies from their homes, not only for the wounded, but for the men who had escaped that misfortune. The people from Middletown, Sharpsburg, Hagerstown, and even Hancock, forty miles away, were inquiring for the Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment. Hancock sent a four-horse team loaded with food and delicacies for the wounded. The greatest pleasure of all was to

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1862. see the faces of our friends of the previous winter, and to feel that our service among them had left no unpleasant impression.

Guard-mounting, inspection, drilling, and reviews took up most of our time. When not so occupied, we were sleeping, cooking, or swapping stories round the camp-fire. As every man did his own cooking, he could devote as much of his spare hours as he wished in the preparation of choice dishes for the gratification of his palate. Some of the boys showed great skill, and in concocting a dish of "braxy-hash" could make Delmonico turn green with envy.

The morning report of the Army of the Potomac on September 30 showed present and absent, including Banks' command in Washington, 303,959. Of this number, 100,000 were reported absent, 28,000 on special duty, and 73,000 present for duty under Banks; leaving about 100,000 present for duty in McClellan's immediate command.

Saturday, October 25. The discrepancy that occurred between the number of troops sent to reënforce the Army of the Potomac, and the number reported to have arrived, so annoyed the President, that he one day remarked, according to his biographers, that "sending men to that army was like shovelling fleas across a barnyard: not more than half of them got there."

At last the patience of Mr. Lincoln was exhausted at the interminable excuses given in explanation of McClellan's delay, and he sent the following despatch, dated at Washington, October 25, 4.50 P.M.:

To Major-General McClellan:

I have just received your despatch about sore-tongued and fatigued horses. Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?

A. LINCOLN.

After which the army moved.

Sunday, October 26. All day yesterday and to-day it rained as though the spigot had been pulled out of the clouds; a shelter tent was about as much protection as a sieve. Notwithstanding the rain, at 4 P.M. we broke camp and marched through Sharpsburg across the bridge toward Keedysville, and then

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1862. to the right up the mountain, where we camped for the night, near the crest.

We were glad to move, even on Sunday, if it would only shorten the war.

Monday, October 27. At 8 A.M. we continued our march through Crampton's Pass to Burkettsville, where we camped.

Tuesday, October 28. Got away by 9 o'clock in the morning and marched to Berlin, about six miles, and camped. This place is very little like its namesake, the capital of Germany. The view as we marched down the mountain was superb.

Thursday, October 30. Remained at Berlin all day yesterday and until the afternoon of to-day, when we marched about seven miles, and camped near Waterford, crossing the Potomac on a pontoon bridge. We remained at this place until the 31st, allowing the officers an opportunity to attend to that most agreeable of all duties, — making out the pay-rolls. The rank and file were always pleased when the officers were too busy for drilling.

Saturday, Nov. 1. Started at 9 A.M. and marched seven miles to Purcellville. We liked these short marches, particularly as the weather was pleasant and the temperature low.

A little after midnight three of the boys, regardless of the eighth commandment, started out on a foraging expedition, having previously made arrangements with the picket-guard to let them through the line. Stumbling across fields, floundering through ditches, scrambling over stone walls, they finally reached a farm-house. All was quiet. The occupants, preoccupied in dreamy slumber, little suspected that beneath their windows a gang of Yankee soldiers were inspecting their premises for rebel chickens. As it was very dark, each of the out-buildings was examined before the right one was found. Having selected what could be easily carried, they prepared to return, when a loud screech from a half-choked hen broke the stillness of the midnight air, rousing the people in the house from pleasant dreams to an agonizing reality that the hens they had nursed from tender chickenhood to old age were being conveyed to that pot from whose bourne no hen returns. A voice from one of the windows was heard in unmistakable accents of alarm, calling upon

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1862. them to stop. Any other time but this the boys would have been glad to do so; but when duty calls, they must obey. They succeeded in reaching camp without their absence being discovered. In the morning one of the party, having some duty to perform, intrusted his plunder to a comrade whose knowledge of the art of cooking was superior to his own, and in whose fidelity he placed great confidence, to be cooked for dinner. Returning an hour or two later he found himself the victim of misplaced confidence, as the cook had devoured all but the legs. Having been remonstrated with for this exhibition of selfish eagerness, the cook replied, "Those who dine with me must be on time."

Sunday, Nov. 2. During the day some of Burnside's troops passed us, among whom were Hawkins' Zouaves. Did they know it was Sunday? The weather was pleasant, but too cool for shelter tents. About midnight we were turned out and formed in line, wagons loaded, and other preparations made to march, though we didn't move. We should have been quite as well satisfied if we had been allowed to sleep. Firing heard all day in the distance.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR BERLIN, MD., Nov. 2, 1862.

III. Brig.-Gen. J. B. Ricketts is relieved from the command of the Second Division of the First Army Corps. He will proceed to Harper's Ferry, and there await further orders.

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Monday, Nov. 3. About 1 P.M. we started on a march to Bloomfield, which we reached after a round-about tramp of ten miles. On the way we crossed the Aldie Pike, on which we paced off so many weary miles in March last. We followed the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge mountains.

Wednesday, Nov. 5. Yesterday we marched about five miles from Bloomfield, and to-day five miles on the road to Rectortown, camping near Middleburg. The road was greatly obstructed by wagons.

Friday, Nov. 7. Yesterday we marched fourteen miles towards Warrenton. To-day we continued the march eleven miles,

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1862. camping near Warrenton, it being the third time we had camped near this town. The nights were cold, and the men on guard suffered very much in consequence. We had a heavy snow-storm to-day.

Saturday, Nov. 8. At 4.30 P.M. we started for Rappahannock Station, but as the head of the column took the wrong road we had to retrace our steps, by which action we were on the road until after midnight, having marched sixteen miles, while ten miles was all that was necessary. Though the chaplain returned to the regiment two days ago, the fluency of our remarks was in no way obstructed by his presence. "The sheep will stray when the shepherd is gone" is an old but trite saying, hence the habit of profanity which possessed some of the boys.

Sunday, Nov. 9. Snowed hard to-day. At 6 A.M. we were ordered to "fall in," whereupon we stood in line, sleepy, tired, and disgusted, in readiness to support the cavalry which made a dash across the Rappahannock River. At 8 A.M. we marched to the river to cover a bridge and ford, after which we were sent out on picket duty for twenty-four hours, Company K being left to guard the ford. As the river at this point was only twenty feet wide, conversation by the enemy was plainly heard during the night.

Our brigade was temporarily detached from the corps (First), which was encamped near Warrenton. This was the same spot where we camped on our retreat from Culpeper.

Tuesday, Nov. 11. The order removing General McClellan was officially announced to-day, but it made no ripple in our affairs. We were not affected by so overpowering a love for him as to shed tears, though it is possible that "thousands," as he says, may have found it necessary to relieve their overcharged feelings by flushing out the sluiceways of their optics.

On page 652 of "McClellan's Own Story" may be found these words:

> The order depriving me of the command created an immense deal of deep feeling in the army — so much so that many were in favor of my refusing to obey the order, and of marching upon Washington to take possession of the government. My chief purpose in remaining with the army as long as I did after being relieved was to calm this feeling, in which I succeeded.

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1862. That he believed such nonsense seems incredible, yet it is his own statement, twenty years after the event. In speaking of the scenes attending his farewell to the army he says:

> They are beyond my power of description. What words, in truth, could convey to the mind such a scene — thousands of brave men, who, under my very eye, had changed from raw recruits to veterans of many fields, shedding tears like children in their ranks, as they bade good-by to the general who had just led them to victory after the defeats they had seen under another leader.

Whatever may be said as to the loyalty, intelligence, or bravery of the Army of the Potomac, applies with equal force to every other army in the field; but its service was a peculiar and a trying one. Its position with respect to the two capitols excited at Washington an interest in its movements that subjected it to trials and disappointments such as no other army was called upon to endure. It was the shuttlecock of political advisers who were ever in fear of the safety of that city. Success was generally followed by an order to retreat, or "retrograding" as it was commonly called in the army. It frequently suffered from incompetent generals, and its movements being special objects of attention, the plans of its commanders were consequently more often interfered with than those of other armies, while "On to Richmond," and "All quiet on the Potomac," became by-words of reproach; but General McClellan was the only man who ever accused it of possessing sentiments of disloyalty.

If it is true that such a proposition was made to him, it was because the soil was thought to be ready for the seed. The impression of his friends must have been correct, inasmuch as he felt none of the indignation that a loyal man would have felt at such an insulting proposal.

McClellan says in his Memoirs:

> They brought with them the order relieving me of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and assigning Burnside to the command. No cause is given. I am ordered to turn over the command immediately and repair to Trenton, N.J., and on my arrival there to report by telegraph for further orders. . . . Of course I was much surprised; but as I read the order in the presence of General Buckingham, I am sure that not the slightest expression of feeling was visible on my face, which he watched closely. . . . They have made a great mistake. Alas for my poor country!

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1862. A good many people have been puzzled to account for McClellan's popularity with the army. It is just as difficult to understand why sheep follow sheep to destruction, or ducks are decoyed on to a pond by a wooden likeness of themselves, — lack of reasoning power. Astute politicians know how easy it is by the use of a little method to excite in the public mind an admiration for any individual they may seek to elevate. The history of every country is full of such examples.

It was a shrewd remark that an old German writer once made when he said that if he could be allowed to write the songs of the people, he cared not who made the laws. Any one who has observed the effect of music on the average mind must have noticed how easily enthusiasm is awakened by its influence. For months we had been singing the chorus —

"For McClellan's our leader, he is gallant and strong,
For God and our country we are marching along,"

until our imaginations took such flight that we thought him the greatest of all generals and the only man who could lead us to victory. The music of this song was easily caught by the ear, and timed very well with our marching. Day after day it would be sung with a fervor that reminded one of the religious enthusiasm of Cromwell's heroes, who sandwiched their fighting with songs of praise to God. Under this influence and the panegyrics showered upon him by friendly newspapers it is not to be wondered at that the army greeted him with loud demonstrations of enthusiasm. Round the camp-fires at night the greatest admiration would be expressed in his behalf, though frequently an enthusiast would be interrupted by the "why" and the "wherefore" of some unimpressionable fellow-soldier who chaffed the rest of us for losing our heads. These arguments were sometimes pretty warm, and it would often happen at such times that the old refrain,

"For McClellan's our leader, he is gallant and strong,"

would be started; against which it was impossible for reason to make any headway. There was one custom of McClellan's, however,

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1862. that did more in the Thirteenth to turn the current of our enthusiasm than all the arguments that were offered in camp or on the march. Instead of taking position at the head of his army when it moved in the morning, as was ordinarily the custom with other generals, he waited until it was all in line on the road, and then would ride along, preceded by an officer (presumably one of his staff) shouting, "McClellan's coming boys! McClellan's coming! three cheers for McClellan!" whereupon we would join in the continuous chorus of applause that greeted him as he passed to the head of the column. This was all very well for once or twice, or even more; but when it was found to be a regular thing, it was too much like claptrap and humbug to suit our fancy. Our enlistment in the army was attended by the sacrifice of almost everything but our independence of thought, and to this we still clung with a good deal of tenacity. We felt that our enthusiasm, like the hand of Douglas, was still our own. This method of manufacturing enthusiasm was pretty thoroughly discussed among ourselves, and was often a subject of conversation with the men of other regiments, until we were pretty generally of the opinion that the enthusiasm for McClellan was more for what he was expected to do than for anything he had done.

Saturday, Nov. 15. The Twelfth Massachusetts was transferred to the second (Tower's) brigade, but continued in the same division with us. A division, at this time, contained a less number of men than did a brigade, three months back. We were glad the change didn't mean a separation.

There were added to our brigade the Sixteenth Maine, the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania, and the Ninety-seventh New York regiments.

Tuesday, Nov. 18. We had now been at Rappahannock Station since the 10th. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, having packed our trunks and valises, strapped our umbrellas and canes, — those who had them, — shouldered our tents and our guns, we marched seven miles over a very muddy road that the pitchy darkness of the night failed to improve, and then camped in a briar patch, like "Brer Rabbit."

Last night while the regiment was on picket, a seedy-looking specimen of the "Southern chivalry" approached the bridge, waving

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1862. a handkerchief to attract attention. On receiving a promise from the guard that he would not be held as a prisoner he came into our lines. He introduced himself as a first sergeant in the Third North Carolina cavalry, stating that he was a native of New Hampshire, had lived in Lowell, and was a graduate of Harvard College, also, that he had many relatives in the North, though his immediate family resided in Raleigh, N.C., where he was pressed into service. Having learned that he believed in the good old doctrine of "Down with rum," he was given two drinks of whiskey and a cup of coffee, all of which he put down as became a man whose principles were of the steadfast brand. Having carried on a pleasant conversation with him for some time, he was given a quantity of coffee and allowed to return and serve out his term of impressment, whatever that might be, as he showed no inclination to change masters. He said his name was "Tuck," and that he had studied law with Colonel Marston, of the Second New Hampshire regiment. When the war broke out he was publishing a newspaper in North Carolina, and was allowed the choice of going to jail or enlisting in the rebel service, and he chose the latter. Whether his statements were true or not, he appeared to be a well-informed and intelligent man.

Wednesday, Nov. 19. Resumed our march towards Fredericksburg in the rain and mud, until we had paced off eleven miles. On the way we overtook our regimental wagons, which started ahead of us night before last.

The amount of muscular energy required to lift your feet with ten pounds or more of mud clinging to each foot, can hardly be appreciated except by persons who have a knowledge of the "sacred soil" of Virginia.

We had a friendly dispute with the Ninth New York about precedence on the march to-day. We were fortunate in having it decided in our favor. It often makes considerable difference in the comfort of a regiment whether it is ahead or not.

Thursday, Nov. 20. We left our camp, near Morrisville, at 7 A.M., in the rain. The roads were so impassable, by reason of the mud, that we were obliged to take to the woods in order to make any headway. We went into camp at Stafford Court House

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1862. about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Although the distance was only ten miles, if made direct, it was a good deal more by the roundabout way we were obliged to march. We were completely tired out, and disgusted with the rain and mud.

Friday, Nov. 21. Laid in camp all day. The rain held up long enough for the boys to partially dry their blankets, when it began again. Nature is sometimes too bountiful in its supply of water. The days and nights were so cold that it was impossible to stay in a "shelter" more than an hour or two without getting up and stealing a little of the warmth from the fires which were kept burning all night.

The condition of the roads was such that the supply trains reached us with great difficulty, and in consequence there was a scarcity of rations.

We received from six to eight hardtack, a junk of fresh meat or salt pork, which we cooked in our dippers, and an allowance of coffee and sugar. Usually three days' supply was given out at a time. This was taken, by the provident ones, and parcelled into three portions, one for each day. Those who omitted to do so were often obliged to beg or go hungry on the third day. One of the boys was offered a check on the sutler for one dollar, for ten hardtack, but as he had only six the negotiation fell through. Officers were on the same footing with the men in the matter of food. A man had to be mighty careful where he left his haversack, as an empty stomach has no conscience.

Sunday, Nov. 23. At 8 A.M. we left Stafford Court House and started for Aquia Creek, but, as had happened before, the brigade took the wrong road, which error was not discovered until we had marched two miles out of the way, whereupon we were obliged to return, having increased our distance by this piece of stupidity four miles. We reached a camping-ground near Brooks' Station about 4 o'clock.

Thursday, Nov. 27. Thanksgiving day! "For what?" was asked. We were reviewed by General Gibbon. Some of the boys were already at work making themselves comfortable by building huts.

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1862. The newspapers which we received from home were demanding that there be "no more dilly-dallying with the rebels." The time to have published this was just after Antietam, not when the army needed snow-shoes to walk through the mud.

Saturday, Nov. 29. The sutler arrived. This was the first time we had seen him since October. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men," was a remark we heard when news of his arrival was received.

Wednesday, Dec. 3. Changed our camp half a mile in the direction of Falmouth, to an opening in a pine grove. Yesterday we came over and cleared the place of the stumps and *débris*. A more uninviting place than this appeared to be could hardly have been found when our eyes first saw the spot, but the whole regiment of three hundred men were set to work laying out streets, so that before we left it presented an attractive appearance, and was well sheltered from the wind.

Thursday, Dec. 4. A large supply of clothing and shoes arrived in camp, bringing with them comfort and joy. The boys were busy building huts and making themselves as comfortable as possible, in anticipation of winter quarters.

Saturday, Dec. 6. Boxes arrived from home. These remembrances from kind friends were shipped, by mistake, to Newburne, N.C., and from there to our present location. In consequence of this long voyage, the contents in many of the boxes were completely spoiled. After weeks of joyful anticipation you lug your box down to the hut to be opened and shared with your messmates. "Run to the sutler's, Jim, and get a hammer!"—"Oh, take a bayonet!"—"Look out, man, you'll spoil that bayonet!" "D——n the thing, we can get another!" were some of the remarks that were overheard. At last the cover was off and the contents exposed to view—ruined by the voyage. Think of the disappointment, and say the angels have no cause to weep. Certainly the angels at home would have wept had they known the result, after all their thoughtfulness.

On top of this disappointment came the information that we must

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1862. prepare to march. As it snowed and rained yesterday, the roads were in no condition to move an army — too slippery, we thought.

About one thousand dollars' worth of goods collected by the chaplain while in Massachusetts were distributed among us. Among the things were drawers, gloves, stockings, and handkerchiefs. Handkerchiefs! It takes a woman to put the finishing touch to a gift. A man would never have thought of that convenience.

Monday Dec. 8. For the last three days the wind blew a gale, and was so cold that it was difficult to be comfortable, even near the fires, which were kept going in the company streets night and day, and where the smoke blew in every direction. One of the boys, who, in spite of hardships, still retained that irresistible desire for punning which occasionally haunts the human breast, remarked that he never knew before what was meant by a "shiver de freeze," and yet he lived until he was killed at Gettysburg.

Tuesday, Dec. 9. Marched at 8 A.M. across Potomac Creek, about three miles. As the ground was frozen hard, the travelling was good. This was so much preferable to mud, that no complaints were heard, though our "winter quarters" scheme was completely "busted."

Wednesday, Dec. 10. At 7 A.M. we broke camp and marched three or four miles to a point near the Fitzhugh place, not far from where we were on the 17th of May last. Sixty rounds of cartridges were given to each man for distribution among the "rebs." It was hoped that none would be wasted.

Thursday, Dec. 11. We were 'roused at 3 A.M., before "Aurora showed her brightening face," as the poet says, and proceeded at once with preparations for breakfast. At 4 o'clock we started over the crackling snow for the Rappahannock River, which we expected to cross upon our arrival; but the completion of the pontoon bridge was delayed by rebel sharpshooters until night, so we bivouacked in the woods near by. Heavy cannonading was heard up the river at the town of Fredericksburg all day, exciting the curiosity of some of the boys who went up there to see the fun, and perhaps give a little advice to General Burnside.

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1862. Friday, Dec. 12. The mist still clung to the river and the lowlands as the army began to cross the stream. Our brigade was among the first to go over, and upon reaching the opposite bank halted for further orders. As the mist rolled away and the sun made its appearance, it was a magnificent sight to watch the troops, many of them in new uniforms, marching from all directions toward and across the bridge and then double-quick up the opposite bank.

In crossing a pontoon bridge men are cautioned not to keep step. A pontoon bridge is not a very substantial structure, therefore any regularity of step would tend to sway it from its moorings.

We then marched along the bank of the river in an easterly direction about half a mile, and halted; whereupon the colonel was asked by General Gibbon if he could deploy his whole regiment as skirmishers at once, and being promptly answered that he could, he was directed to do so. The ground in front of us was a flat unobstructed plain of considerable extent, where every man of the regiment could be seen as he deployed. On our right was a Vermont regiment and on our left a Pennsylvania regiment, also deployed as skirmishers. These three regiments constituted the skirmish line of the Left Grand Division, and it advanced firing at will and slowly driving back the rebel skirmishers toward their main body. After dark we arrived at the Bowling Green road, which, being a sunken road, afforded us protection from the enemy's fire. Here we remained all night as a picket guard for the First Corps. The regiment was divided into three reliefs, each of which was sent out in turn some distance beyond the road and within talking distance of the rebel pickets.

During the night the enemy set fire to some buildings near by, illuminating a considerable extent of country, while hundreds of men of both armies swarmed to the fences to watch and enjoy the sight.

All night long we could plainly hear the sound of axes in the enemy's camp, which we subsequently learned were being used in the preparation of obstructions against our advance in the morning.

While we were deployed as skirmishers a captain of one of the companies observed a man who, up to this time, had always failed

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1862. to be present on any important occasion, endeavoring to escape to the rear, when he called out in a loud voice, "C——, get into your place, and if you see a 'reb,' SHOOT HIM!" —"Shall I shoot *right at him?*" whined C——. A few minutes later he disappeared and was not seen again until the "surgeon's call" was established in camp, some days later. An incident happened shortly after our skirmish line returned to the Bowling Green road that afforded us a good deal of amusement. The boys had just started fires for coffee when a young officer, whose new uniform suggested recent appointment, approached and with arbitrary voice ordered the fires to be put out, at which the colonel exhibited an asperity of temper that surprised us, who had never seen him except with a perfectly calm demeanor. Our experience on the picket line had taught us how to build fires without attracting the attention of the enemy, and we liked it not that a young fledgling should interfere with our plans for hot coffee. The colonel's remarks were quite sufficient for our guidance, so we had our fires and our coffee too, while the officer went off about his business.

Another incident occurred to add interest to the occasion. Our pickets, as already stated, were so near to those of the enemy that conversation was easily carried on. One of the rebel pickets was invited to come over and make a call, though the invitation may have appeared to him very much like the spider to the fly. After some hesitation and the promise that he would be allowed to return he dropped his gun and came into our line and was escorted to one of the fires, where he was cordially entertained with coffee and hardtack, probably to his great delight, inasmuch as coffee and hardtack were not so abundant in the South as to allow a distribution of it as an army ration. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; overcome him with good." Fill him with lead, good lead, was what we tried to do most of the time. After he had enjoyed our hospitality as long as he dared, he returned. On the following day, while we were halted at the Bernard house, who should be brought in a prisoner but this same man, who was greeted with shouts of welcome and friendly shakings of the hand. Some years after, one of the regiment, while travelling in Ohio, became acquainted with a man tarrying at the

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1862. same hotel. After supper the two sat down to talk, and very soon the conversation drifted to the war, when it was discovered that each had served in the army, though on opposite sides. The Southerner, learning that his new-found acquaintance was a member of the Thirteenth, remarked that it was a rather singular coincidence, for "I was entertained by that regiment once at Fredericksburg, and a right smart lot of fellows they were;" and then he told what has been, in substance, related here. As our comrade was present at that battle, and a member of the company that did the entertaining, he was perfectly familiar with the facts, whereupon mutual expressions of pleasure followed and an adjournment for "cold tea."

Saturday, Dec. 13. About 9 o'clock in the forenoon we were again deployed as skirmishers, and ordered to advance over the fence into the damp clayey soil of the ploughed ground beyond, the enemy firing and slowly retreating.

"If your officer's dead and the sergeants look white,
Remember it's ruin to run from a fight;
So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,
An' wait for supports like a soldier.
Wait, wait, wait like a soldier."

Our batteries were speedily brought into position, and began shelling the woods, while the enemy's guns, in turn, opened upon us. We were between two fires, and the greatest caution was necessary to prevent a needless loss of life. Very soon we were ordered to lie down as close as possible to the earth in the soft clay, rolling over on our backs to load our guns. We were now engaged in the very important service of preventing the enemy from picking off the men of Hall's Second Maine Battery, then engaged in shelling the enemy, from a position slightly elevated in our rear. In order that this battery might do as effective work as possible, it was ordered to point its guns so as to clear us by one foot. This was a terrible position to be in. An earnest protest was sent back to Captain Hall, asking him to elevate his pieces, or every man of us would be killed. Suddenly a shell or solid shot from this battery struck the cartridge-box of one of the boys while he laid on his stomach. Some of our number

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1862. crawled out to where he lay and dragged him in. He lived about six days, having been injured in the hip. It was bad enough to be killed or wounded by the enemy, but to be killed by our own guns excited a great deal of righteous indignation.

About one o'clock a general advance was ordered. Those on the left moved first, then came our brigade. As skirmishers, we advanced in front of our division until the firing became so rapid that we were not only of no advantage, but interfered with the firing of our troops, so we were ordered to lie close to the ground while our troops passed over us. Toward night we were withdrawn to the Bernard house, which had been turned into a hospital, and replenished our empty boxes with ammunition.

Our losses were three men killed, one officer and twelve men wounded, making a total of sixteen.

As we were withdrawn from the skirmish line to the rear our appearance excited a good deal of mirth among the old soldiers, who knew too well what rolling round in the mud meant, for we were literally covered with the clayey soil that stuck to our clothing like glue. We had had a pretty hard time of it, as after each time we fired, we turned over on our backs to reload our guns. Hours of this work had told on our appearance as well as our tempers, so that when some of the men of a new regiment asked us why we didn't stand up like men and fight, instead of lying down, we felt very much like continuing the fight in our own lines, to relieve the irritation we were suffering.

To be thrown out as skirmishers in front of a line of battle, the observed of all observers, *seems* more dangerous than when touching elbows with your comrades in close order, but as a matter of fact it is not generally attended with so great loss. It is a duty requiring, when well done, nerve and coolness on the part of both officers and men. You are at liberty to protect yourself by any means that may be afforded, such as inequalities of the ground, a bush, a tree, a stump, or anything else that you may run across as you advance. The fire which you receive is usually from the enemy's skirmishers, and is less effective than when directed toward an unbroken line.

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1862. You are supposed to load, fire, and advance with as near perfect coolness and order as you can command, because on that depends the amount of execution you are able to perform. It is no place for skulkers, as every man is in plain sight, where his every movement is watched with the closest scrutiny. As soon as the skirmish line of the enemy is driven back, the main line advances, and very soon the battle begins in earnest; whereupon the skirmishers form in close order and advance with the rest of the line, except in cases, like the one just related, when it was necessary to replenish the boxes with ammunition.

We had acquired a good deal of proficiency by constant drilling for many months in this particular branch of the tactics, long before we were called upon to put our knowledge into practice. We growled a good deal at the colonel in the early days of our service for his persistence, but we had already realized how valuable a lesson he had taught us. There were occasions, as will be seen later on, when this kind of service was very dangerous; but, as a whole, our losses on the skirmish line were lighter than some other regiments, and we think it is not unfair to attribute the fact to the thorough instruction we had received. It was the old story, — the oftener a man does a thing, the better he can do it.

So far this month we had suffered from the cold and from frequent snow-storms, but this night (the 13th) was bitter cold, and the sufferings of the wounded must have been very great.

Sunday, Dec. 14. About 2 o'clock this morning we were turned out, drew rations, and marched to the left to support Doubleday's division — no more sleep! Our position was behind a little rise of ground, partially concealing us from the enemy's sight. One of the boys, spying a rebel sharpshooter in a tree picking off our men, crawled out to the ditch beside the road, and with careful aim sent him to join his friends in paradise.

The ground about where we lay was strewn with railroad iron and shells whose imperfect fuses had prevented their explosion. During the day while the boys were lying asleep, making up for lost time, cries of "FIRE!" were heard. Upon waking we saw the

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1862. blazing grass creeping rapidly toward us. There was indeed cause for alarm, for if the fire reached the unexploded shells that laid about the ground in our very midst, a good many of us might meet with the death we hoped to escape. It took but a moment to take in the situation. It was a question of sleeping with our comrades or "sleeping with our fathers." Much as we respected our ancestors, we preferred the companionship of those about us, therefore some bent their energies to removing the shells out of reach, while others devoted their efforts to putting out the fire, which work was finally accomplished without any one being injured.

The following account of our doings in this battle is taken from the report which Colonel Leonard, commanding the brigade, made to the division commander:

In obedience to orders, we crossed the river at the head of the brigade, beyond the Bernard mansion, when the regiment was deployed as skirmishers, crossing the entire left flank to the river. After advancing about half a mile, crossing a ravine, the direction was changed to the right, and the left wing brought up toward the Bowling Green road. When approaching near it, the enemy's pickets were discovered posted in the road. They slowly fell back as we advanced, and possession of the road was gained without firing a shot, covering the front of the brigade, and extending nearly a quarter of a mile to the left, when we joined the pickets established by General Meade's division. The regiment remained in that position all night.

About 9 A.M., Saturday, the 13th, General Meade's division changed position to the right, and were placed with the front resting on the road, when I asked to have my left wing rallied to the right, which was granted. Before the movement was completed, an advance was ordered, and the right wing was moved to the front about five hundred yards, into an open field, where the enemy's pickets were. They fell back as we advanced, exchanging shots, to the woods in our front. This ground was held until 1 P.M., when the ammunition was exhausted. At that time the brigade was advanced over the line of skirmishers toward the woods, and we were ordered to the rear to get ammunition, when the engagement became general. The skirmishers were assembled on the right and left, and retired in good order. I remained on the left of the line of skirmishers, covering Hall's Battery, with four companies, until there appeared to be a general retreat, when I marched them to the rear, near the Bernard mansion, and re-formed the regiment and obtained a supply of ammunition.

The following extract is from a report made by the adjutant to the State authorities of Massachusetts:

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1862. Enclosed please find list of casualties for Dr. Dale, which I am happy to state is the smallest of any regiment I have heard of in the division. The regiment crossed, without any loss, in the night — or rather recrossed — on the 15th, leaving the left wing in front of the rebel lines without a man knowing we were moving. All the pickets came safely across before sunrise on the 16th, and rejoined us on the march at an early hour. When we first crossed on Friday, the 12th, at an early hour, the brigade was at once advanced in front of the division, and the Thirteenth deployed and advanced as skirmishers. We finally met them, and they at once began to retire over a large plain, with here or there a clump of trees, until they arrived at the skirt of the woods, extending a distance nearly covering the front of the brigade. We got a fine position on a road fronting them with a ditch parallel, and there we picketed all night, having a third of the regiment on, and relieved every two hours.

No shots were exchanged that night in our front. Very hasty cups of coffee were drank that morning by the boys, and every officer and man in the regiment was tired enough to sleep, had time been granted; but before noon the brigades were formed in line of battle, and skirmishers pushed forward to the brow of a slight declivity, the rebels retiring into the woods, and the crack of the skirmishers began. All the brigades advanced over the fence and ditch and remained lying down. Our right connected with Meade's division, and the left with Doubleday's Pennsylvania Reserves. The right of the brigade was the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania, who broke, and came near breaking up the next, of Jones'; but General Taylor got them in, and then we remained for a few hours under the cross-fire of several batteries. Our men laid very close and kept up a brisk fire on the rebels, who gave them no show, except by the flash or smoke of their rifles. We suffered very little, as the shot went over and struck in the rear regiments. That was a time to show the metal of the men. The continuous thug of the bullets, as they struck around every man as he rose up to fire, and the fact that there were less than three hundred men in front of three brigades, every man's actions to be seen by those in the rear, and not knowing anything but what was going on in front, proved the grit of what remains of our regiment. At the general advance, shortly after noon, our regiment began to fire as rapidly as they could from kneeling position, until the brigades advanced over them and commenced the battle in earnest, as the press has it. The Thirteenth was ordered to rally upon their reserve of two companies, and sent nearly half a mile to the rear for ammunition, which they got, after a long time, and the brigade had mostly fallen back, and formed on us. By what miracle our men escaped no one can tell, but certain it was that on our recapitulation to-day (17th) the regiment can account for every man but two, who were, doubtless, deserters, as they were not in the fight. The Twelfth Massachusetts, I think, passed us, went into the woods, crossed the railroad, and met with a murderous fire, both from their masked battery and the rebels, who were piled tier on tier behind felled trees and felled woods. We are the largest regiment in the brigade (314 for duty) by some fifty men.

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1862. The following extracts are taken from the report of Brig.-Gen. Nelson Taylor, in whose brigade we served:

On the morning of the 13th, by direction of Brigadier-General Gibbon, commanding division, I formed line of battle south of and parallel to the Bowling Green road, about two miles south-east of Fredericksburg, Va. This was executed under cover of the Thirteenth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, then deployed as skirmishers. My command was arranged as follows (Thirteenth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, deployed as skirmishers), commencing from the right of the line: First, Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers; second, Ninety-seventh New York Volunteers; third, Eighty-third New York Volunteers; fourth, Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers. Having the line formed, I was then (about 9 A.M.) ordered to advance it to within about 300 yards of the skirt of a wood covering a range of hills immediately in our front and the grading of the Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad.

In the execution of this order I drew the fire of the enemy, whom I found strongly posted in force in the wood and behind the railroad track. The skirmishers being within good range, a lively fire was kept up by them with effect on both sides. The line not being in range, I caused the men to lie down, to avoid as much as possible the effect of the enemy's artillery, which had opened upon my line from right to left.

. . . . . .

At 1 P.M. I was ordered to advance my line, which I did, to within a short distance of the wood, when the whole line became briskly engaged. The enemy seemed to concentrate the most of his fire on the two regiments on the left of my line (the Eleventh Pennsylvania and Eighty-third New York), which, from casualties and other causes, soon melted away, when the Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Lyle, was advanced and took their places on the left of the regiments on the right (the Ninety-seventh New York and Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania), which regiments were marched a short distance to the right to make room for and unmask the advancing line.

. . . . . .

The troops, generally, composing this brigade displayed a great deal of bravery and courage.

Maj.-Gen. John F. Reynolds, who commanded the First Corps on this occasion, complimented our brigade for having performed its movements without confusion.

We are pleased to mention that Brigadier-General Gibbon, in his report, pays a handsome compliment to the Twelfth Massachusetts for its gallant conduct at this battle, and they certainly deserved it.

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1862. Lieut.-Col. William F. Fox, in his book of statistical tables of losses during the war, selects three hundred regiments as being what he esteems "fighting regiments." He says that this number

> Includes every regiment in the Union armies which lost over one hundred and thirty in killed and died of wounds during the war, together with a few whose losses were somewhat smaller, but whose percentage of killed entitles them to a place in the list.

His argument for this arbitrary designation is

> That in the long run, active service brings its many scars. Where the musketry was the hottest, the dead lay thickest; and there is no better way to find the fighting regiments than to follow up the bloody trail which marked the brave advance.

Notwithstanding the rhetorical varnish with which he has polished his statement, it still remains a piece of sophistical argument. It is a military axiom, or ought to be, that war should be carried on to do the greatest possible injury to the enemy with the least possible danger to one's self. A man must have little appreciation of the qualifications necessary to constitute a "fighting regiment" to select three hundred out of the long list of regiments that did honorable service, because they had the misfortune to lose more than one hundred and twenty-nine men killed and died of wounds. Two regiments standing side by side may show equal valor, yet meet with very unequal losses. Indeed, there were instances during the war where regiments showing little valor, on particular occasions, suffered most in their losses.

We refer to this matter, which is not very important, perhaps, for the reason that among his three hundred fighting regiments he selects three out of the four that composed Hartsuff's brigade, omitting the fourth one because it did not come up to his standard. It is fair to say that three better fighting regiments did not exist than the Ninth New York, the Eleventh Pennsylvania, and the Twelfth Massachusetts. It is also fair to say that the Thirteenth, which is the one omitted from Hartsuff's brigade, shared with the others their battles, their privations, and their hardships; but a person reading Colonel

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1862. Fox's list might reasonably infer, if he gave the statement any consideration at all, that some disqualification existed to prevent the Thirteenth from being classed with its associates. Our number killed was one hundred and twenty-two, eight short of the number required to be in the list of "fighting regiments."

Monday, Dec. 15. Remained quiet until night, when the brigade received an order to detail two hundred and fifty men, in two parties, for picket duty. The detail was made from the Eleventh Pennsylvania and the Thirteenth Massachusetts, and was ordered to relieve the sharpshooters, that were formed a mile to the left. As the firing between the pickets ceased, the men one by one dropped off to sleep.

Tuesday, Dec. 16. About 2 o'clock this morning we were awakened by a cavalryman who notified us that the rest of the army had crossed the river, and that we must hasten to the bridge as quickly as possible. The work of withdrawing the troops had been conducted so quietly that this was the first intimation we received of what had been going on. The knowledge that we were in a very dangerous position lent an activity to our muscles they rarely felt on approaching an enemy. Fortunately for the success of our movements a strong wind was blowing toward the north.

Though close to the river we were two miles from the bridge, and in order to reach it we had to make a detour that took us within a hundred rods of the rebel pickets. A good deal of caution was therefore required to prevent the movement from being discovered.

At the bridge we found General Franklin waiting to see the last of the pickets safely across.

The pontoon bridge was immediately removed, and within half an hour the rebel cavalry were at the banks of the river where the bridge had been fastened.

We marched two or three miles and then went into camp with the brigade. Having pitched tents and made ourselves as comfortable as possible, the men gathered round the fires to cook their coffee and resume discussion of the battle and their commanders; which, by the way, was somewhat severe. Whatever criticisms may have

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1862. been made on Burnside on account of the foolishness of this battle, we were ready to acknowledge that he and his officers deserved credit for the skill shown in getting his troops back across the river without further loss.

The following extract from Palfrey's story of Fredericksburg states so accurately our own experience that we venture to quote it:

Those who have been in battle know how much and how little they saw and heard. They remember how the smoke and the woods and the inequalities of ground limited their vision when they had leisure to look about them, and how every faculty was absorbed in their work when they were actively engaged; how the deafening noise made it almost impossible to hear orders; what ghastly sights they saw as men and horses near them were torn with shell; how peacefully the men sank to rest whom the more merciful rifle-bullet reached in a vital spot; how some wounded men shrieked and others lay quiet; how awful was the sound of the projectiles when they were near hostile batteries; how incessant was the singing and whistling of the balls from rifles and muskets; how little they commonly knew of what was going on a hundred yards to their right or left. Orderly advances of bodies of men may be easily described and easily imagined, but pictures of real fighting are and must be imperfect. Participants in real fighting know how limited and fragmentary and confused are their recollections of work after it became hot. The larger the force engaged, the more impossible it is to give an accurate presentation of its experiences. We can follow the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava, from which less than one in three came back unharmed, better than we can follow the advance of Hancock's five thousand at Fredericksburg, from which not quite three in five came back unharmed. And Hancock's advance was only one of many. "Six times," says Lee, "did the enemy, notwithstanding the havoc caused by our batteries, press on with great determination to within one hundred yards of the foot of the hill, but here encountering the deadly fire of our infantry, his columns were broken, and fled in confusion to the town."

There was a strong impression among the men of the Thirteenth that General Franklin had not given that cordial support to General Burnside that became a general who was determined to win. As we retreated to the north bank of the river, crestfallen and disgusted, very emphatic expressions of condemnation were made on his apparent lack of sympathy with Burnside's movement. The following is the order sent to General Franklin about which there has been so much criticism:

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1862. HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Dec. 13, 1862, 5.55 P.M.

Major-General FRANKLIN, *Commanding Left Grand Division, Army of the Potomac:*

General Hardie will carry this despatch to you, and remain with you during the day. The general commanding directs that you keep your whole command in position for a rapid movement down the old Richmond road, and you will send out at once a division, at least, to pass below Smithfield, to seize, if possible, the heights near Captain Hamilton's on this side of the Massaponax, taking care to keep it well supported and its line of retreat open. He has ordered another column of a division or more to be moved from General Sumner's command up the plank-road, to its intersection with the telegraph road, where they will divide, with a view to seizing the heights on both of those roads. Holding those two heights, with the heights near Captain Hamilton's, will, he hopes, compel the enemy to evacuate the whole ridge between these points. I make these moves by columns distant from each other, with a view of avoiding the possibility of a collision of our own forces, which might occur in a general movement during the fog. Two of General Hooker's divisions are in your rear, at the bridges, and will remain there as supports.

Copies of instructions given to Generals Sumner and Hooker will be forwarded to you by an orderly very soon.

You will keep your whole command in readiness to move at once, as soon as the fog lifts. The watchword, which, if possible, should be given to every company, will be "Scots."

I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JNO. G. PARKE,
Chief of Staff.

General Franklin says that in the state of facts existing when it was received, "General Burnside's order, though incongruous and contradictory on its face, admitted of but one interpretation; viz., that he intended to make an armed observation from the left to ascertain the strength of the enemy, an interpretation also given to it by both of my corps commanders."

Friday, Dec. 19. About 9 A.M. we marched twelve miles to Fletcher's Chapel, situated on the road to the Potomac River, and went into camp on land of Mr. Bowie, where we stayed until January 20.

The camp was laid out with the usual regard to company streets, but instead of relying upon tents for protection, houses were built in accordance with the ingenuity and fancy of the occupants. Some

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1862. were one story and others two stories in height, while others were mere "dug-outs." The shelter tent supplied the roof.

In building huts, the following method was generally pursued: The work was begun by excavating about two feet of earth and laying a floor of trimmed cedar poles, lining the underground walls with matched green logs of cedar and pine, continuing the walls about two feet above the ground. On this frame was pitched the tent, the size of the hut depending on the number of occupants; as each man contributed one piece of tent, it was easy to distinguish the number of tenants by looking at the roof. The earth that was removed was used to bank up the outside of the walls. In each hut was built a fireplace, around which we could sit or cook. The chimney was made of green sticks, cob-house style, plastered inside with mud-mortar. In some instances barrels or cracker-boxes, lined with red clay, were used as chimneys. It will be seen by this that a fair degree of comfort was attained, though here and there a chimney smoked with exasperating annoyance to the occupants.

This camp presented a striking contrast to our other camps this winter, where huge log-fires were built in every company street, around which we gathered for warmth. Now the streets were almost deserted, though it frequently happened as you turned out for roll-call in the morning, that your sluggish nature would be awakened into activity by a snowball, just to remind you of school days.

Details were made for guard, for chopping wood, and to assist in building corduroy roads, while picket duty and drilling came in for their share of consideration.

Belle Plain Landing was three miles away, and details were often made to go to that place for supplies. Apples could be bought there, three for twenty-five cents. How many apples could you buy at this price on the munificent salary of thirteen dollars per month? was the question that excited the mathematicians of the regiment.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, December 22, 1862.

TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC:

I have just read your Commanding General's preliminary report of the battle of Fredericksburg. Although you were not successful, the attempt was not an

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1862. error, nor the failure other than an accident. The courage with which you, in an open field, maintained the contest against an entrenched foe, and the consummate skill and success with which you crossed and recrossed the river, in face of the enemy, show that you possess all the qualities of a great army, which will yet give victory to the cause of the country and of popular government. Condoling with the mourners for the dead, and sympathizing with the severely wounded, I congratulate you that the number of both is comparatively so small.

I tender to you, officers and soldiers, the thanks of the nation.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Christmas came but no stockings were hung up — except to dry. On the 30th we were reviewed by General Taylor, and on the same day Maj.-Gen. John C. Robinson took command of the division, to the disgust of General Taylor, who shortly after resigned.

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CHAPTER IX.

1863. Thursday, Jan. 1. NEW YEAR'S day brought forcibly to mind that our service of three years was about half completed, though the remaining eighteen months seemed a long look ahead. The regiment had been reduced from 1,038 to less than 350 men, the number now mustered at roll-call. Nearly all of this reduction had occurred during the last five months. Counted in with this reduction were the men who were detailed at brigade, division, or corps headquarters, performing services for which they had some special qualification, while a considerable number of the rank and file had received commissions as officers in other regiments. Officers' luggage had been so reduced that the distinction in rank was much less marked than during the early part of our service. Instead of one hundred men, some of the companies had only twenty to twenty-five. The officers of a company were little better off than the men, and as time wore on the difference became still less, while the hardships and privations increased, as will be seen farther along.

Having made our huts as comfortable as possible, we settled down for the winter, glad enough at the prospect of a respite, as we fondly imagined, from marching and fighting. Some of the boys had taken great pains in the construction of their huts, particularly in building fireplaces and other conveniences for their comfort and pleasure.

As long as the sutler remained with us, and our credit continued, we managed to live luxuriously, as compared with our experience of the last four months. We could always procure sugar and lemons from the sutler, to which we added water; and when our efforts were successful, a little stimulant, for the "stomach's sake."

We had work enough during the day, chopping wood, policing camp, guard duty, etc., to keep us from despising our leisure. Our evenings were spent in reading or playing cards, or, as it often

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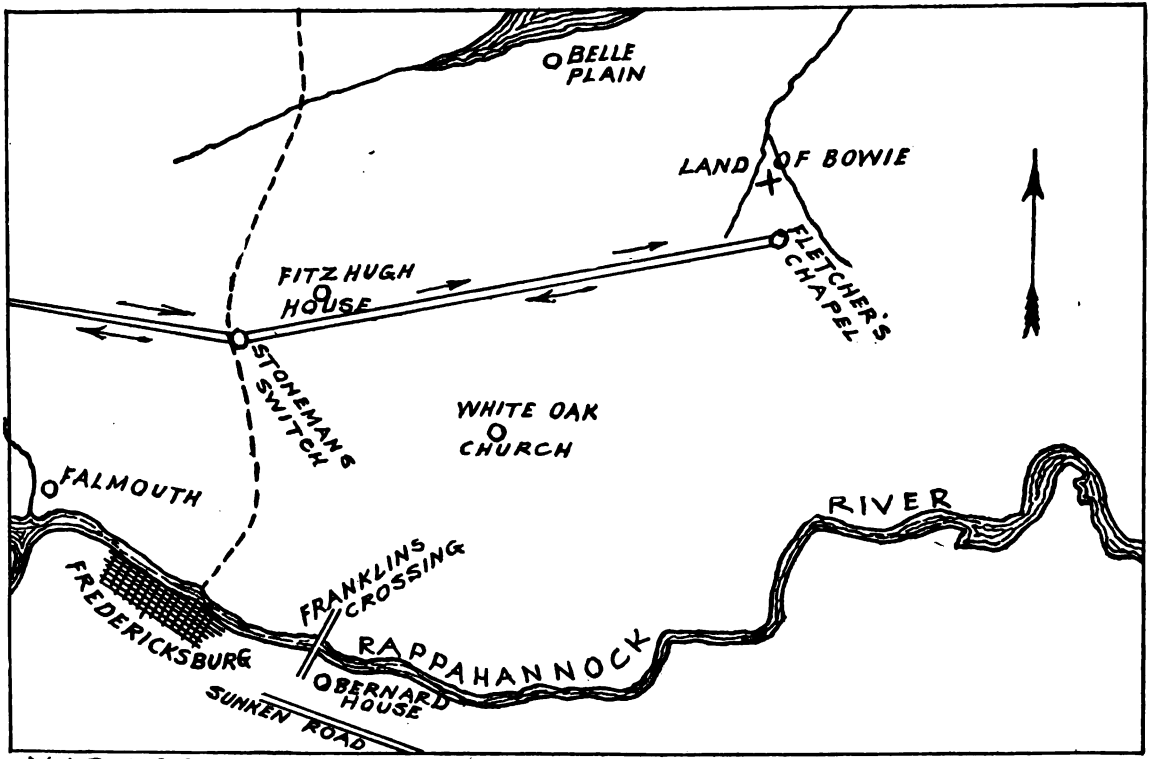

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1863. happened, in dropping into each others' huts for a chat or to hear the latest news. Newspapers were exchanged and their contents discussed. The published letters from correspondents were always read with interest, particularly those which related to our own corps.

The qualifications of general officers, and plans of battles, were also freely discussed. Songs were sung and gossip repeated. At some of these camp-fires curiosity would often be expressed to know what had become of those shirks and bummers who believed with the Holy Writ that "a living dog is better than a dead lion." We had, like other regiments, some curious specimens of this genus, and our narrative would be incomplete without relating something about these patriots.

There was one in particular whose blundering ways, when recalled, afforded a good deal of amusement. He was about as much of a soldier as a hen, and his careless, bungling habits caused a good deal of friction in the daily life of some of us. No soldier likes to have his calves used as a door-mat for the feet of the man behind him. The champion of all offenders in this respect was a man who was called by the sweet name of "Molasses." He was thrust upon us the day before we left Fort Independence. No one knew him before he joined the regiment, and only one man sought his acquaintance afterward. He was homely in appearance, unshapely in form, awkward in gait, and as ignorant and dirty a slouch as could be found. His gait was like that of a man who, having spent his life in a ploughed field, could not divest his mind of the idea that he was still stepping over furrows. He was about fifteen years older than the rest of us, and his manly breast was undisturbed by a single thrill of patriotism; each corpuscle of blood, as it flowed from his heart, carried to the remotest extremity of his body one desire, — "Put money in thy purse." His mercenary and penurious spirit prompted him to increase his income by the sale of small wares to his comrades, who despised him for his unsoldier-like thrift. He was generally absent when his services were needed, so that the man whose name was next on the list had to take his place, which always happened when the duty was unusually hard or dangerous, as occasionally

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1863. happened at the end of a long march. With all these failings he had, to a remarkable degree, the God-given instinct which is said to be one of the qualities of the war-horse, — he could snuff the battle from afar, and took advantage of this gift by absenting himself at a time when it was difficult, afterward, to say absolutely whether it was cowardice or his wandering spirit that prompted him to "light out," as could have been determined if he had waited until the last moment. Just before we went into the battle of Manassas, having been too closely watched to enable him to disappear, he stopped to tie his shoe, and never returned to the regiment again. When we were small boys and saw the troops in fine uniforms marching through the streets, it seemed a glorious thing to be a soldier. In our youthful imagination every man who carried a gun was a hero, but after having one's heels trod on and the calves of one's legs kicked by the muddy feet of a man who had no rhythm in his soul, there didn't seem to be quite so much of a heroic halo surrounding the soldier as we had pictured. Therefore we were glad he never came back.

Another specimen we had was "Smoothbore." If there was a man in the regiment who had fewer instincts of cleanliness than this man he will lose the opportunity of being recorded in these pages. Smoothbore acquired his sobriquet from that antiquated and useless arm called the smooth-bore musket. The likeness of the two, so far as usefulness went, was such that the name stuck to our hero. He was bitterly opposed to the use of water in any way but internally. The men of his company, with the authority of the captain, once undertook to wash him, and it required a considerable force to carry out this laudable purpose. When his clothes were removed he was found to be as dirty and lousy as a saint under penance. Having succeeded in getting him into the brook, they procured some flat stones and scrubbed him until he looked like a boiled lobster. In consequence of his struggling, — so the boys explained to the captain in answer to Smoothbore's complaint of hard usage, — some of his hide, that was too thin to stand the chafing, came off with the dirt. It was a useless piece of work they did, for the experience intensified his prejudice against the use of water, which

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1863. he never after used externally. Just before the battle of Manassas he deserted, carrying with him an inexhaustible supply of the *pediculus vestimenti*. He was so melancholy and selfish that we were glad he also had departed.

We had great pleasure in recalling these old heroes, who had escaped death so many times by keeping out of danger.

The "shirk" whose history we are about to relate did not desert. He neither "struck for the flag" nor "struck for home." He stayed with us for three years, because it required more energy than he possessed to desert, and because he led a peaceful and contented life in spite of his being in the army. He was one of those taken into the regiment to fill up the quota of a company as we were about leaving home. Though an enlisted man he never did any duty as such, preferring the primrose paths of a pampered menial where there was plenty to eat and little to do. He must have had a good deal of shrewdness to have succeeded for three years in escaping the duties for which he enlisted. He could whine to perfection, and very early in his service he acquired a reputation for being absolutely worthless for any duty requiring courage or exertion — the position of hostler filling his ambition. At one time, being out of a job as hostler, he sought admission to the hospital; but the doctors would not have him occupying a bed, nor would they employ him in any capacity, sending him back to his company. He was useless in his company, as he was elsewhere, so he was turned out and told to "Go to the devil; go anywhere; but you can't stay with us." He became attached to the wagon-train, where he spent the rest of his service, doing as little as possible.

Soon after the regiment was discharged, concluding that he was unfitted for the active duties of a man who had to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, he entered that haven of rest called the almshouse. This step was not taken, however, until he had thoroughly tested the capacity of his friends in supporting him.

He had superior qualifications for a pauper's life, — contentment, perfect health, a good appetite, and excellent digestive organs. Unfortunately for him his appetite was a little too good, as it excited the animosity of the cook, and through her the selectmen of the town.

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1863. It often happens in country towns, when the question of reducing the taxes is agitated, that the selectmen call round to the almshouse to see if the butcher's bills cannot be trimmed down a little, for, as Ben. Franklin said, "A penny saved is a penny earned." Now, when they learned what an appetite our old hero had, and listened to the grumbling of the cook, they determined to bounce him out of his comfortable nest; but to turn an old soldier out into the cold world meant something in a community where every soldier was a hero. The selectmen knew the women would have made it hot for them if they tried it. So they reflected; and in a quiet way they began to question him about his past life, and in what towns he had paid taxes, until they discovered a flaw in his settlement in the fact that his enlistment was credited to another town. They could hardly repress their fiendish glee at this discovery, and promptly notified the other town of the fact, with the request that they must provide for him. Then followed a long dispute, which ended, at last, by his removal. The authorities of the town to which he was removed were dismayed at the prospect of supporting him in idleness for long years to come, and would have rebelled but for the sentiment which the women of this town kept alive for the old soldier, as they do in other towns in the State, without regard to his worth as such.

After the matter was finally settled the question arose as to whether or not some income might be obtained toward his support; whereupon the authorities paid his expenses to Boston to hunt up some of his old comrades to see if they couldn't aid him in procuring a pension, and this is how our interest in him was renewed. We were much interested when he informed us of the purpose of his visit; but a disability must be found before papers could be made out. This was a difficult thing to do, as his three years of service had been passed in continuous tranquillity, remote from danger. He was asked to mention some accident or sickness that by a possible stretch of the imagination might be construed as having affected him. When asked if he ever had any pains he said, "A year or two ago I had a pain in my back." — "What do you think was the cause of that?" we inquired. This was a poser. Though he couldn't look

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1863. into the future, he still held his grip on the past; so he slowly carried his mind back twenty-four years to a day when riding on the ammunition wagon, he recalled that it suddenly stopped, throwing him forward with his hands resting on the haunches of the mule in front of him, from which position he allowed that he pushed himself back into his seat without difficulty. He felt nothing at the time, nor, indeed, until twenty-two years had passed. What an ideal life this man must have led, that it was necessary to go back twenty-two years to find cause for a passing pain in the back! We looked at this hero, as his mind went back to the stirring scenes of the war, and noticed how gently time had dealt with him. His fat round body and rosy cheeks showed the value of regular habits, with plenty of food and sleep, and nothing to do. It was hard lines for us to do it, but we broke it to him as gently as possible by telling him that, instead of the government owing him anything, he owed the government a pension. He then left us and returned to the almshouse. The case didn't end here, for a committee of the selectmen came to Boston at the town's expense, to interview members of his regiment and to urge his claim, saying it was the duty of his old comrades to assist in obtaining a pension, which would help the town in its support of him. These worthy men, after listening to our refusal, and our statement that he was a disgrace to the regiment, had the effrontery to say it was our duty to support him, and lectured us on our lack of feeling for an old comrade-in-arms, adding that they should always remember what a contemptible set of men composed the Thirteenth Regiment.

As long as there are women in that town, we needn't worry about his support, for they will look after this old hero, and shower upon him all the blessings their tender sympathies can suggest.

After we have all joined "the innumerable caravan" that Mr. Bryant wrote about, he will still be living — probably the last surviving member of his regiment. By that time the women of his town will cry, "*For shame!* to keep an old scarred veteran in the almshouse!" They will possibly hold an annual "fair" to provide money for his maintenance in some respectable family where he can have comfort and liberty. On festive occasions he will be trotted out as the brave

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1863. soldier who made great sacrifices that the country might be saved. On Memorial day he will be carted round in a carriage, and the orator will point to him with feelings of pride as "a glorious old relic, whose deeds of valor in the War of the Rebellion shed a lustre on the town," and the crowd will respond with long-continued applause. When he is ninety years of age, perhaps some giddy young woman, burning with desire to be a soldier's bride, will marry him, and in the year two thousand and something she may be drawing a widow's pension for services her husband was supposed to have rendered in the nineteenth century. Stranger things than these have happened.

When old soldiers see the tender solicitude that women sometimes display for the shirks and bummers, those lilies of the army who toiled not, neither did they fight, it provokes some rather uncharitable remarks, not at the motive which prompts the kindness, but the useless waste of sympathy showered on such specimens. If this statement meets the eyes of one of these tender-hearted women, she will be shocked, of course. When we see these fellows sailing along under false colors, the recipients of charity intended for worthy but unfortunate soldiers, we cannot help thinking of those old days when every man was expected to do his duty, particularly when that duty was fighting, as Farragut said, and recalling how ingenious were some of the devices practised by these fellows to rid themselves of disagreeable or dangerous service. The surgeons of the army could tell some funny stories of their experience, and the officers and men of every company could relate some also. It is not a pleasant thing to criticise exhibitions of well-meant, though indiscriminate generosity; but it is a fact that every man had a record of some kind, with which the members of his regiment are familiar, and it ought not to be a very difficult thing to obtain the facts. These men should be weeded out from association with deserving ones.

In a regiment of men you will meet all shades of character. The generous and the frugal, the obliging and the surly, the conscientious and the unscrupulous, the brutal and the gentle, the cheerful and the dejected, are all bunched together in closest intimacy. Some may be found full of merriment, overcoming trials

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1863. and privations with abundance of good-nature, while others are so despondent that nothing ever seems right. Men are to be found who are always ready to do a kind action, and others who will impose on the good-natured to the utmost limit. The varnish of politeness and affability which one acquires by mingling with society soon disappears from a man who takes his place in the rank and file of an army. So long as he does his duty he may be as disagreeable as he pleases, without violating an army regulation. Education and bringing up may assist in concealing one's natural instincts for a while, but in the end a soldier stands with his comrades for just what he is. If a man's inclination is to bully, it will show itself in a thousand ways; if he is selfish, it will be discovered at the first drawing of rations; if lazy, at the first call of duty; if he lacks courage, he will endeavor to shirk the first danger that threatens. You see human nature just as it exists where men are unrestrained by any civilizing influence. Among the human parasites that infest the army was the soldier who was forever sponging on his fellows. Success as a bummer varied according to the abilities and ingenuity of the individual, but, as a rule, he failed when his reputation as such became established. We had a man in marked contrast to the characters we have just described, whose merits were so superior to any man of his class we ever saw, that it is not extravagant to say that he was equalled by few and surpassed by none. He was the most agreeably lazy man we ever saw, hating work as intensely as a tramp. There was only one duty he would do without urging, and that was fighting. He had no lack of courage, was handsome and intelligent, well educated, a fine singer, of a genial disposition, and to crown all, was gifted with as persuasive a tongue as any mortal ever had. Until the beginning of the war his father had been a man of wealth, and consequently our hero was never required to do anything for which he had a disinclination. Beginning at Fort Independence, he continued through his service to borrow from everybody that had a dollar which could be inveigled, and never thought of returning it, though his temperament was so sanguine that he easily convinced his creditors, as he did himself, that he could shortly pay the loan. Additional loans were often received

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1863. from creditors who protested in advance that he had borrowed their last dollar. You might be provoked with him for not returning the borrowed shekels, and scold him well for the neglect, but he would appear so genuinely sorry at the delay that you felt like offering an apology for reminding him of his obligation. He was a pleasant addition to any group, and a place was always cheerfully made for him round a fire. He had an extensive acquaintance with books, and could argue without offence, acknowledging the superiority of his opponent's argument with an amicability that was charming. He never, like most of us, received a box from home, yet always obtained a liberal share of others'. He never carried a pipe, tobacco, or match, yet he always had his smoke, even when tobacco was very scarce; and to top all, he generally found some one to do any disagreeable duty he wished to be rid of. When the service of the regiment was completed he was supported by his friends. His old comrades contributed liberally to his wants, occasionally provided him with clothes, took him to the theatre or to dinner, or to both, were always glad of his company, and would be delighted to shake him by the hand again, though it would be an expensive pleasure. Nature never intended him for work, and he never attempted to violate the scheme laid out for him by the planets that controlled his destiny. Oddly enough this man with so many attractive qualities acquired the inharmonious nickname of "*Chuck*," from his habit of always saying "chuck it," when you had anything to give him, rather than exert himself to move out of his position to reach for it. His acquaintance was one of the luxuries of our army life, and we think "Chuck" was worth all he cost.

Some of our young readers — supposing, of course, that we have young readers — may wonder why we do not say something about the heroes of the regiment. The fact is that brave men, men who only needed an opportunity to distinguish themselves, were as plenty as huckleberries. It is not the men whose names appear the oftenest in the newspapers that are the greatest heroes or the most courageous men. In truth, every soldier knows that some pretty poor specimens have acquired renown by pushing themselves forward in the daily press. When a boy, sitting beside us at a regimental dinner,

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1863. asks who such a man is that is making so much fun, whom we recognize as among the best of soldiers, we like to sit down with that boy and tell him what we have seen that man do at a critical moment, and what we know about the brave deeds of other men that he sees about him. We have purposely refrained from mentioning in our story the names of anybody, through fear of omitting some name entitled to honorable mention that we cannot recall while writing. It was one of the curious things about men of exceptional daring and courage that they generally looked upon every other fellow as being equally so. We know men in the Thirteenth — and it is the same with other regiments — with a record that every man who respects courage and fortitude under trying circumstances would be glad to take off his hat to when meeting them on the street, but only their comrades know what soldiers they were. You never hear them mention the fact, for they see nothing heroic in anything they did themselves, while they imagine that every other man did something better.

Just as soon as we became comfortably settled in winter quarters we found it necessary to devote our surplus energy to hunting that sample of the Divine workmanship scientifically known as the "*Pediculus humanus*." He is a wonderful little chap, satisfied to live in Stygian darkness, hiding himself and all his family from the closest scrutiny. After an hour or two of the most careful examination you replace your shirt satisfied that you have removed the last one, and inwardly gratified at your success, when, as if reading your very thoughts, he gives notice of your failure, and off goes your shirt again for another hunt. Away go all your New Year's resolutions. At last you come to realize that all your persistent efforts of cleanliness and watching will not ensure your continuous freedom from this disgusting little parasite.

There was another bloodthirsty little wretch that bothered us a good deal in summer, and that was the "tick." Of course we had fleas, as might be expected when living in a tent no bigger than a dog-kennel, but the tick was a real enemy that did business on business principles. If you caught him in the act and brushed him away, as you supposed, he simply dropped his body, as one would a knapsack, and with his head firmly imbedded under your hide, would

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1863. continue to increase and multiply, as the Bible requests mankind to do, until very soon you would become tortured with a most disagreeable irritation, often likely to become very serious and occasionally resulting in lameness for weeks. What with lice, ticks, centipedes, earwigs, etc., there was food for reflecting how

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

In spite of all these drawbacks we did get some pleasure out of life. By aid of the newspapers we kept as well-informed as the rest of the world, while letters and papers from home supplied fresh material to be repeated at some other fireside than our own.

We all had our ideas of running a campaign, and freely criticised the plans of our commanders, wondering why a private soldier had so much more sense than a general.

Of course we were busy every day with drills, guard duty, fetching our supply of wood, which had to be hauled two or three miles, and the building of corduroy roads, so that when evening came we were glad to fill our pipes and stroll into other quarters until tattoo, when we answered to our names and then turned in for the night, hoping no "long roll" would turn us out before morning.

In building huts for winter quarters, opportunity was afforded for the exercise of such ingenuity or fancy as the boys possessed. Some were satisfied with the simplest arrangement that could be made, while others spent time and labor to perfect a habitation that in comparison to some others suggested the luxurious. As in each case the roof was the shelter tent, there was some uniformity in appearance, the size of the roof indicating the number of occupants. Some dug into the ground for space, and others into the air. Some were two stories in height, and a few were dug into the hill-side. All pretty nearly represented the degree of comfort the occupants desired. Each was provided with a chimney made of barrels or boxes, according to circumstances.

January 20. Orders were received to march. We were told that we were to cross the river once more and engage in an effort to turn the right wing of the enemy. Possibly

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1863. Burnside was in possession of information that led him to believe this could be done, though we did not believe it. As will be seen, this turned out to be a "holler mockery."

We had become fairly well settled in what we supposed would be permanent winter quarters, so we were not moved to mirth or joy on receiving the order to march. In answer to our inquiries of what was up, we were informed that we were to cross the river and attack the right wing of the enemy posted on the opposite bank. It was said that Burnside had received information that the enemy had become so weakened by the withdrawal of troops, that a victory might be gained with the possibility of our marching on to Richmond. The breaking up of our camp was attended by the usual destruction of things that had contributed to our comfort and pleasure. Some of the huts were burned, and a general scene of disorder prevailed as we left the spot. About noon we started and marched in a westerly direction ten miles, to Stoneman's Switch, where we halted for the night. This was the beginning of what has since been known in war literature as "Burnside's mud march." We had sampled from time to time the "sacred soil" of Virginia, but in the wildest dreams of our imagination we had seen no mud like this. As usual, after a few weeks of continuous camp life, our knapsacks had assumed a plethoric appearance out of keeping with the hard work before us. When a soldier leaves a camp such as ours had become, he has to consider what he will throw away. Idleness is what fattens a knapsack. A soldier generally starts with a good deal more than he can carry, but his back, which is master of the situation, soon brings him to terms, and after a day or two the luxuries disappear.

Somehow or other we got separated from the other regiments in the brigade, and didn't succeed in finding them until night, and then it was raining hard. As there was no wood to be had we could build no fires; and therefore no coffee; nor could we find sticks on which to pitch our tents, so our guns were forced to do duty in their place.

If some ministering angel had happened round about this time with a barrel of hot whiskey, well flavored with lemon-peel and sugar, it is doubtful if any soldier would have said, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" There may have been one or two, or even three or three

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1863. and a half men, whose powers of articulation would have become so paralyzed at the thought as not to be able to exclaim with the rest of us, "Down with rum!" though we doubt it.

Wednesday, January 21. It rained hard at daylight, and so reveille was skipped. Every drop of rain deepened and liquefied the mud. Surely such a sight was never before seen as an army struggling to make headway in such a mess. Batteries and wagons could be moved only by doubling the number of horses, and even then it frequently happened they became fast imbedded in the mud. As they moved along in their jerky and twisting way, the axle-trees would scrape the top of the soil.

Toward noon we started again, and after six hours of dreary labor we made only four and a half miles. As we marched along the road we saw displayed by the enemy on the opposite bank of the river placards bearing the words, "Burnside's army stuck in the mud." Not only that — we were jeered at by the "rebs," who were highly pleased at our efforts in puddling. Add to it the mortification of finding our powder wet, one can form some idea of our hopeless condition.

At the end of our four and a half miles the order was given to halt for the night, and it came none too soon. No wonder the "Mud march" has become one of the historical episodes of the war.

Thursday, January 22. We remained quiet all day. The pitiable condition of the army must have shown the uselessness of attempting a movement against the enemy at such a time. We received half-rations last night, and being encamped near a forest, were able to get wood for fires, and so managed to make life endurable. Fence rails had become very scarce. As the warmth of the fires stole over the boys, they began, as usual, to turn their misery into fun, though there was nothing very hilarious about it.

Friday, January 23. We got away at 8 A.M. and waded back through the mud to our camp at Fletcher's Chapel, a distance of fourteen miles. It was a hard day's work, but the boys were encouraged by the fact that each step shortened the distance to our supplies. We soon forsook the road for the fields and woods, wading brooks and jumping ditches, glad at any progress toward the camp we left on the 20th.

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1863. We found the camp in a sorry condition, from the rain and the disorder in which we left it. Those of us who destroyed our huts when we left this spot on the 20th felt badly enough as we gazed on the ruins.

The camp was soon restored to a moderate degree of comfort; fires were lighted and coffee made, whereupon there ensued a lively discussion on the monumental stupidity of our recent movement. If a general officer could have been present, unseen, at a gathering of private soldiers round a camp-fire after a battle, or after a movement such as the one we have just described, he would have heard some plain, instructive talk. We were pretty unanimously of the opinion that "Old Abe" had better appoint a private soldier to run the next campaign. As our huts assumed a condition of comfort, like Jove, we smoothed our wrinkled fronts, and settled down to another period of camp life.

The following graphic account of the "Mud march" campaign is taken from Swinton's "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac:"

The point at which General Burnside resolved this time to essay the passage of the Rappahannock was Banks' Ford (not then fordable), about six miles above Fredericksburg. As, however, the enemy had a force in observation at all the practicable crossings of the Rappahannock, and as there was no possibility of making preparations for the passage at any one point with such secrecy that he should not become aware of it, it was resolved to make feints of crossing at several distinct points, both above and below Fredericksburg, and these mark the real intent. Accordingly, new roads were cut through the woods to afford the readier access to the fords, batteries were planted, rifle-trenches were formed, and cavalry demonstrations along the line; and these manifestations were made impartially at a variety of points.

The weather and roads had been in excellent condition since the battle, and on the 19th of January, 1863, the columns were put in motion with such secrecy as could be observed. The Grand Divisions of Franklin and Hooker ascended the river by parallel roads, and at night encamped in the woods at convenient distance from the fords.

But during the night a terrible storm came on, and then each man thought that the move was ended. It was a wild Walpurgis night, such as Goethe paints in "Faust." Yet there was brave work done during its hours, for the guns were hauled painfully up the heights and placed in their positions, and the pontoons were drawn down nearer to the river. But it was already seen to be a hopeless task; for the clayey roads and fields, under the influence of the rain, had become

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1863. bad beyond all former experience, and by daylight, when the boats should have been on the banks ready to slide down into the water, but fifteen had been gotten up — not enough for one bridge, and five were wanted. Moreover, the night operations had not escaped the notice of the wary enemy, and by morning Lee had massed his army to meet the menaced crossing.

In this state of facts, when all the conditions on which it was expected to make a successful passage had been baulked, it would have been judicious in General Burnside to have promptly abandoned an operation that was now hopeless. But it was a characteristic of that general's mind (a characteristic that might be good or bad according to the direction it took) never to turn back when he had once put his hand to the plough; and it had already more than once been seen that the more hopeless the enterprise the greater his pertinacity. The night's rain had made deplorable havoc with the roads; but herculean efforts were made to bring pontoons enough into position to build a bridge or two, withal. Double and triple teams of horses and mules were harnessed to each boat; but it was in vain. Long stout ropes were then attached to the teams and a hundred and fifty men put to the task on each. The effort was but little more successful. Floundering through the river for a few feet, the gang of Liliputians, with their huge-ribbed Gulliver, were forced to give over, breathless. Night arrived, but the pontoons could not be got up; and the enemy's pickets, discovering what was going on, jocularly shouted out their intention to "come over to-morrow and help build the bridges."

Morning dawned upon another day of rain and storm. The ground had gone from bad to worse, and now showed such a spectacle as might be presented by the elemental wrecks of another deluge. An indescribable chaos of pontoons, vehicles, and artillery encumbered all the roads, — supply-wagons upset by the roadside, guns stalled in the mud, ammunition-trains ruined by the way, and hundreds of horses and mules buried in the liquid mud. The army, in fact, was embargoed; it was no longer a question of how to go forward — it was a question of how to get back. The three days' rations brought on the persons of the men were exhausted, and the supply-trains could not be moved up. To aid the return, all the available force was put to work to corduroy the rotten roads. Next morning the army floundered and staggered back to the old camps; and so ended a movement that will always live in the recollection of the army as the "Mud march," and which remains a striking exemplification of the enormous difficulties incident to winter campaigning in Virginia.

In a note the statement is made that "the nature of the upper geologic deposits of this region affords unequalled elements for bad roads, for it is a soil out of which, when it rains, the bottom drops, and yet which is so tenacious that extrication from its clutch is next to impossible."

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1863. It is not an exaggeration to say, that before or after, there was seen no such state of demoralization as possessed a large part of the Army of the Potomac at the end of this foolish undertaking. On our return march, men were seen straggling back to their camps, cursing everything and everybody. Strewed along the road lying in the mud could be seen knapsacks, guns, and equipments, thrown away by men thoroughly disheartened by fatigue and hunger; the very men who had fought uncomplainingly a few weeks before, as indeed they would do again when their confidence and spirits were restored, had become more incapacitated by the terrible condition of the roads than by a battle.

When the papers of January 20 reached us, the first item about the Army of the Potomac that caught our eyes was headed, "A DESPERATE STRUGGLE IS EVIDENTLY CLOSE AT HAND, AND STIRRING NEWS MAY BE EXPECTED SHORTLY." The "Mud march" was finished, and we could gaze on this announcement with unruffled tempers, being in a thankful mood. Our experience suggested that this might be a witticism, for the struggle through the mud was both stirring and desperate. In the papers of the 19th the statement was made: "ON TO RICHMOND AGAIN! — It is now deemed certain that General Burnside is by this time across the river, and the rebels are skedaddling inland." "Brag" is a good dog, but "Hold Fast" is a better. Some of the boys suggested that these papers be sent to General Lee as an item of news, but when we thought of the disgraceful predicament we had been in, squirming about in the mud like so many eels, we concluded not to do so.

It was when Burnside took command of the Army of the Potomac that we first saw the "Butterfly cavalry," a regiment from New Jersey, clothed with a uniform of such gorgeousness that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The jacket was elaborately and fantastically adorned with yellow cord, and buttons in numerous rows down the front, up the back, around the collar, and along the sleeves, so that the wearer appeared as though he had robbed a United States mint. The trousers were slashed to the knee, like those often worn by Mexicans, and were also trimmed with a profusion of cord and buttons. The hat was built like the shako, only

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1863. it lacked the visor to complete the likeness, and was liberally decked with tassels and cord. "Button, button! Who has the button?" was the cry that saluted their ears when they made their appearance. As each man carried a lance with a red pennant attached, they would have made a conspicuous mark for the enemy had they been called upon to do any fighting. Bedizened as they were with metallic buttons that tinkled when they moved, these men were of no use as vedettes, where absolute stillness is often required; so some of them were assigned for duty as a body-guard to General Burnside, and the remainder as a provost-guard, to drive along the men who straggled on the march. During this "Mud march" campaign they had plenty of work to do in keeping the men together, and they attempted it so energetically and so offensively that instead of "Butterfly cavalry" they were henceforth hailed as "Turkey-drivers," and whenever they appeared shouts of "Gobble, gobble, gobble!" would be heard from one regiment after another as they passed along. There was no end to the ridicule and sarcasm that was showered upon them by the whole army, until they changed their brilliant uniform for the more appropriate one worn by the cavalry corps. Shortly after this campaign they became part of the cavalry corps under Custer and others, and probably did good service.

Monday, January 26. General Burnside having requested to be relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, the following order was issued:

GENERAL ORDERS No. 9. HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA. Jan. 26, 1863.

By direction of the President of the United States, the Commanding General this day transfers the command of this army to Maj.-Gen. Joseph Hooker.

The short time that he has directed your movements has not been fruitful of victory or any considerable advancement of our lines, but it has again demonstrated an amount of courage, patience, and endurance that under more favorable circumstances would have accomplished great results. Continue to exercise these virtues, be true in your devotion to your country and the principles you have sworn to maintain, give to the brave and skilful general who has so long been identified with your organization and who is now to command you, your full and cordial support and coöperation, and you will deserve success.

In taking an affectionate leave of the entire army, from which he separates with

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1863. so much regret, he may be pardoned if he bids an especial farewell to his long tried associates of the Ninth Corps.

His prayers are that God may be with you, and grant you continual success until the rebellion is crushed.

By command of Major-General Burnside,

LEWIS RICHMOND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The following remarkable letter from President Lincoln needs no explanation, though it seems strange that General Hooker should have taken pride in it, as it is said he did:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D.C., Jan. 26, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER:

GENERAL: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that, during General Burnside's command of the army, you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and a sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

A good deal of confidence was restored by the appointment of General Hooker — or "Fighting Joe," as the boys called him.

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1863. Once more we were in receipt of papers, and as they covered the time we were absent from camp we learned that the right and left wings of our army were in motion. The papers announced on the 22d the following: "HIGHLY IMPORTANT IF TRUE! — Rumors of a terrible battle on the Rappahannock! — Rebels outflanked by Sumner! — General Hooker mortally wounded! — General Burnside again crossed the Rappahannock and a terrible battle is being fought." Yes, a terrible battle with "mud" had been fought, but as to the rest, Dame Rumor lied, as she frequently does. However, newspapers always brought us something to talk about. Very little the rank and file knew about movements of the army except what was learned through the newspapers. There were occasions, to be sure, when men of average intelligence could guess very near the truth when opportunities were offered for observation, but generally we knew little about what another corps in our army might be doing until we saw it recorded in the papers. Once in a while a correspondent would visit us, when we were sure to be written up, and as the accounts were generally favorable we were pleased when they appeared. As the larder of a private soldier was not extensive, we left their entertainment to the officers. Our impression is, the officers did their hospitable work well.

During the winter we had the same variety of weather as prevails in New England, — snowing and freezing followed by rain and thawing. When the ground was not frozen it was mud more than ankle-deep, making the roads almost impassable. On the 22d of February we had a severe snow-storm, the snow being three feet deep in some places. The horses suffered more than the men.

It was while encamped at Fletcher's Chapel that we received the first order respecting corps badges, a description of which will be seen by the following circular:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
March 21, 1863.

For the purpose of ready recognition of corps and divisions of the army, and to prevent injustice by reports of straggling and misconduct through mistake as to their organizations, the chief quartermaster will furnish, without delay, the following badges to be worn by the officers and enlisted men of all regiments of

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1863. the various corps mentioned. They will be securely fastened upon the centre of the top of the cap. The inspecting officers will at all inspections see that these badges are worn as designated.

First Corps — a sphere: red for the First Division; white for the Second; blue for the Third.

Second Corps — a trefoil: red for the First Division; white for the Second; blue for the Third.

Third Corps — a lozenge: red for the First Division; white for the Second; blue for the Third.

Fifth Corps — a Maltese cross: red for the First Division; white for the Second; blue for the Third.

Sixth Corps — a cross: red for the First Division; white for the Second; blue for the Third. (Light Division, green.)

Eleventh Corps — a crescent; red for the First Division; white for the Second; blue for the Third.

Twelfth Corps — a star: red for the First Division; white for the Second; blue for the Third.

The sizes and colors will be according to pattern.

By command of Major-General Hooker,

S. WILLIAMS,
Acting Adjutant-General.

Thursday, April 2. The division was reviewed by General Hooker to-day. He was good enough to pay the Thirteenth a compliment, requesting the colonel to repeat it to us. It served to strengthen the good-will we already held for him, and made us long for an opportunity to show him that we could act as well as we appeared.

From this time to the last of April we continued in camp at Fletcher's Chapel, attending to the usual routine of duties incident to camp life, such as guard-mounting, drilling, inspection, outpost duty, cutting and drawing wood, and fetching water. As a good deal of the wood had been cut away near us, we were obliged, before winter was over, to go nearly half a mile down the stream for a supply, lugging it on our shoulders to camp. The camp was situated on a point of land east of the residence of a Mr. Bowie, between two small streams running north and uniting a few hundred yards beyond. We had reviews by General Robinson and occasionally by other officers. On such occasions we shined and brushed up, that we might make as good an impression as possible. For amusement,

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1863. advertisements were inserted in some of the Northern papers, asking for correspondence with some young lady of matrimonial inclinations; to which the first mail brought about a peck of answers that were distributed among the boys. The same thing was done the previous winter while we were encamped at Williamsport. At that time answers came by the bushel. It was astonishing how many young women were so inclined. We got a good deal of fun out of this, which offset the disappointment that was experienced in "poker."

Ovens were built for baking bread, so that we lived on "soft-bread;" the size of each loaf being such that one was a day's ration of bread to each man. A single oven furnished the bread for a brigade, and was built as follows: Having first levelled and smoothed a place about eight or ten feet square, two half cylinders of sheet iron, four feet in diameter at the base line, were placed on the spot prepared, one end of the cylinder having a chimney attached. These semi-cylinders were short, so that you could lengthen or shorten your oven by attaching or detaching extra cylinders, the size of the oven depending on the number of men to be provided for. Having got the ovens in place, they were then covered with a foot or two of earth. By this means the men were provided with fresh bread each day. The bread was good while it was new, and made an agreeable change. A great improvement was noticed at this time in all our rations. In addition to this, we had condensed milk and other luxuries from the sutler, and occasionally boxes from home. Fresh meat was provided, and if you could make a deal with the butcher, you might secure a beef's liver or a heart; but as these were his perquisites, only the wealthy — men successful at poker — lived on liver, as the demand far exceeded the supply. The last week in February the chaplain arrived from Boston, bringing news and letters. As he came into camp the boys crowded round him shouting, "What came ye out for to see?" It amused the chaplain that we should recollect his old text. His joyous nature always brought a lot of sunlight into camp when he returned from one of his trips away.

Whether or not it was due to General Hooker, we are unable to say, though he was credited with it, an improvement in the quantity

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1863. and quality of our rations was noticeable upon his taking command. The harsh criticisms that were excited under Burnside by the tormenting pangs of an empty stomach were now undergoing the mellowing influence of abundance, which added very much to Hooker's popularity, always strong in the Army of the Potomac, with whom he was very much of a hero. The Army of the Potomac, while under Burnside, had become so demoralized by short rations and the severity of the "Mud march" campaign, that desertions were of daily occurrence, as we noticed by the list of names that were read at dress parade. To offset this complaint a liberal number of furloughs were granted and with better rations confidence was soon restored.

Up to this time the officers had been allowed to retain wall tents, but the following order deprived them of that luxury and forced them into shelter tents. Opportunity had been afforded them from time to time, by non-arrival of the regimental wagons, to test their gracefulness in diving into a shelter.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH MASS. VOLS.,
April 1, 1863.

Company commanders, in accordance with previous orders, will turn into the A. B. Q. M., on or before 11 A.M., April 2d, all wall tents, flies and poles, and all other surplus camp and garrison equipage.

One shelter tent will be furnished to each commissioned officer.

Transportation (for line officers) will be furnished for five-mess kits only. Rations, cooking utensils, and all other appurtenances of each mess must be properly packed in one case not larger than a hard-bread box.

Trunks will not be carried, neither blankets nor shelter tents, on wagons.

Company books and blanks will be well packed in strong boxes and distinctly marked — the boxes to be of the size of company clothing books, and not over five inches deep in the clear.

The pack mules will carry one shelter tent, two wool and one rubber blanket for each officer, also (if possible) the officer's rations needed on the march.

Transportation to Washington will be furnished for all surplus private baggage, under charge of an officer detailed from the brigade.

The government still retained confidence in the private soldier's determination not to carry more than he wanted.

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1863. Thursday, April 9. The First Army Corps was to-day reviewed by President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, and others. At an early hour the regiment moved down below Belle Plain Landing, toward the Potomac, and formed in line on a large meadow skirting the river. Very soon other divisions and brigades arrived. While waiting for the reviewing party we had a game of ball, to the no small amusement of the lookers-on. Others strolled down to the river, until at last the beating of drums hurried us all back, and very soon we were all in line at "present arms." Though motionless as a board fence, our eyes were following the motions of "Old Abe." The President was not a handsome man as the world judges "good looks," but he was a man of such abundant honesty, such kindness of heart and simplicity of manners, that one forgot his appearance in the great qualities of the man himself. His presence inspired more confidence among the soldiers than all the generals put together, and every man felt better for having seen him.

The Thirteenth had the right of the line, and was therefore the first to march by the President. We appreciated a place so conspicuous, and every man, as he marched along, did his best to merit the approbation the regiment received.

As we marched past the reviewing-stand, we noticed the affectionate and pleasing manner of Mr. Lincoln, as he was instructing his young son, "Tad," who was mounted on a pony beside him, how to return the salute of the officers who were marching in line.

Having passed the reviewing-stand we were ordered to "double-quick," and then wheeled to the left and halted. An opportunity was thus afforded to watch the measured tread of the long line that followed us. It was a grand and inspiring sight, and one long to be remembered.

After the review was ended the regiment was sent out on picket.

When the newspapers containing an account of the review reached camp a few days after, it was a pretty poor soldier of our regiment that didn't feel a thrill of pleasure on reading the following:

In the grand review of the First Army Corps, yesterday, the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts regiments elicited high commendations by the precision of their movements.

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1863. This was a hard day's work for us, as we had a long march to the reviewing-point, then back to camp, where we arrived late in the afternoon, and afterward a good distance farther to the picket line, where we went on picket duty for twenty-four hours.

Friday, April 13. The division was reviewed to-day by its commander, Gen. John C. Robinson, and other distinguished officers. We were notified in advance that this was to be an unusual occasion, so the boys shined their buttons, brushed their coats, blacked their boots, and last but not least, adorned themselves with paper collars purchased from the sutler. This prinking which the boys indulged in occasionally, just to remind them of days gone by, and which gave the regiment the sobriquet of "Band-box guard," reached the ears of Colonel Coulter, of the Eleventh Pennsylvania, who was bound to have a little fun at the regiment's expense. Now it happened that "Dick" Coulter was the owner of a brindle bulldog called "Sally," who was famous throughout the brigade for her intelligence, and had a habit of sticking close to the colonel's heels when not restrained. On this occasion she was decked with a white paper collar round her neck labelled "13," and a white glove fastened on each paw. During the whole of the ceremony "Sally" trotted about in plain sight, a most ludicrous object, affording a deal of amusement to all who witnessed it. In spite of this ridicule the regiment made a fine appearance, and received the praise of General Reynolds, who liked neatness and orderly appearance in the soldier.

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CHAPTER X.

1863. Tuesday, April 28. BROKE camp and marched in a drizzling rain seven miles toward the Rappahannock, halting within a mile or so of the river behind a piece of woods. We were full of surmises as to where we were going, though it turned out to be the Chancellorsville campaign. For a while the papers dropped "All quiet on the Potomac," and substituted "On to Richmond."

Orders were received from General Hooker for the men to take eight days' rations. We had frequently carried five days' rations, but this was the first time we were called upon to lug a quantity like that. The consequence was that the overflow from our haversacks was stowed away in the knapsacks.

Wednesday, April 29. At 2 o'clock this morning we were turned out, and by four were moved out of the woods about half a mile and halted in an open field. Heavy firing was heard up the river, in front and below. While we remained here a band of ninety-one rebel prisoners were marched by us, in appearance more like tramps than soldiers. They were captured by the first division of our corps. At 12 o'clock we were marched out in full view of the river. From our elevated position could be seen the whole plain where we fought on the 13th of December. The position occupied by us then was now held by the Sixth Corps, and a mile below could be seen the first division of the First Corps, their arms gleaming in the sunlight, while the open field in front was dotted with skirmishers lying low, to present as small a mark as possible to the enemy. On a house opposite could be seen the Union sharpshooters, their heads peeping over the ridge-pole. It was a beautiful day, the air balmy with the warm rays of the sun, which was shining brightly on this warlike scene. We watched with interest the second and third brigades as they filed down to the pontoon bridge, where they halted and stacked arms.

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MAP No. 10

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1863. Thursday, April 30. National Fast day. Until 9 o'clock the heavy fog clung to the river, obscuring everything from sight. Firing was heard to the right in the vicinity of United States Ford, where the main portion of the army crossed. About noon we were summoned to "attention," and then, by brigades, closed *en masse* on the first brigade; after which General Hooker's famous bulletin was read, saying that "the operations on the right had been a series of splendid successes, and that the enemy must leave his intrenchments and fight or ingloriously retreat," etc. Some cheering was given among the new troops, but the older ones were cautious about being too jubilant. Ranks were then broken, and the men collected in groups to discuss the bulletin or to drop asleep. An hour or so passed when a heavy report was heard in front, and suddenly a shell came whizzing through the air to our right. All was bustle in a moment; each man making for his place in the ranks, putting on his equipments as he ran. Then another shell came striking on the river, throwing up the spray which glistened in the sunlight, reflecting the colors of the rainbow, and then bounding along the plain into the ranks of the bucktails of the third division. Another struck near General Robinson's headquarters, while his men were striking tents. Another struck in the ranks of the Ninetieth Pennsylvania, tossing arms, equipments, and fragments of clothing, and possibly human bodies, in the air, in wild disorder. General Robinson's staff were mounting in hot haste, while batteries, now unlimbered, were replying. The Thirteenth was lying on the ground, some asleep, some playing cards, while others were intently watching the effect of the shells as they burst in the midst of other troops, quite well satisfied to be out of immediate danger, when a shell suddenly burst among us, and caps, haversacks, clothing, in a confused mass, were seen to fly out from the centre of the explosion. When the smoke cleared away, we found three mangled and bleeding bodies, — two commissioned officers and a sergeant. The officers were both dead, and the sergeant, whose body was hastily taken to the rear, was so badly injured as to necessitate the amputation of an arm and a leg. The regiment was ordered to the bluffs in the rear,

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1863. where there was a road with an embankment, by which some protection was afforded, though the shells were flying through the air thick and fast. In the two divisions exposed to the fire, eight or ten were killed and between forty and fifty were wounded, without a shot being returned by any of our troops except the artillery.

Saturday, May 2. Yesterday we laid quiet all day undisturbed, except when batteries of artillery would gallop by us on the road to some threatened point of the line.

At 4 o'clock this morning we were turned out by a general alarm, and preparations made to march. When the roll was called it was learned that we had in line 346 men, including officers. Orders were received for the First Corps, under General Reynolds, to take up its bridges and join General Hooker by way of United States Ford, and before 9 o'clock we were on our way. It was a beautiful day, but very hot, and the boys were full of hope and anticipations of soon meeting the enemy and wiping out the disaster of Fredericksburg. As we approached the river, the masses of fog that enclosed its banks were moving toward the sea, while here and there a house was peeping through the vapor as if struggling to be seen. Very soon the plain and forest could be distinguished, and shortly all was clear. As we came in sight of rebel batteries, they opened upon us without doing any damage. We passed the Sixth Corps on their way to the left — a movement made to deceive the enemy. From time to time, as we marched along, we met squads of rebel prisoners under the escort of Union cavalry, on their way to the rear. Tramp, tramp all day until nearly 8 o'clock at night, when we filed down between the hills to the ford, which we crossed on pontoons, and then half a mile farther, when, tired and weary, we gladly received the order to halt for the night. Our bivouac fires were scarcely lighted and preparations made for sleep when the drums were sounded, followed by orders to "*fall in!*" and then "*f-o-r-w-a-r-d, march!*" and at a good round pace we started for Chancellorsville, wondering what had happened to necessitate this sudden change in our programme. Something serious, for mounted officers were hurrying about with orders urging forward the troops. We had not long to

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1863. wait, however, before we got some idea of the disaster which had overtaken the army. Very soon we saw men of the Eleventh Corps hurrying to the rear, many of them panic-stricken with fear. Orders were received to drive back to the front all men who were not wounded. We knew so little beyond the sphere of our duty, that it was impossible to understand what the retreat of the Eleventh Corps betokened, or what influence it might have on the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac. We had crossed the river with great hopes, a well-organized army, with such perfect confidence in our leaders, that what we now saw seemed surprising, and we were eager to know the meaning. The wildest confusion prevailed. Staff-officers and messengers were excitedly shouting to clear the road, that they might not be obstructed in their duties, or their haste impeded. "*Halt*, there!" "Where in h—l are you going?" was frequently heard, followed by "Turn back, you cowards!" While all this excitement was going on in the road, at each side was seen the equipment and supplies of a great army huddled together in bewildering disorder as if suddenly dumped from the sky. Ammunition wagons, hospital supplies, wagons loaded with food, horses and mules inextricably mixed, gun-carriages, blacksmith's forges, pontoons, all packed together, while the men in charge, tired and weary, were lying unblanketed, their feet to smouldering fires, dead with sleep, insensible to the heavy roll of artillery or the tramp of infantry. It was a strange sight and a new experience to the Thirteenth, which had never before been in the wake of an army engaged in battle. Long years have not obliterated the impressions of that night. Along the road it was pandemonium; on the side of the road it was chaos.

Presently the sound of musketry was heard, and in a little while three Yankee cheers were heard, denoting successful resistance to a charge of the enemy, whereupon the boys started "Glory, Hallelujah!" which passed along from brigade to brigade until the whole corps, apparently, were singing this stirring old war-song. Way was made for the ambulances, hurrying forward to bring off the wounded. It was evident we were nearing the line of battle, when an order was received to change our direction, which we did by turning sharp to

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1863. the right toward the Elley's Ford road, which we reached about 2 A.M. and halted, twenty-two hours after we were turned out in the morning, having marched about thirty miles. In spite of the efforts of officers to clear the road, our advance had been slow and tiresome. Notwithstanding fatigue and weariness, we began at once to build earthworks, as every man felt that his own safety as well as that of the army might soon be at stake. Knives, bayonets, plates, and dippers were enlisted, and by continuous activity substantial breastworks were completed when daylight appeared.

After the publicity we have given to the flight of the Eleventh Corps, and the remarks that were made to some of them on the way to the rear, it is no more than justice to quote the following statement from General Doubleday's narrative of the battle of Chancellorsville, with which statement we are in hearty accord:

It is always convenient to have a scape-goat in case of disaster, and the German element in the Eleventh Corps have been fiercely censured and their name a byword for giving way on this occasion. It is full time justice should be done by calling attention to the position of that corps. I assert that when a force is not deployed, but is struck suddenly and violently on its flank, resistance is *impracticable*. Not Napoleon's Old Guard, not the best and bravest troops that ever existed, could hold together in such a case, for the first men assailed are — to use a homely but expressive word — driven into a *huddle;* and a huddle cannot fight, for it has no front and no organization. Under such circumstances, the men have but a choice of two evils, — either to stay where they are and be slaughtered, without power of defending themselves, or to run; and the only sensible thing for them to do is to run, and rally on some other organization.

The following graphic statement of our doings and position at this time is also taken from General Doubleday's narrative of Chancellorsville:

At sunset the First Corps went into bivouac on the south side of United States Ford, about four miles and a half from Chancellorsville. The men were glad enough to rest after their tedious march on a hot day, loaded with eight days' rations. General Reynolds left me temporarily in charge of the corps, while he rode on to confer with Hooker. We heard afar off the sound of battle caused by Jackson's attack, and saw the evening sky reddened with the fires of combat; but knowing Hooker had a large force, we felt no anxiety as to the result, and took it for granted that we should not be wanted until the next day. I was preparing a piece of india-rubber cloth as a couch when I saw one of Reynolds'

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1863. aids, Captain Wadsworth, coming down the road at full speed. He brought the startling news that the Eleventh Corps had fled, and if we did not go at once, the army would be hopelessly defeated. We were soon on the road, somewhat oppressed by the news, but not dismayed. We marched through the thickening twilight of the woods, amid a silence at first only broken by the plaintive song of the whippoorwill, until the full moon rose in all its splendor. As we proceeded we came upon crowds of the Eleventh Corps fugitives still hastening to the rear. They seemed wholly disheartened. We halted for a time, in order that our position in line of battle might be selected, and then moved on. As we approached the field a midnight battle commenced, and the shells seemed to burst in sparkles in the trees above our heads, but not near enough to reach us. It was Sickles fighting his way home again. When we came nearer and filed to the right to take our position on the Elley's Ford road, the men struck up the John Brown's song, and gave the chorus with a will. The cheerful demeanor and proud bearing renewed the confidence of the army, who felt that the arrival of Reynolds' corps, with its historic record, was no ordinary reënforcement.

Sunday, May 3. All day long we remained quiet in the earthworks constructed by us in such haste, wondering at our inactivity. The enthusiasm of the First Corps had become so excited by what it had seen and by the fears of an impending disaster to the army, that it was eager to take an active part in the battle, the sound of which could be plainly heard. Nor was there a general in the Army of the Potomac better able to lead it to victory than its commander, Gen. John F. Reynolds, who was regarded by his corps with enthusiastic admiration; but the laurels reserved for the First Corps, under his command, were to be won elsewhere.

During the day General Hooker rode along the line and was everywhere received with shouts of enthusiasm.

Monday, May 4. As there were no indications of an attack to be made on our line, a reconnoissance was made by the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts regiments, and the Second Maine Battery, under the command of General Robinson, with orders not to bring on an engagement. After marching half a mile to the front, a halt was ordered, and four companies of infantry were deployed as skirmishers, when the column slowly advanced. The rebels being sheltered in the woods and thick underbrush, could not be seen. In this attempt seven men of the Thirteenth were

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1863. wounded, one of whom died a few days after. It having been demonstrated by this movement that the enemy were still in force at this point, we returned to the earthworks.

During the night the regiment was several times called to arms, while attacks were being made and repulsed on our right.

Tuesday, May 5. Another day spent in the trenches. The weather was excessively hot until about 3 P.M., when a thunder-shower came up and drenched us to the skin. As the water poured into the trenches we were forced to evacuate them until we could make them habitable by draining. As darkness came on, the showers were succeeded by a cold north-east storm, and through the long dreary night we sat on the edge of the trenches, ready to jump into them at the first alarm. Orders were received about 8 P.M. to retreat, and we marched about three miles when information was received that the river had risen to such a height as to make it impracticable for the army to cross; so we marched back to the trenches, where we remained until 3 o'clock in the morning.

Whatever the hereafter may have in store for us as punishment for our misdemeanors, we sincerely trust that credit may be given for this night of misery. In the three years' service of the regiment it would be difficult to recall a night that seemed longer or where there was more physical discomfort. Wearied and dejected, drenched with the cold rain, in expectation to move at any moment, we still stayed and stayed and stayed.

While we were in the trenches, information was received that Stonewall Jackson was killed. It used to be a common saying in the Army of the Potomac that in order to reach Richmond we should have to go "over a Stonewall, two Hills, and a Longstreet." Something had therefore been accomplished for the Union cause by the battle of Chancellorsville, — we had got over the "Stonewall." The celerity with which General Jackson could move an army from one point to another was remarkable, and up to the time of his death his equal as an executive officer had not been seen. As an instance of his activity we recall, when we were at Front Royal, watching his army marching along the mountain-side between the armies of McDowell and

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1863. Fremont, unmolested, — except for the feeble attack made by Shields, — and on the following morning at daylight attacking McClellan at Hanover Court House, an air-line distance of more than ninety miles, as we learned by the newspapers two days after the event. It seemed incredible to us at the time, yet it was a fact.

Monday, May 6. Orders came at last to move. At 3 A.M. we took up the line of march on muddy roads that were both sticky and slippery, to the United States Ford, five miles, where we were to cross the river. Moving was better than sitting still and shaking to pieces with the cold; but to walk on a road ankle-deep in mud, with the rain still falling, failed to lessen our misery very much. We finally reached the river without halting once, crossed on a pontoon bridge covered with pine boughs to deaden the sound, and then continued five miles farther, and halted. It was impossible to light fires, so the men munched their hardtack and raw pork, and lighted their pipes for a smoke. Some of the boys attempted sleep by sitting on knapsacks with their backs to a tree, only to tumble over in the mud when sleep overtook them. After falling into the mud a few times, a man's appearance was so ludicrous that even the most miserable could not restrain their laughter. It is under such circumstances as these that the elasticity of youth is so valuable. A man of fifty would have given up in despair. Little by little the spirit of fun was revived. Jokes on each other's appearance were bandied about, and songs at variance with our condition were sung with impromptu words. The irresistible desire for fun which possessed so many of the boys, often had a very bracing effect and restored some of the good-humor we had lost in the trenches, by which we escaped the proverbial straw that breaks the camel's back.

The march was continued to Falmouth, nine miles farther, where we halted, and where we pitched our shelters for the night. A ration of whiskey was given each man, and then we wrapped ourselves in our wet clothes and blankets, and laid down to sleep. During the night the rain came in such torrents that we were completely flooded out. Every article we owned was soaked with water, and of

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1863. course further sleep was out of the question. This was the time for Mark Tapley with his "Let us be jolly!"

The following congratulatory orders by Generals Hooker and Lee, respecting the battle of Chancellorsville, will be read with interest by all who took part in that campaign:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 49.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., May 6, 1863.

The Major-General commanding tenders to this army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days. If it has not accomplished all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the army. It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resource.

In withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock before delivering a general battle to our adversaries, the army has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself and its fidelity to the principles it represents. In fighting at a disadvantage, we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, our cause, and our country.

Profoundly loyal, and conscious of its strength, the Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interest or honor may demand. It will also be the guardian of its own history and its own fame.

By celerity and secrecy of movement, our advance and passage of the rivers were undisputed, and on our withdrawal not a rebel ventured to follow.

The events of the last week may swell with pride the heart of every officer and soldier of this army. We have added new lustre to its renown. We have made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his intrenchments, and whenever we have fought have inflicted heavier blows than we have received.

We have taken from the enemy five thousand prisoners; captured and brought off seven pieces of artillery, fifteen colors; placed *hors de combat* eighteen thousand of his chosen troops; destroyed his depots filled with vast amounts of stores; deranged his communications; captured prisoners within the fortifications of his capital, and filled his country with fear and consternation.

We have no other regret than that caused by the loss of our brave companions, and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have fallen in the holiest cause ever submitted to the arbitrament of battle.

By command of Major-General Hooker,

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 59.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
May 7, 1863.

With heartfelt gratification the General commanding expresses to the army his sense of the heroic conduct displayed by officers and men during the arduous

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1863. operations in which they have just been engaged. Under trying vicissitudes of heat and storm you attacked the enemy, strongly intrenched in the depths of a tangled wilderness, and again on the hills of Fredericksburg, fifteen miles distant, and, by valor that has triumphed on so many fields, forced him once more to seek safety beyond the Rappahannock. While this glorious victory entitles you to the praise and gratitude of the nation, we are especially called upon to return our grateful thanks to the only Giver of victory for the signal deliverance He has wrought. It is, therefore, earnestly recommended that the troops unite on Sunday next in ascribing to the Lord of Hosts the glory due unto His name.

Let us not forget in our rejoicing the brave soldiers who have fallen in defence of their country; and, while we mourn their loss, let us resolve to emulate their noble example.

The army and the country alike lament the absence for a time of one to whose bravery, energy, and skill they are so much indebted for success.

The following letter from the President of the Confederate States is communicated to the army, as an expression of his appreciation of its success:

"[GENERAL LEE: I have your despatch, and reverently unite in giving praise to God for the success with which He has crowned our arms.

"In the name of the people I offer my cordial thanks to yourself and the troops under your command for this addition to the unprecedented series of great victories which your armies have achieved.

"The universal rejoicing produced by this happy result will be mingled with a general regret for the good and the brave who are remembered among the killed and the wounded.]"

R. E. LEE,
General.

Thursday, May 7. When daylight appeared we were sore in body and sick at heart as we thought with mortification how little had been accomplished since leaving our camp at Fletcher's Chapel. When we recalled the golden promises of Hooker's manifesto, in which was stated the splendid successes that awaited us, "that the enemy must leave his intrenchments and fight or ingloriously retreat," etc., some of the boys said, "Yes, that's Joe Hooker. Let's have a new deal for a commander."

We had a ray of comfort in the weather, which again became warm and pleasant. This was really something to be thankful for.

About 10 o'clock we marched to White Oak Church, seven miles, and camped about a mile from our winter quarters, at Fletcher's Chapel.

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1863.

WASHINGTON, June 5, 1863, 4 P.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER:

Yours of to-day was received an hour ago. So much of professional military skill is requisite to answer it, that I have turned the task over to General Halleck. He promises to perform it with his utmost care. I have but one idea which I think worth suggesting to you, and that is, in case you find Lee coming to the north of the Rappahannock, I would by no means cross to the south of it. If he should leave a rear force at Fredericksburg, tempting you to fall upon it, it would fight in intrenchments, and have you at a disadvantage, and so, man for man, worst you at that point, while his main force would in some way be getting an advantage of you northward. In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs in front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other. If Lee would come to my side of the river I would keep on the same side, and fight him or act on the defence, according as might be my estimate of his strength relatively to my own. But these are mere suggestions, which I desire to be controlled by the judgment of yourself and General Halleck.

A. LINCOLN.

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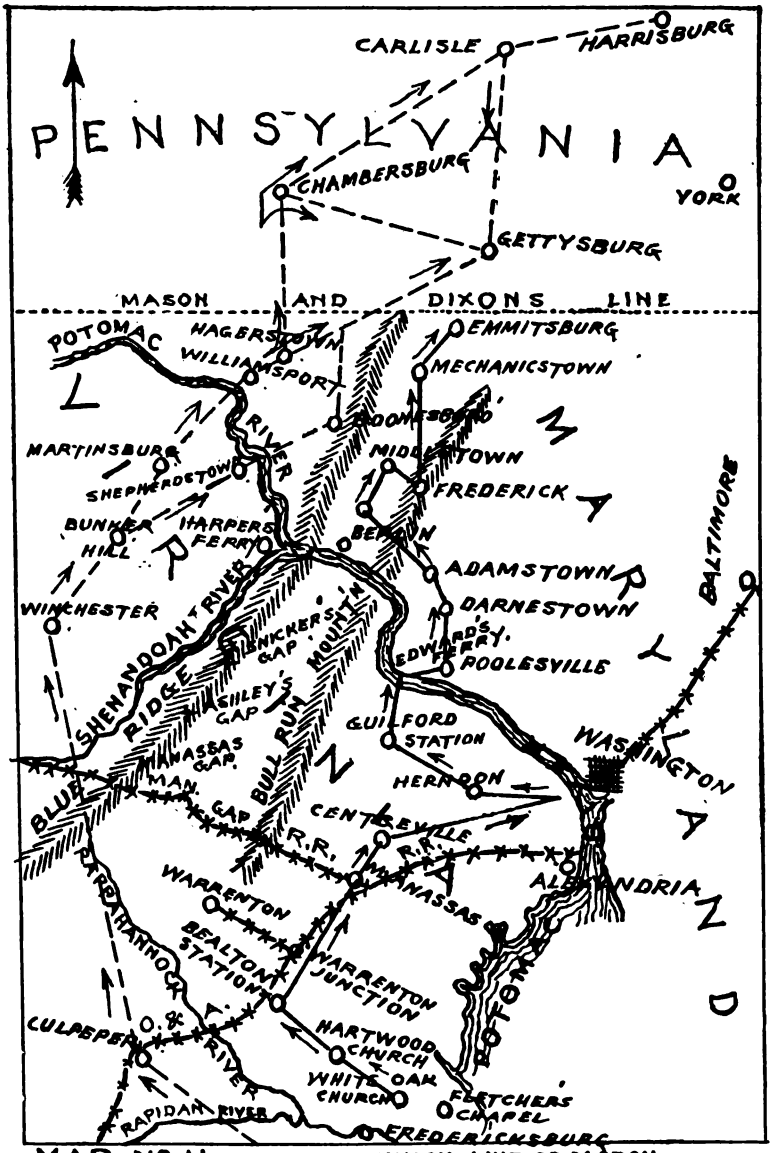

MAP No II - UNION LINE OF MARCH ——— REBEL " " " - - - -

THE AIR LINE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF THIS MAP IS ABT. 130 MILES.

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CHAPTER XI.

1863. We remained in camp in this vicinity until June 12. During this time the regiment was engaged in the usual camp routine of drills, reviews, inspection, and parades, besides doing our share of the picket duty along the north bank of the Rappahannock River, the enemy's pickets being on the south bank, within easy hearing distance.

On the 2d of May the regiment was transferred from the third to the second brigade in the same division under command of General Robinson; General Reynolds continuing in command of the First Army Corps. Our associates in the second brigade were the One Hundred and Fourth New York, the Sixteenth Maine, and the One Hundred and Seventh Pennsylvania regiments. The Eleventh Pennsylvania was subsequently transferred to the same brigade, to our very great pleasure. All this time active preparations were being made for another campaign, while we freely discussed the competency of generals, planned campaigns, and patiently waited for an order from Washington to take command of the army. As time rolled on, and the price of recruits advanced, we learned that the Government felt that we were doing too good a service in the ranks to be transferred to the head of an army. The wishes of the Government were not to be lightly set aside, so we continued to tote a knapsack and gun, though we yearned occasionally for the comfortable quarters of a major-general.

So much complaint was made about carrying out the order of March 21st, respecting the wearing of badges, that on the 12th of May General Hooker issued an order containing the following paragraphs:

The badges worn by the troops, when lost or torn off, must be immediately replaced.

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1863. Provost marshals will arrest as stragglers all other troops (but those designated as being without badges) found without badges, and return them to their commander under guard.

From this time on the corps badge was universally worn, and proved a great convenience, besides exciting a feeling of pride among the men.

From time to time fears were entertained at headquarters that the enemy were intending to cross the river, and orders were received to move, but were countermanded in season to prevent us from marching.

We received about this time a lot of books and pamphlets from home, collected by some kind friends who were not forgetful of our wants. They afforded us a good deal of pleasure, and helped to wear away the depression that we shared in common with the rest of the army at our recent defeats.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 50.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, FIRST ARMY CORPS, June 10, 1863.

1. Existing orders require a critical inspection of companies half an hour before dress parade, the object of which is to see that men are in a proper condition to go on parade, that the clothing and accoutrements are clean and in good order. At dress parade of ceremony, officers and men will be required to appear in uniform. Regimental commanders are reminded that white hats and butternut-colored sacks form no part of the prescribed dress of a soldier, and must not be worn on parade. Soldiers will be allowed to wear them on fatigue. The practice of wearing boots or stockings outside of pantaloons must be suppressed on parade.

By command of

GENERAL ROBINSON.

Friday, June 12. At 4 A.M. we broke camp and marched in a westerly direction via Stoneman's Switch on the road toward Bealton Station, following the Rappahannock River, and bivouacking at Deep Run, a distance of twenty-five miles. It was a scorching hot day, and the road was very dusty. It occasionally happened, through somebody's stupidity, that troops, by taking the wrong road, had their march considerably lengthened. This was one of those occasions; several miles of hard work were squandered in consequence of being misdirected. This kind of

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1863. foolishness does not sweeten the temper of a man who is working for $13 per month. "Let not the sun go down on your wrath," said Paul the Apostle. As the sun was already down when our wrath was excited, we had nearly twenty-four hours to spare before obeying this command.

A learned writer on the Holy Scriptures says: "It is acknowledged that neither the Apostles nor Fathers have absolutely condemned swearing, or the use of oaths, upon every occasion, and upon all subjects. There are circumstances wherein we cannot morally be excused from it; but we never ought to swear but upon urgent necessity, and to do some considerable good by it." According to our ideas, instances like the one just described justified a liberal use of "cuss words."

While we halted at noon to-day an ambulance was driven by us containing a man who was to be shot for desertion. The man belonged to one of the Union regiments, and during the winter deserted to the enemy. It appears that a detachment of Union troops while on picket saw a soldier in Union uniform acting rather suspiciously, as if he wished to get away unnoticed; whereupon he was headed off and captured by men of his own regiment, the Nineteenth Indiana. Under his blue uniform he was found to have a Confederate suit of gray. About him were found papers containing the numbers and locations of Union troops. He was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot, and was now on his way to take part in that rather unpleasant ceremony.

His corps was halted for an hour at Hartwood Church, where he was taken into a field, blindfolded and tied, seated on a box that was to be his coffin, and shot by a detail of twelve men. A certain number of the guns were loaded without ball in order to deceive the men into thinking that some other fellow's gun did the work. It is an unpleasant duty at best, but the circumstances, in this case, were particularly aggravating. When the unfortunate victim was launched into eternity, as the newspapers say, the drums were sounded and the bands struck up the liveliest airs; and while *his* soul went marching on, we marched on until we halted for the night, bivouacking in the same field where we stopped last November on our way from Rappa-

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1863. hannock Station. Some of the boys expressed a curiosity to know if it was as hot where the deserter had gone as it was here, where we were marching.

Saturday, June 13. In a cloud of dust we marched ten miles to Bealton Station, on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. The water was about as scarce as whiskey, and so bad that something ought to have been provided to kill the animalcula it contained.

Sunday, June 14. It was evident that an army must not be hampered by religious principles. We wondered if Miles Standish ever marched his army on Sundays. "In war there are no Sundays," as Daniel Webster once remarked.

We started promptly at 8 A.M., marching through Manassas Junction and Catlett's Station, near where we were stationed a year ago, and thence to Kettle Run, which place we reached at sunset and where we halted for an hour to cook coffee, then resumed our march, crossing Broad Run near Bristow Station, at the old mill, arriving at Manassas Junction at 3.30 A.M., a distance of twenty-three miles. All day long we were subjected to wearisome delays caused by obstructions in the road by wagons and artillery, fording brooks or crossing streams imperfectly bridged, until our patience was well-nigh exhausted. When the order was given to halt, the men dumped themselves on the damp grass, and went to sleep.

Monday, June 15. After five hours' rest we started again, marching eight miles to Centreville, which point we reached about noon, and where we remained until the 17th. The continued northerly direction we were pursuing began to excite the curiosity of the boys as to what was going on. As we were not in receipt of papers nor in the confidence of General Hooker, we could only make guesses. In the meantime we kept pegging on toward Boston, Mass., pumping all the people collected on the road-side as to the whereabouts of General Lee, or whether they had heard the war was over, or that General Washington was dead. "No, massa; don't know nuffin at all."

"You tell General Lee we'll be back in the fall, but just now we're going to Saratoga, where it's cooler."

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1863. "Yes, massa."

The thirst for information was so great about this time that the "camp gossips" put in a good lot of work, resulting in some of the most ridiculous yarns ever heard in the army.

We did have ocular proof to-day that Lee's army was marching north. When you see geese flying north, look out for warm weather; when you see rebels marching north, look out for warm fighting. The country was full of guerillas, and that enterprising cutthroat, Mosby, did a thriving business in capturing and mutilating the bodies of Union soldiers.

The First Corps had been acting thus far on our journey as rear guard to the army.

Tuesday, June 16. We remained quietly resting. The regimental sutler arrived in camp, and those of us who had money or credit proceeded at once to fill the aching void caused by short rations and hard work. We were serenaded by the band of the Thirty-third Massachusetts, a bit of politeness and consideration that we highly appreciated. It had a good effect on the boys, as good music always does. We would have liked mighty well to have asked the boys to "licker," but there was "no balm in Gilead."

During the day we received the rather startling intelligence that the Confederate army was in Maryland and prancing along toward a cooler climate, as though they liked it. Hooker informed us that "the enemy must leave his intrenchments and fight or ingloriously retreat," etc., and now he was 'way north of us. If Lee had lost his way, there was nothing for us to do but hunt him up and put him on the right track.

Wednesday, June 17. We celebrated the battle of Bunker Hill by turning out at 2 o'clock in the morning to prepare for marching. We got away by 3 and marched toward Chain Bridge, changing our direction before arrival at that point, and continued on to Herndon, a distance of sixteen miles. Our new brigadier-general was Gabriel R. Paul, whom the boys dubbed the "Apostle." He was a brave and excellent officer.

This was so hot a day that sixty men in the corps were sunstruck. The thermometer registered 100°.

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1863. Thursday, June 18. We struck tents in the morning, expecting orders to march; but no orders came, and so we laid quiet, putting in all the sleep we could, which was considerable, in spite of the burning heat of the sun, while General Lee was amusing himself in "Maryland, my Maryland."

Friday, June 19. Marched three miles to Guilford Station, on the Leesburg Railroad. Everything we could dispense with was now thrown away, even at the risk of getting in the same condition in which St. Thomas à Becket was found when he died, — lousy.

Guards were put on the fences to prevent our taking rails.

About half the regiment was put on picket, and were called in during the night, returning in a violent storm. Orders were countermanded, and back on picket went we. Noticing the guard had been taken off the fences, we "hooked" a lot of rails, which we carried along with us. "It is a sin to steal a pin, much more to steal a bigger thing." These rails were useful, as the streams were very much swollen by the rain, whereupon the rails were fastened together, and used as bridges.

The following was designated by the boys as "Paul's Epistle to his brigade:"

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 41.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION, FIRST A. C.
June 22, 1863.

I. In order to ensure uniformity, no words of command or forms of parade, "not prescribed in the General Regulations or in Casey's tactics," will be allowed in the regiments of this brigade.

II. It is expected at guard mounting and on parade and reviews the officers and enlisted men will be neatly dressed, and their accoutrements put on in a soldier-like manner. On parades pioneers will be in the ranks with their respective companies.

The color guard will consist of one sergeant and five corporals, who will be selected for accuracy in marching and soldier-like deportment. The companies being numbered from right to left, the first sergeants, when they report the results of the roll-call, will say in a quick, firm tone, "First company all present," or "Second company three absent," and so on as the case may be.

III. Sentinels will not be permitted to sit, read, or talk on post, or to bring

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1863. their pièces to the order. They will habitually walk their post, watching vigilantly and allowing no infractions of orders.

By command of

G. R. PAUL,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

"And God wrought special miracles by the hand of Paul."

We remained at Guilford Station until June 25, engaged in such light amusements as dress parades and brigade drills, sandwiched with a liberal allowance of guard duty.

Thursday, June 25. Information reached General Hooker that General Lee had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and Shepherdstown, whereupon the First Corps was put in motion, and we crossed the river into Maryland at Edward's Ferry. Thence we marched through Poolsville, where we spent a rainy night on Sept. 6, 1861, and then to Barnesville, where we halted for the night, having marched about twenty miles.

We were about the first troops of the Army of the Potomac to cross the river. Some idea of the situation of the two armies, with relation to Gettysburg, may be obtained by bearing in mind that Shepherdstown was twenty-four miles in an air line north-west from our camp-ground of last night, and Williamsport thirty-six miles in the same direction, as may be seen on referring to the map accompanying this chapter. Williamsport was thirty-five miles from Gettysburg, while Shepherdstown was forty-one miles. Our camp-ground at Guilford Station was sixty-five miles from Gettysburg, thirty miles farther away than Williamsport, where Lee was reported to be. From Fredericksburg to the Potomac River the rebel army had marched a greater distance than ours. They had an unobstructed road, with a purpose in view; while we were constantly delayed, not only from our uncertainty of their movements, but the constant hindrance of our wagon trains, which blocked the roads for hours. It was impossible to move faster than the wagon train could go, as it would not do to leave our supplies behind to be captured by Mosby or Stuart.

They had, while in Virginia, a great advantage over us in this respect, as they could depend on the friendly hospitality of the coun-

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1863. try, while we were obliged not only to carry our supplies, but to protect them. When moving in the opposite direction, toward Richmond, we were leaving our base of supplies while they were returning to theirs.

We were now back in Maryland among the people we met in the summer of 1861. It seemed pleasant once more to see smiling faces and to be greeted with friendly words. The Union people of Maryland were very much disturbed as to what might happen if Lee was successful in his invasion of the Northern States. As we marched northward, the feeling took possession of us that we were now about to fight for *our* homes, and the impending battle would be one of intensity, though we were all in the dark as to where it might be fought. These people, whose friendly hospitality we had enjoyed two years before, were now in danger, and they looked to the Union army for protection, and without doubt this feeling had an influence in the events that followed.

On General Lee's previous excursion into Maryland, during the Antietam campaign, he issued the following circular to the people of that State. There is no evidence in the War Records that he treated the people of Pennsylvania with such an appeal. Possibly he thought it was unnecessary. It is interesting as a curiosity, if nothing more.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
NEAR FREDERICKTOWN, MD., Sept. 8th, 1862.

To the People of Maryland:

It is right that you should know the purpose that brought the army under my command within the limits of your State, so far as the purpose concerns yourselves. The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties. They have seen with profound indignation their sister State deprived of every right, and reduced to the condition of a conquered province. Under the pretence of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned upon no charge and contrary to all forms of law. The faithful and manly protest against this outrage made by the venerable and illustrious Marylander, to whom in better days no citizen appealed for right in vain, was treated with scorn and contempt; the government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of

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1863. its members; freedom of the press and of speech has been suppressed; words have been declared offences by an arbitrary decree of the Federal Executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by a military commission for what they may dare to speak. Believing that the people of Maryland possessed a spirit too lofty to submit to such a government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore independence and sovereignty to your State. In obedience to this wish, an army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been despoiled.

This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission so far as you are concerned. No constraint upon your free will is intended; no intimidation will be allowed within the limits of this army, at least. Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you, and will protect all, of every opinion. It is for you to decide your destiny freely and without constraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be; and while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free will.

R. E. LEE,
General Commanding.

"*Throwing off this foreign yoke*" is good.

Friday, June 26. At 6 A.M. we marched over the Catoctin mountains to Adamstown, through Greenfield's Mill, across Monocacy River, and thence to Jefferson, a distance of eighteen miles, through the rain and mud. The route was circuitous, owing to a change made in the direction of our march, by orders from headquarters.

Saturday, June 27. Marched to a mile beyond Middletown, a distance of eight miles for the day. As we passed through Middletown we were greeted with the same kindly hospitality we met with on our previous marches through this town.

The resignation of General Hooker, which is quoted in full, was accepted by the President:

SANDY HOOK, June 27, 1 P.M.

MAJ.-GEN. H. W. HALLECK, *General-in-Chief:*

My original instructions require me to cover Harper's Ferry and Washington. I have now imposed upon me, in addition, an enemy in my front of more than my number. I beg to be understood, respectfully and firmly, that I am unable to comply with this condition with the means at my disposal, and earnestly request that I may at once be relieved from the position I occupy.

JOSEPH HOOKER,
Major-General.

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1863. In accordance with the terms of the following communication, General Meade was placed at the head of the Army of the Potomac:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, D.C., June 27, 1863.

MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE G. MEADE, *Army of the Potomac:*

GENERAL: You will receive with this the order of the President placing you in command of the Army of the Potomac. Considering the circumstances, no one ever received a more important command, and I cannot doubt that you will fully justify the confidence which the Government has reposed in you.

You will not be hampered by any minute instructions from these headquarters. Your army is free to act as you may deem proper under the circumstances as they arise. You will, however, keep in view the important fact that the Army of the Potomac is the covering army of Washington, as well as the army of operation against the invading forces of the rebels. You will, therefore, manœuvre and fight in such a manner as to cover the capital and also Baltimore, as far as circumstance will admit. Should General Lee move upon either of these places, it is expected that you will either anticipate him or arrive with him so as to give him battle.

All forces within the sphere of your operations will be held subject to your orders.

Harper's Ferry and its garrison are under your direct orders.

You are authorized to remove from your command, and to send from your army, any officer or other person you may deem proper, and to appoint to command as you may deem expedient.

In fine, General, you are intrusted with all the power and authority which the President, Secretary of War, or the General-in-Chief can confer on you, and you may rely upon our full support.

You will keep me fully informed of all your movements, and the positions of your own troops and those of the enemy, so far as you know.

I shall always be ready to advise and assist you to the utmost of my ability.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

Sunday, June 28. Marched over the mountain to Frederick City, a distance of ten miles. These familiar scenes raised the spirits of the regiment very high, and the old war songs were sung with a fervor we hadn't felt for a long time.

The colonel announced to the regiment that General Meade was to take command of the Army of the Potomac in place of General

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1863. Hooker, removed; adding, jocosely, "that we needn't be discouraged, as we all might yet receive the same honor."

Monday, June 29. We made a forced march of twenty-six miles to Emmitsburg, passing through the town and camping about a mile beyond, on the Fairfax road. It rained all day, and many of the men were obliged to march barefoot for want of shoes.

The inhabitants brought to the roadside bread, milk, cheese, and other eatables, which they freely dispensed to us as we passed along. To be the recipients of such kindness from the people had a great effect in enlivening the spirits of the boys.

While halting at Mechanicsville, a farmer and his wife were seated in a wagon loaded with bread which they tossed to the hungry soldiers, his wife sobbing and bemoaning the terrible fate that awaited us. "Oh, boys, you don't know what's before you. I'm afraid many of ye'll be dead or mangled soon, for Lee's whole army is ahead of ye and there'll be terrible fighting." One of our officers jumped on to the wagon to help the farmer, shouting, "Walk up, boys, and get your rations! Bread and tears, tears and bread," while he tossed the loaves about. "Who takes another?" The boys, undismayed by the old lady's prophetic words, shouted their thanks, with "God bless you, old lady!" and rousing cheers for the old gentleman.

The people in the town of Emmitsburg were jubilant at sight of the troops, whom they greeted with great cordiality. Without regard to rank, everybody on horseback was greeted with "Three cheers for the 'general'!" which were given with a will.

There was an irrepressible spirit of levity in the Thirteenth, and presumably in other regiments, as there is no patent on the animal spirits of young men. If there was any fun to be had, it was soon found. Toward the last of our service it was hard pickings, but still there was some one to excite laughter by a quaint saying, an apt nickname, or innocent joke, to relieve the strain and monotony of our daily lives. We were just as likely to get our fun out of a major-general as we were out of ourselves. The dignity and importance that hedged a general never affected us in the least. Every oppor-

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1863. tunity to ridicule or criticise the doings of an officer outside the regiment was taken advantage of by the wits and the growlers, to excite mirth or ridicule. We were never quite satisfied with ourselves if we failed in fastening a nickname on a general officer, particularly if he was a martinet, or if he presented some peculiarity of manner or dress that suggested a name. One officer was called "Old Crummy," another "Butter and Cheese," another the "Apostle," and still another "Old Bowels." Nicknames were so common among ourselves that few of the boys escaped without one.

General Abercombie said we were "a d——d impertinent lot, fit only for the guard-house," and from his point of view perhaps he was justified in saying so. His temper had such a beautiful feather edge that the boys, with the thoughtlessness of youth, couldn't resist the temptation of stirring him up just to hear him swear. If he had been a man of calm and equable temper he would have escaped our notice.

Just as soon as a lot of boys discover that a man takes notice of their gibes the fun begins. You might as well stir up a hornets' nest as to notice the remarks of young boys, as every sensible person knows. We had no intention of being insubordinate, yet our conversation was often loud enough to be heard by a passing officer, as happened to-day on our march to Emmitsburg, while General Robinson and his staff were sitting on a piazza taking a rest as we went by. There was no impropriety in their doing so, and really nothing to complain of. The boys themselves were tired out with days of constant marching, and as we passed the house where these officers were so comfortably sitting, one of the boys remarked with a rather loud voice, "How they must suffer!" Shortly after, one of the general's staff approached our colonel and in a very excited manner said, "Colon*el*, your men have insulted ze gener*al*."

"My men?"

"Yes, colon*el*, your men have insulted ze gener*al*."

"In what way?"

"Zay said, 'How zay must suffer!'"

"Well, don't they suffer?" said the colonel.

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1863. "I will go back and zay that *you* have insulted ze gener*al*."

General Robinson was too sensible a man to bother with the remarks of tired soldiers. So long as the men made good time in their marching, he was quite willing they should relieve their feelings, even at his expense, and we never thought any worse of General Robinson, who was an estimable officer, for taking the rest he must have needed.

It was part of our daily life to form and express opinions about matters and persons, and woe betide the officer who was silly enough to notice them. In dealing with children or soldiers, which is the same thing, it doesn't pay to have your hearing or your eyesight too keen.

Tuesday, June 30. About 10 A.M. we marched back through Emmitsburg, meeting the Eleventh Corps on our way, which caused us a good deal of delay. We passed through the town out upon the Gettysburg road about two miles, near Marsh Creek, where we halted and stacked arms, it being asserted that the enemy was between us and Gettysburg.

It having rained every day except Sunday since we crossed the river, the roads were consequently very muddy.

The Eleventh Corps had been keeping along with us, but the remainder of the army we had not seen. We enjoyed the marching very much, in spite of our fatigue. Day after day we were met on the way by women in front of their homes with pails of fresh water, milk, bread, cake, and pies, which they freely distributed among us.

The following order by General Meade was this day read to the army:

> The enemy are upon our soil. The whole country now looks anxiously to this army to deliver it from the presence of the foe. Our failure to do so will leave us no such welcome as the swelling of millions of hearts with pride and joy at our success would give to every soldier of this army. Homes, firesides, and domestic altars are involved.
>
> Corps commanders are authorized to order the instant death of any soldier who fails in his duty at this hour.

If there was any man in the army who remained unaffected by the

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1863. words of confidence and reliance that had been showered upon us by the loyal people of Maryland, whose generous hospitality had met us at every turn of the road, perhaps the closing paragraph of this order might arouse his sluggish nature to duty. The fact is that the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac needed no incentive of this kind; it had fought desperately before, when success would have been achieved if the skill of its commanders had been equal to the valor of the men.

When we were dismissed, the merits of this circular were freely discussed, and the boys were pretty generally of the opinion that the sting conveyed in the closing paragraph was undeserved and unnecessary to an army with a record for fighting such as the Army of the Potomac had won. Later on, the boys thought it would be rather a good idea for the rank and file to issue a manifesto to the commander, expressing the hope that he would show more ability and judgment than his predecessors had shown when conducting a great battle, and above all, avoid issuing appeals or circulars reflecting the slightest doubt on the courage of the men. "*Nelson expects every man to do his duty!*" were the only words of that great commander to his men, and they did their duty and did it nobly. It is often within the power of a commander to inspire his men to great deeds by words of confidence in their courage and ability, — not by intimidation.

The First Corps was composed, like other corps, of three divisions; each division taking its turn in marching at the head of the column, as brigades also do in their respective divisions.

The First, Third, and Fifth Corps were under the immediate command of General Reynolds. The First was at Marsh Creek, the Eleventh at Emmitsburg, and the Third at Taneytown, under orders to relieve the Eleventh Corps at Emmitsburg.

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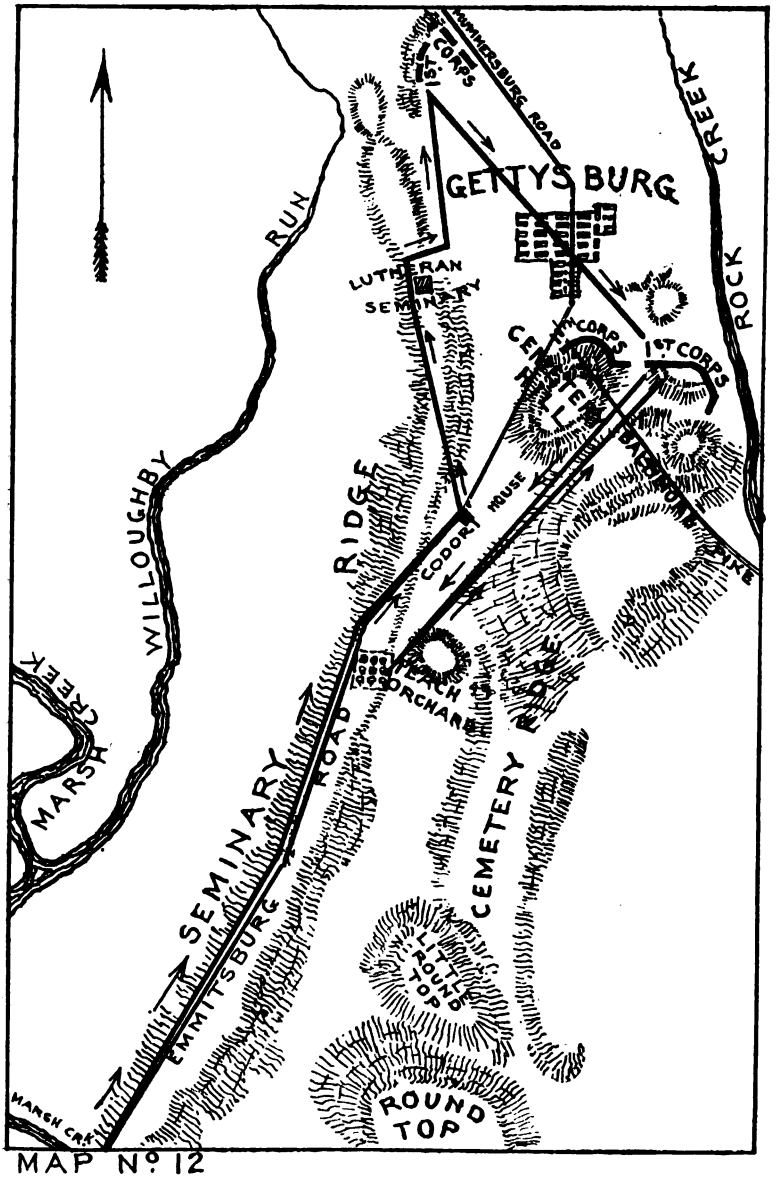
GETTYSBURG
RUN
WILLOUGHBY
CREEK
MARSH
SEMINARY
RIDGE
ROAD
EMMITSBURG
MARSH CRK
LUTHERAN
SEMINARY
1ST CORPS
11TH CORPS
1ST CORPS
CEMETERY
HILL
HARNEY
HOUSE
COOPER
PEACH
ORCHARD
CEMETERY
RIDGE
LITTLE
ROUND
TOP
ROUND
TOP
ROCK
CREEK

MAP No. 12

CHAPTER XII.

1863. Wednesday, July 1. ACCORDING to the official report of our adjutant, we started from the camp at Marsh Creek at 6 A.M. for Gettysburg, under no pressure of haste.

One could scarcely imagine a more peaceful scene than this lovely valley through which the road wound its way to Gettysburg. The slight shower which we encountered shortly after starting, disappeared, having washed the dust from every blade of grass and from the leaves of every tree; the sun shone brightly and the air was fragrant with woodland odors. On either side of the road were thrifty farms, whose ample crops had already begun to show the effects of the summer sun.

As we approached the town of Gettysburg, we saw on our right the two round tops, as yet unknown to fame, though soon to be inscribed on the indelible page of history; while still farther along we passed the "peach orchard" where the Third Corps so bravely fought on the following day.

As the brigade moved leisurely along, the Thirteenth on the right, we at last came in sight of the church-steeples of Gettysburg to the north of us, when we halted near a house for a rest, the men scattering themselves on the grass or searching for water, as their comfort suggested. During this time the sound of firing was plainly heard from beyond the town, but as yet we knew not what it meant. Presently a staff officer came galloping up in great haste, making anxious inquiries for General Robinson, and with great excitement gave orders to hurry forward all troops. Immediately "*Attention!*" and "*Fall in*" were heard all along the road, and without delay we started for the front in quick time.

Within a mile of the town, not far from the Codori house, we turned from the road, pursuing a northwesterly course across the

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1863. fields, afterwards made famous by Pickett's charge, to the westerly side of the Lutheran Seminary on Seminary Ridge, where we arrived about 11 o'clock, immediately forming in line of battle facing to the west, while the first division of the corps was already engaged near the Mummasburg road to the north of us. As we approached the Seminary, news was received that General Reynolds was killed, whereupon we involuntarily quickened our step. By an order from General Doubleday we proceeded at once, with vigor and haste, to throw up earthworks, which became very useful to others before the day was over.

While we were on Seminary Ridge, spent cannon-balls could occasionally be seen rolling slowly along the earth from the battle-ground to the north of us. Such a sight was common enough during battles, as every soldier knows, and once in a while a man was seen who was foolish enough to try stopping one. While we were busy with our earthworks, such an incident happened close to us. One of our officers saw a soldier of a Wisconsin regiment, with great glee, boldly put out his heel to stop a ball that was rolling toward him, supposing it to be the easiest thing in the world to do. Those who saw his purpose yelled with all their might; but it was too late, for when their remonstrances reached his ear his leg was off. The poor fellow cried like a child to think he had lost his leg in such a manner, when, as he said, he would gladly have lost it in action. It was pitiable to see his grief as he exclaimed, "I shall always be ashamed to say how I lost it." It is so difficult for a person unacquainted with the fact to appreciate the latent force in a cannon-ball as it rolls innocently along the ground, that old soldiers took pains to caution new recruits about the danger of attempting to stop one with the foot.

In about half an hour after our arrival on Seminary Ridge, orders were received to move to the front, whereupon we filed round the front of the building, then east a short distance to the bed of an unfinished railroad, then north and north-west to an oak grove near the Mummasburg road, where we were faced, at first, to the north-west in line of battle. As we came into position we saw the rebel line advancing by brigades formed *en masse*. The work of our division now

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1863. began in earnest. Firing as rapidly as possible we drove the enemy back, while we slowly advanced toward the Mummasburg road. Each time the enemy advanced we drove him back, while up and down the line officers were encouraging the men, while the men themselves cautioned each other not to fire too high, but make every shot tell. On our left the rebels were seen coming down the slope, while on our right flank came another fire, to meet which we faced more to the north, leaving the troops on the left to take care of the enemy on that flank. The Eleventh Corps had just arrived. Forming on our right, it left a dangerous interval of nearly half a mile between its left and our right. We now began to have our hands full of work. About this time a charge was ordered, but luckily abandoned before our weakness was shown. Pretty soon a rebel brigade advanced and charged into the road in front of us, which was a sunken one, and we let them have it in good shape as they ascended the bank nearest us. They tried to get back to the other side of the road, but they were in a pocket, and we had them at our mercy. "Give it to 'em for Fredericksburg!" shouted some one, whereupon they threw up their hats to stop firing, and the Thirteenth bagged one hundred and thirty-two prisoners, including seven commissioned officers, all belonging to a North Carolina regiment. We had no time to lose, for along came another line outnumbering any of the preceding ones. An officer in our rear was shouting for us to hold on as long as we could, while on our right the Eleventh Corps were making tracks to the rear, leaving the flank of the First Corps, of which we were the flanking regiment, unprotected. So many men had fallen that our line looked ridiculously small to be contending with the large army corps now approaching us. The only thing we could do was to stand still and fire, though the rebel batteries were now getting in their work and making it very uncomfortable for the First Corps, already nearly gone to pieces.

Still no orders came to leave, nor were we reënforced. It was now four o'clock and our ammunition nearly gone — in some cases all gone; General Paul, our brigadier, was shot through both eyes, while the dead lay all about us. As we glanced to our left we saw one division after another breaking away and making for Cemetery Hill; we saw

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1863. . the end was near and fell back towards the hill, each man for himself, it being impracticable to do otherwise without losing still more men. The order was given to rally on Cemetery Hill. While some of the boys fell back along the railroad cut, others went directly through the town to the hill. Those who went through the town were obliged to run the gauntlet of the side streets, already filled with the men of Ewell's corps, who were endeavoring, with artillery and musketry, to prevent our escaping. We saw at once that we had stayed at the front a little too long for our safety. Some of us were to be gobbled and sent to rot in rebel prisons. Over fences, into yards, through gates, anywhere an opening appeared, we rushed with all our speed to escape capture. The streets swarmed with the enemy, who kept up an incessant firing, and yelling, "Come in here, you Yankee —— —— ——!" Still we kept on, hoping to find a chance of escape somewhere.

The great trouble was to know where to run, for every street seemed to be occupied by the "rebs," and we were in imminent danger of running into their arms before we knew it. There was no time to consider; we must keep moving and take our chances; so on we went until at last, completely blown, we reached the hill now occupied by the batteries of the Eleventh Corps. In spite of our efforts, ninety-eight of the Thirteenth were captured. We appreciate how easy it oftentimes is to be taken prisoner, and frequently men have taken advantage of opportunities thus afforded to escape fighting; but whoever ran the gauntlet of Gettysburg can be relieved of any stigma of this kind.

Here we saw the division color-bearer standing alone. Some of the boys then took the flag, and waving it in turn, shouting and swinging their caps, soon succeeded in establishing the division headquarters.

While this was going on, others of the boys went actively to work bringing rails or digging, until we had a well-formed rifle-pit in readiness to again meet the enemy's attack; but we remained undisturbed during the night. It was now between 6 and 7 o'clock, and we had eaten nothing since early morning, so we munched away on our hardtack. Worn out with fatigue and excitement, many of

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1863. the boys dropped off to sleep at once, insensible to the firing that was going on at our right, near Culp's Hill. As the Eleventh Corps had done less work than the First, it was sent out on the picket line. About dusk our hearts were gladdened by the approach of Stannard's Vermont brigade of five regiments, each a thousand strong. To our delighted vision it seemed like a great army, and brought vividly to our minds the time when we were a thousand strong, now, alas! a mere handful of men. As they approached, Colonel Dick Coulter, of the Eleventh Pennsylvania, now commanding the brigade, remarked: "If those fellows will fight as we do, we'll give the Johnnies hell to-morrow;" and they did fight well.

From now until long after midnight, brigade after brigade, corps after corps, came marching in to take its position on Cemetery Hill.

In the meantime we lay down to sleep, insensible to the tramp and clatter of an approaching army.

A mile away to the west, on Seminary Ridge, were the wounded of the First Corps, in the hands of the enemy.

Of the two hundred and eighty-four men and officers we took into the fight, only ninety-nine now remained for duty, the casualties being seven killed and eighty wounded, a total of eighty-seven. In addition to this number ninety-eight men were taken prisoners on their way back through the town.

The following letter of instructions was sent to General Reynolds on the 1st of July, and was probably the last he received from General Meade, and is interesting to us in settling definitely all the theories as to what his instructions were:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 1, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL REYNOLDS, *Commanding, etc., Gettysburg:*

GENERAL: The telegraphic intelligence received from General Couch, with the various movements reported from Buford, seem to indicate the concentration of the enemy either at Chambersburg or at a point situated somewhere on a line drawn between Chambersburg and York, through Mummasburg and to the north of Gettysburg.

The commanding general cannot decide whether it is his best policy to move to attack until he learns something more definite of the point at which the enemy is

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1863. concentrating. This he hopes to do during the day. Meanwhile he would like to have your views on the subject, at least as far as concerns your position. If the enemy is concentrating to the right of Gettysburg, that point would not at first glance seem to be a proper strategic point of concentration for the enemy.

If the enemy is concentrating in front of Gettysburg or to the left of it, the general is not sufficiently well-informed of the nature of the country to judge of the character for either an offensive or defensive position. The numbers of the enemy are estimated at 92,000 infantry, with 270 pieces of artillery, and his cavalry from 6,000 to 8,000. Our numbers ought to equal it, and with the arrival of General French's command, which should get up to-morrow, exceed it, if not too much weakened by straggling and fatigue.

The General having just assumed command, in obedience to orders, with the position of affairs leaving no time to learn the condition of the army as to *morale* and proportionate strength compared with its last return, would gladly receive from you any suggestions as to the points laid down in this note. He feels that you know more of the condition of the troops in your vicinity and the country than he does. General Humphreys, who is at Emmitsburg with the Third Corps, the General considers an excellent adviser as to the nature of the country for offensive or defensive operations. If near enough to call him to consultation with you, without interference with the responsibilities that devolve upon you both, please do so. You have all the information that the General has received, and the General would like to have your views. The movement of your corps to Gettysburg was ordered before the positive knowledge of the enemy's withdrawal from Harrisburg and concentration was received.

Very respectfully, etc.,

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant General.

(Copy to Major-General Howard.)

It is no disparagement to the men of the First Corps who gave up their lives to-day, when we say the bravest of all was Gen. John F. Reynolds, our commander. His loss to the Army of the Potomac was very great, and must have been keenly felt by Meade, whose confidence he had more completely than any other officer under him, and upon whose judgment and advice he would, very likely, have relied. To the men of his corps, whose admiration for him was enthusiastic and devoted, his loss seems irreparable.

During our service there were two officers who excited in us an affectionate devotion, — General Hartsuff and General Reynolds. It is difficult to describe the kind of personal magnetism which these

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1863. men, so much alike in many respects, possessed. They were both disciplinarians of the strictest kind, making no effort to gain our good-will by clap-trap or humbug, reserved and cold in their manners, requiring prompt and implicit obedience, yet each had acquired the most perfect control over his men — that kind of control which prompts men to willingly obey orders without hesitation, deeming it an honor to have been called upon. No danger or duty was considered too great to undertake under their leadership. To the First Corps, General Reynolds was the *beau ideal* of a soldier. His great abilities and his bravery the world has acknowledged and expressed its admiration therefor, but the love we had for him is beyond expression.

The following tribute to General Reynolds was written by Count de Paris and published in his history of the battle of Gettysburg, and will be read with pleasure by every man who had the honor to serve in the First Corps:

Reynolds was undoubtedly the most remarkable man among all the officers that the Army of the Potomac saw fall on the battlefield during the four years of its existence; and Meade could say of him that he was the noblest and bravest of them all. A graduate of West Point, he had early distinguished himself in that Mexican army which was destined to become the nursery of the staff-officers both North and South. His former comrades, who had become either his colleagues or his adversaries, held him in the greatest estimation on account of his military talents, for under a cold exterior he concealed an ardent soul; and it was not the slowness, but rather the clearness, of his judgment that enabled him to preserve his coolness at the most critical moments. The confidence he inspired, alike in his inferiors, his equals, and his commanders, would no doubt soon have distinguished him for the command of one of the Union armies. It would have been a fortunate thing for the cause he was serving with devotion and earnestness without having ever sought to elicit appreciation of his merits. His untimely death — he was forty-three years old — was not without some benefit to that cause, for by making a vigorous fight in the battle, which cost him his life, he secured the possession of Cemetery Hill to the Army of the Potomac, against which the full tide of Southern invasion broke. We will cite, in conclusion, as the most beautiful homage paid to character, the unanimous regrets of the inhabitants of Fredericksburg, of which town he had been the military governor, who, although passionately devoted to the cause of the South, mourned him as if he had been one of their own people.

On the first day of July, 1888, just twenty-five years after the events described, near the same spot where General Reynolds was

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1863. killed, a group of survivors of the First Corps, and others, assembled to pay tribute to his memory. General James A. Beaver, then Governor of Pennsylvania, who was an officer in the Second Corps in July, 1863, was invited to deliver an address of welcome. In his remarks he paid the following compliment to the First Corps, and tribute to General Reynolds:

Standing on this spot, in full sight of the place where Reynolds fell, looking out upon the battlefield which was occupied by the First Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac, just twenty-five years ago to-day, the obvious thought which comes to every thinking man — the thought which is in the mind of many unspoken — is this: "If Hooker's tactics had been as grand as his strategy, there would have been no Gettysburg, and Reynolds would not have fallen here. If the battle of Chancellorsville had been fought as the army was ready to fight it, the Confederate forces would not have crossed the Potomac, and Pennsylvania's soil would not have drank the blood of martyred dead. These "ifs" which come to us unbidden are human; they are finite; they come of finite thought; they come from finite minds. There are no "ifs" in God's economy. The battle of Chancellorsville was not to be won. The Potomac was to be crossed by the forces which came to Pennsylvania on a hostile errand. The battle of Gettysburg was to be fought; the First Corps was to do the greatest fighting of that battle; Reynolds was to fall just where he did. The First Corps was to deploy its lines; its flanks were to be enveloped; it was to be opposed by four times its numbers; it was to lose three-fourths of the forces engaged, because that was the purpose and plan of the Almighty. And let me say to you, my friends, that when the measure of this generation has been filled, when the men that fought at Gettysburg, the men who shed blood at Gettysburg, the men who made the battlefield of Gettysburg historic and immortal — when those men are all dead, the hero of this fight, the man whose career and whose reputation and whose glory all might covet, is the man whose monument stands yonder, and who fell on this battlefield. When the history of this battlefield has been studied, when the devotion which was given to the country on this field has been fully measured, it will be found that the first day's fight, particularly by the First Corps, was (and I believe it is conceded now by those who have studied it) the grandest fight of the war, and led to the most important results of the war. Coming into this field with little more than eight thousand men, met by at least three times that number, with its right flank and its left flank both enveloped by the Confederate line, longer by a half a mile than it was, that devoted corps stood in front of the battle exhausting its ammunition, firing its last shot, and leaving on the field or in the hands of the enemy three-fourths of the entire number engaged. You look in vain through the history of our war, of any war, of all wars, for devotion like that — for success like that; and it is not too much to say that the success of that first day made the success of succeeding days possible.

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1863. Thursday, July 2. By reason of our hard work of yesterday, we were to-day held in reserve. It often happens that this kind of duty turns out to be more arduous than being stationed in line of battle, inasmuch as you may be called upon to march to any point that needs strengthening, as it happened with us on this particular day.

Upon waking in the morning, we found everything astir with excitement and preparation. Thousands of troops had gathered during the night, presenting a formidable appearance in the gray morning light. As we were gazing about, a party of officers were seen approaching, among whom was General Hancock. Some of the boys, regardless of danger, were exposing themselves on top and at the sides of the earthworks that we built last night, when, in a mild, pleasant voice, General Hancock said, "Keep down, boys; that is the way with you Massachusetts boys — too much d——d curiosity; keep down!'

In the afternoon, as Sickles' corps was being pushed back at the peach orchard, our division was sent hurriedly to his support. Before we reached him it had grown so dark that the smoke and fire from the rebel artillery looked like sheets of flame. While we were formed in line, marching brigade front, a shell exploded in the midst of an adjoining regiment, knocking over a dozen men. As the rebel infantry were being driven back at the moment of our arrival, our services became unnecessary, and later in the evening we returned to Cemetery Hill to support Ricketts' and Wiedrick's batteries, which were being charged by the Louisiana Tigers. We were thrown in the front of these guns, with orders to hug the ground as closely as possible while the batteries fired over us. There is no more trying situation for a soldier than to be lying down in front of a battery. He is only a few yards in front of the guns, and the concussion from each discharge seems to travel up his spinal column to the top of his head. The noise is terrible and appalling. The testimony of men who have undergone such an experience is, that they endure more mental suffering than when standing in line of battle. You are being constantly pelted with the packings, as they become dislodged from the shells when they leave the muzzle of the gun. These pieces

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1863. are not dangerous, though they often make an uncomfortable contusion, the size of a walnut, if they hit you. If a piece strikes you on the head you will think, as the boy did, that "you might as well be killed as scared to death."

All the afternoon we listened to the sound of battle at our right on Culp's Hill, dreading defeat and another retreat. It made us sick at heart to think of what might occur in such an event, and glad we were when night came and put a temporary stop to the fighting. Evidently we had not held our own at this point.

So far as exposure to danger is concerned, our division may be said to have had very good luck. There was hard fighting, at different points, all day, and even into the night, without apparently any advantage having been gained by the Union army. During our absence to the left of the line, where we were sent to help the Third Corps, there was hard fighting at Cemetery Hill, and by the time we got back the fighting was practically over at that point; so we escaped loss in both instances. At the council of corps commanders held on this day the following questions were asked:

1. Under existing circumstances, is it advisable for this army to remain in its present position or to retire to another nearer its base of supplies?
2. It being determined to remain in present position, shall the army attack or wait the attack of the enemy?
3. If an attack, how long?

REPLIES.

GIBBON:

1. Correct position of the army, but would not retreat.
2. In no condition to attack, in his opinion.

WILLIAMS:

1. Stay.
2. Wait attack.
3. One day.

BRINEY:

Same as General Williams.

SYKES:

Same as General Williams.

NEWTON:

1. Correct position of army, but would not retreat.
2. By all means not attack.
3. If we attack, it will give them a chance to cut our line.

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HOWARD:

1. Remain.
2. Wait attack until 4 P.M. to-morrow.
3. If don't attack, attack them.

HANCOCK:

1. Rectify position without moving so as to give up field.
2. Not attack unless our communications are cut.
3. Can't wait long; can't be idle.

SEDGWICK:

1. Remain and wait attack at least one day.

SLOCUM:

1. Stay and fight it out.

1863. Friday, July 3. At daylight we found ourselves in front of the batteries on Cemetery Hill facing the town; an uncomfortable position on account of the sharpshooters who were posted in houses fronting the hill, and, like the man at the Donnybrook Fair, wherever they saw a head, were there to hit it.

Soon after daylight we received what, for the moment, seemed a very singular order. At a given signal we were to rush from our position in front to the rear of the batteries with as much confusion and zigzagging as possible, the purpose being to confuse the enemy and to prevent the men becoming a mark for the sharpshooters. The movement was made so suddenly that it was all over before the enemy had time to recover from their surprise. It was always gratifying to the rank and file to see a ray of intelligence exhibited, even in a general officer.

We were now held in reserve, in readiness to be sent at once to any part of the lines that might need strengthening. As a lull had occurred in the fighting, a good many of the boys occupied the time in sleep, while some visited officers, and friends in other regiments, swapping gossip, etc.

About 1 o'clock the silence was suddenly broken by the discharge of signal-guns by the enemy. Immediately following this was the continuous discharge of one hundred and thirty-eight pieces of artillery, answered by eighty pieces of our own, making a roar such as the world has rarely heard.

The air was full of projectiles, while bursting shells were carrying

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1863. havoc among supply-trains, ambulances, and reserve batteries, the men in the meanwhile hurrying for shelter behind the slightest elevation of ground. It seemed to rain shells.

During this excitement our division, under General Robinson, was removed from its exposed position to the north-east side of Cemetery Hill, where it was placed in support of some batteries at that point. It seemed like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, so far as danger was concerned, as we were now facing the sharpshooters and pickets on that side, who were swarming behind fences and stone walls, making it lively for the gunners in our rear. We sheltered ourselves as well as we could by hugging the ground or taking advantage of any object that would stop or ward off a bullet. It was a hard place, inasmuch as it was impossible for us to do any firing, situated as we were. While we were lying here our artillery all along the line suddenly stopped firing, exciting in us grave apprehensions of failure and retreat. In fifteen minutes or more they began again, and shortly we were ordered to hasten to the support of the Second Corps, now engaged in repulsing Pickett's charge. We ran along the crest of the hill amid a continued shower of rebel shell, while the noise was increased by musketry-firing and the shouting and yelling of troops on both sides. Our speed was retarded by the broken caissons, gun-carriages, and other *débris*, and also the bodies of men and horses lying dead or wounded, many of the latter crawling or limping to hospitals in the rear.

During the movement, an incident happened to show the hard luck that followed a gallant regiment. The Sixteenth Maine, during the first day's fight, was assigned the very difficult duty of holding on and delaying, if possible, the advance of the enemy until the rest of the division could get to the rear; and it did its work bravely and with great credit to itself, its colonel and most of the men being taken prisoners in the endeavor. The remnant of about twenty men that escaped were just ahead of us as we double-quicked along the ridge. Suddenly a Whitworth shell from one of the enemy's batteries exploded in their midst, and it seemed to us, as we hurried on over their mangled bodies, that every man must have been killed. Our entire division at this time, consisting of eleven regiments, num-

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1863. bered only about nine hundred men, and we felt sorry enough to see the remnant of this excellent regiment so completely wiped out.

While these sights were such as are commonly observed on all battlefields, they seemed more hideous than any seen before, even to those familiar with such scenes.

The tide of battle had turned just as we arrived, and the remnant of Pickett's corps could be seen hurrying back to their lines, while men were bringing in squads of prisoners, some willing and others unwilling to be captured.

Thousands of Union men and officers, many of whom were begrimed with powder or stained with blood, were shouting themselves hoarse at their success. Riding up and down the line coatless, waving his hat and shouting like the rest of us, was General Hays, dragging in the dust a lot of rebel banners whose staffs he held with the other hand. The rebel artillery-firing continued; but no one thought of exploding shells at a moment like this. The army was boiling over with enthusiasm. It seemed as though the pent-up feelings of two long years had been suddenly released, so boisterous were its demonstrations. Everywhere in that much-abused army was expressed the wish to be led forth to finish up the bloody business.

When the rebel army left its position on the south side of the Rappahannock River to march northward, its courage was tempered with the prestige of victory. Its feelings were buoyant with recent success and with anticipations of triumphant progress north of the Potomac. Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville had contributed to make the Confederate army feel invincible. Such a series of victories would have excited the pride and confidence of any army. Our generalship appeared so inferior to theirs, they imagined nothing could stop their onward progress. Every one knows how disheartening it is to endure continuous defeat, and what a weary grind it is to labor in vain.

All the rhetorical flourishes of what we were going to do when we crossed the river to Chancellorsville were discussed from day to day, as we tramped along after Lee. Weariness, disappointment, and dis-

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1863. gust had possession of the rank and file of our army, while our opponents were filled with enthusiasm for their leaders and at the prospects of success. The first and second day at Gettysburg had failed to lessen their confidence. When Pickett's corps charged upon our line, the men must have felt that a grand success awaited them, as, indeed, any body of men might have felt under similar circumstances. The reaction that follows an unexpected defeat is pretty sure to produce a panic, if taken advantage of by a victorious army. To our minds this seemed one of those moments when a Sheridan or a Stonewall Jackson might have annihilated Lee's army. Everything appeared to be in our favor. The Potomac swollen by the recent rains, the enemy away from their own territory, with a supply-train fifteen miles in length encumbered with ambulances, and thousands of prisoners unable to move at a high rate of speed, — all presented an opportunity such as the Army of the Potomac never had before nor after. "Press on!" was Napoleon's maxim. It was not so with us. There must be more slaughter, as if the gods were not already appeased.

During the month of May, 1893, thirty years after the event just described, a party of military men visited the scene of this famous charge. Among the number were Generals Howard and Sickles, of the Union army, and Generals Longstreet and Alexander, of the Confederate army. General Alexander was Longstreet's chief of staff. An account of this visit was published in the "New York Evening Post," from which the following interesting extract is taken:

It is known that Longstreet was opposed to the Pickett charge, believing that it was a task beyond human endurance. It is known that he was opposed to fighting at Gettysburg at all. He told us to-day that he said to Lee, after Howard had taken his position on Cemetery Ridge, that these Gettysburg hills were of no more value to the Confederate army than any other ground in Pennsylvania or Maryland, and that a movement to the right would compel the Union forces to abandon their ground and occupy less favorable positions. Thereupon General Howard remarked that a movement to the right would have exposed Lee's communications, and that if Grant had been in command of the Union army, it would have been an act of suicide. "Yes, and if Grant had been in command, what we actually did would have been suicide," remarked one of the Confederate officers.

When we arrived at the ground where Pickett's division was formed for the fatal charge which ended in its virtual annihilation, I asked General Longstreet

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1863. if there was anything to prevent a counter attack by General Meade after the remnant of Pickett's men were driven back. "You can answer that question, Alexander," replied Longstreet. General Alexander then took up the discourse. "We saw that the situation was desperate," he said. "I ordered up to that ridge (pointing to a slight elevation a few rods from us, and rather more than a mile distant from Cemetery Hill) every gun that had as much as twenty rounds of ammunition left. Our batteries, taken together, had an average of only fifteen rounds each. There was nothing for us to do but to fire the last shot from these guns. Everything was open from there to there (pointing to a space along the Confederate line half a mile in width). All that we had left was that fringe of guns with twenty rounds of ammunition.".

When General Alexander had said this, General Longstreet nodded and repeated the words of his artillery chief: "There was nothing from there to there except that fringe of cannon — no infantry at all." He then told an anecdote which an English officer (Captain Fremantle) who was with him at Gettysburg has narrated in a book. Fremantle says that he watched Pickett's men until the head of the column reached the Union line and began to clamber over the stone wall. Longstreet had watched it also, but with a more practised eye. He had seen the effect of the withering fire, and he knew that the leaping of the stone wall was but the last gasp of that stricken band. Fremantle ran up to him and exclaimed, "General, that is magnificent! I wouldn't have missed it for the world." — "The hell you wouldn't," replied Longstreet. Secretary Stanton once directed Longstreet's attention to Fremantle's narrative and asked him whether it was true. He replied that probably there was nothing in his whole life that he could have spared more easily than the magnificence of that charge.

We recognize that all this is a debatable question, particularly in the light of subsequent information, but we believe that what we have written is a correct statement of the prevailing feeling, as it existed among the rank and file of the army at a supreme moment of this battle when the reasoning of men unacquainted with the hard logic of facts is, of course, likely to be defective. Until this moment we had had nothing but discouraging work, hardly holding the enemy even, but now we had reached the long-toiled-for opportunity, and victory seemed within our grasp — we had only to reach for it and it was ours; but as usual with our poor old army, we waited until the enemy recovered from the unexpected shock, and then it was too late. Subsequently we learned what "old Abe," who saw deeper into the instincts of human nature than any man of his time, said to Meade; and as usual when he wrote anything concerning the army he echoed its thoughts and feelings with great clearness: "The fruit seemed so

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1863. ripe, so ready for plucking, that it seemed a pity to lose it." In an hour the kaleidoscope of battle had changed, new combinations were made, and a great opportunity lost, we thought.

The following extract from Doubleday's account of the battle of Gettysburg is interesting, because it is so in harmony with the feeling which we have attempted to describe as prevailing in the army:

When Pickett's charge was repulsed, and the whole plain covered with fugitives, we all expected that Wellington's command at Waterloo of "Up, Guards, and at them!" would be repeated, and that a grand counter-charge would be made. But General Meade had made no arrangements for a return thrust. It seems to me that he should have posted the Sixth and part of the Twelfth Corps in the rear of Gibbon's division the moment Pickett's infantry were seen emerging from the woods, a mile and a half off. If they broke through our centre these corps would have been there to receive them, and if they failed to pierce our line and retreated, the two corps could have followed them promptly before they had time to rally and reorganize. An advance by Sykes would have kept Longstreet in position. In all probability we would have cut the enemy's army in two, and captured the long line of batteries opposite us, which were but slightly guarded. Hancock, lying wounded in an ambulance, wrote to Meade, recommending that this be done. Meade, it is true, recognized, in some sort, the good effects of a counter-blow; but to be effective the movement should have been prepared beforehand. It was too late to commence making preparation for an advance when some time had elapsed and when Lee had rallied his troops and had made all his arrangements to resist an assault. It was ascertained afterwards that he had twenty rounds of ammunition left per gun, but it was not evenly distributed, and some batteries in front had fired away all their cartridges. A counter-charge under such circumstances is considered almost imperative in war, for the beaten army, running and dismayed, cannot, in the nature of things, resist with much spirit, whereas the pursuers, highly elated by their success, and with the prospect of ending the contest, fight with more energy and bravery. Rodes says the Union forces were so long in occupying the town and in coming forward after the repulse of the enemy, that it was generally thought that they had retreated. Meade rode leisurely over to the Fifth Corps on the left and told Sykes to send out and see if the enemy in his front was firm and holding on to his position. A brigade, preceded by skirmishers, was accordingly sent forward, but as Longstreet's troops were well fortified, they resisted the advance, and Meade, finding some hours had elapsed and that Lee had closed up his lines and was fortifying against him, gave up all idea of a counter attack.

About sunset a detail of fifty men from the Thirteenth were sent out in front to establish a skirmish line in connection with the troops

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1863. on the right and left, at a point just beyond the Emmitsburg pike, about midway of the plain between the armies, on the ground over which Pickett made his charge.

The following graphic account of what was seen by this detail is related by Lieut. Edward F. Rollins, of our regiment:

I, with other officers, was detailed to take fifty men of my regiment and establish a skirmish line in connection with other troops on our right and left, at a rail fence beyond the Emmitsburg pike, and about midway of the plain, over which Pickett's charge had taken place. As this line made its way to its destination through the trampled and unmown grass, we often stumbled over dead bodies, and were exhorted by the wounded who had life enough to speak, "For God's sake don't step on us!" or to give them a drink of water, or to turn them over, or other like entreaties. Though strict orders had been given to pay no attention to the wounded, with an explanation that the stretcher-bearers would follow the skirmish line, still flesh and blood could not refuse these offices, even to our late enemies. The thought came to me of my own comrades, wounded two days before on Seminary Ridge, who must have asked the same favors of them. I also had a feeling of admiration for these brave men who had composed that charging party of 17,000 men marching closed *en masse*, and who closed up the gaps as our solid shot and shell ploughed through their ranks, and who still came on so magnificently that they almost deserved success, even in a bad cause. Arriving at the rail fence, we saw beyond a pile of dead and wounded, struck as they exposed themselves clambering over, while on the charge. A scattering fire had annoyed us as we advanced, but no determined effort was made to stop us.

From the rebel line beyond, in the darkness, we could hear the sound of chopping and driving stakes in the ground; and this was intermingled with groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, all around us. Indeed, neither time nor inclination will allow me to describe the horrors of that night. At 11 o'clock a detail of surgeons and assistants from our line came out, giving the wounded, so far as I could learn, not much but morphine. One wounded man would pass the word along to another, who begged for it to drown his sufferings. I arranged with an officer of the Ninety-fourth New York to call him when it was time for his relief to go on, and he showed me where he was going to lie down with one of his men on the same "relief," he wishing to get a little sleep. When the time came for me to call him I groped around and found him. On awakening he began to shake his blanket companion and told him to get up, it was time for their "relief" to go on duty. He could not start him, and greatly surprised were both of us when we discovered that he had made a mistake in the darkness, and had been sharing his blanket and sleeping beside the body of a dead rebel. This whole night a wounded and probably insane rebel, in the rear of the skirmish line, walked back and forth like a sentinel, singing religious hymns, in a clear, calm voice, and paid no attention to requests to keep quiet. We rejoined the regiment at daylight.

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1853. Saturday, July 4. While the whole North was probably celebrating with unrestrained joy the victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, two of the boys had crawled out of their blankets and were now engaged in making coffee. The morning was cloudy. It was so early the troops were hardly astir. The boys were too busy with their labor to be wasting time in idle words, nor were they in the mood for much talk. The fatigue and excitement of the last three days had reacted, and they proceeded, in their melancholy way, to brew their stimulating beverage. Presently one said to the other, "Bill, there was a fight yesterday, wasn't there?"

"I believe there was, Jim."

"Who licked?"

"Damned if I know; I thought *we* did, by the hollering."

"Then let's call it a victory."

"I say, Jim, war doesn't seem such a hell of a picnic as we hoped it would be when we paid $12.50 for the privilege of enlisting, does it?"

"I don't give a damn for the picnic, but what makes me sick is that every time we have a chance to finish up the business, we stop and give the 'rebs' a chance to recover."

"I wonder if the positions we left, on enlisting, will be open to us as promised, when we get back?"

"If we carry on the war much longer as we do now, there'll be no 'get back.'"

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Do? Nothing. What *can* we do?"

At this moment a third man approached the fire.

"What are you fellows growling about?"

"Jim, here, says we had a victory yesterday."

"No, I didn't. I said, let's call it a victory."

"You are right, Jim," said the new-comer. "We'll call it one, though it draws hard on the imagination."

This conversation reflects pretty well the feeling that prevailed among the soldiers the morning of the fourth.

As we reflected on the last three days' terrible work, we could not escape the impression that it was a repetition of Antietam, for in both

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1863. cases the enemy was granted "*leave to withdraw*" at a time when it could have had little expectation of the exercise of so benignant a privilege.

By noon it began to rain in torrents, making the roads so muddy that it was impossible to manœuvre artillery with any advantage, furnishing a good reason to Meade for thanking Providence for granting us a great victory. It was now plain enough to all that the fighting was over, and if Lee would only get back into Virginia we might make the claim, without fear of dispute. At present, however, the enemy showed a strong front, having apparently recovered from the paralyzing shock of yesterday, thanks to our customary irresolution.

We lay all day in a piece of woods to the south of the cemetery, wondering what would be the next move on the checker-board of fate. Desultory firing was kept up by the enemy, whose sharpshooters occasionally hit a man. On one of these occasions, when an officer of our regiment was in the act of raising his dipper filled with coffee, a bullet passed completely through it. "A close shot," said the officer, and proceeded to drink the remainder of the coffee. Another one of our boys was shot in the thigh; so the day didn't pass without some excitement and the customary Fourth of July accident.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
July 4, 1863, 6.35 A.M.
(Received, 8.25 A.M.)

MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE [G.] MEADE, *Commanding U. S. Army of the Potomac:*

GENERAL: In order to promote the comfort and convenience of the officers and men captured by the opposing armies in the recent engagements, I respectfully propose that an exchange be made at once.

Should this proposition be acceptable, please indicate the hour and point between the lines of the armies where such an exchange can be made.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 3 [4], 1863, 8.25 A.M.

GEN. R. E. LEE, *Commanding Army of Northern Virginia:*

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, proposing to make an exchange at once of the captured officers and men in my

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1863. possession, and have to say, most respectfully, that it is not in my power to accede to the proposed arrangement.

Very respectfully, etc.,

GEO. G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 4, 1863, 7 A.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK:

This morning the enemy has withdrawn his pickets from the positions of yesterday. My own pickets are moving out to ascertain the nature and extent of the enemy's movements. My information is not sufficient for me to decide its character yet — whether a retreat or manœuvre for other purposes.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General.

General Robinson, our division commander, makes the following report of the doings of his division during the battle:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, FIRST A. C.,
July 18, 1863.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this division in the engagements of the 1st, 2d, and 3d instant:

On the morning of Wednesday the 1st, the division marched from Emmitsburg, bringing up the rear of the column, and when about three miles from Gettysburg, hearing firing in front, it was pushed rapidly forward, and, arriving on the field, was placed, by order of the major-general commanding First Corps, in reserve, near the Seminary. Almost immediately after taking this position, I received notice that the enemy was advancing a heavy column of infantry on the right of our line of battle, when I sent the Second Brigade, under Brigadier-General Baxter, to meet it. Orders being received at this time to hold the Seminary, the First Brigade, under Brigadier-General Paul, was set at work to intrench the ridge on which it was situated. I then rode to the right of the line to superintend the operations there. On my arrival, I found the Second Brigade so placed as to cover our right flank, but with too great an interval between it and the line of the first division. I at once directed General Baxter to change front forward on his left battalion, and to close this interval, toward which the enemy was making his way. By the time this change was effected, the whole front of the brigade became hotly engaged, but succeeded in repulsing the attack. The enemy, however, soon after brought up fresh forces, in increased masses, when, finding the position so seriously threatened, I sent for and brought up the First Brigade [in which was the Thirteenth], and placed part of it in the position first occupied by Baxter's brigade, and the remaining battalions as a support to his second position. The enemy now

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1863. made repeated attacks on the division, in all of which he was handsomely repulsed, with the loss of three flags and about one thousand prisoners.

In one of these attacks I was deprived of the veteran commander of the First Brigade, Brigadier-General Paul, who fell severely wounded, while gallantly directing and encouraging his command.

The division held its position on the right — receiving and repelling the fierce attacks of a greatly superior number, not only in front, but on the flank, and when the enemy's ranks were broken, charging upon him and capturing his colors and men — from about noon until nearly 5 P.M., when I received orders to withdraw. These orders not being received until all other troops (except Stewart's Battery) had commenced moving to the rear, the division held its ground, until outflanked right and left, and retired fighting.

From the nature of the enemy's attacks, frequent changes were rendered necessary, and they were made under a galling fire. No soldiers ever fought better, or inflicted severer blows upon the enemy. When out of ammunition, their boxes were replenished from those of their dead and wounded comrades.

The instances of distinguished gallantry are too numerous to be embodied in this report, and I leave it to the brigade and regimental commanders to do justice to those under their immediate command. Where all did so well it is difficult to discriminate.

. . . . . .

After withdrawing from this contest I took up a position on a ridge to the left of the cemetery, facing the Emmitsburg road, and remained there until afternoon of the next day, when I was relieved by a division of the Second Corps, and ordered to the support of the Eleventh Corps. In the evening I was ordered to the left of our line, but was soon after directed to return.

On Friday morning, the 3d inst., the division was massed and held ready to push forward to the support of the Twelfth Corps, then engaged with the enemy on our right.

About noon I was informed by the major-general commanding the army that he anticipated an attack on the cemetery by the enemy's forces massed in the town, and was directed to so plan my command that if our line gave way I could attack the enemy on his flank. I proceeded to make this change of position at the moment the enemy commenced the terrific artillery fire of that day. Never before were troops so exposed to such a fire of shot and shell, and yet the movement was made in perfect order and with little loss.

Later in the day, the enemy having made his attack on our left instead of the centre, I was ordered to the right of the Second Corps, which position I held until Sunday, when the line was withdrawn.

This division went into battle with less than 2,500 officers and men, and sustained a loss of 1,667, of which 124 were commissioned officers.

JOHN C. ROBINSON,
Brig.-Gen. Commanding Division.

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1863. The following communication explains itself:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, FIRST A. C.,
November 15, 1863.

MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE G. MEADE, *Commanding Army of the Potomac:*

GENERAL: I feel it is my duty to inform you of the intense mortification and disappointment felt by my division in reading your report of the battle of Gettysburg.

For nearly four hours on July 1st we were hotly engaged against overwhelming numbers, repulsed repeated attacks of the enemy, captured their flags and a very large number of prisoners, and were the last to leave the field.

The division formed the right of the line of battle of the First Corps, and during the whole time had to fight the enemy in front and protect our right flank (the division of the Eleventh Corps being at no time less than half a mile in rear). We went into action with less than two thousand five hundred men, and lost considerably more than half our number.

We have been proud of our efforts on that day, and hoped that they would be recognized. It is but natural we should feel disappointed that we are not once referred to in the report of the commanding general.

Trusting that you will investigate this matter and give us due credit, I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,

JOHN C. ROBINSON,
Brig.-Gen. Commanding Division.

General Meade's reply to this communication, if he ever made any, cannot be found in the War Records.

The following table shows the losses at Gettysburg:

First Corps	6,059
Second Corps	4,369
Third Corps	4,211
Fifth Corps	2,187
Sixth Corps	242
Eleventh Corps	3,801
Twelfth Corps	1,082
Cavalry Corps	852
Artillery Reserve	242
General Headquarters	4
Total	23,049

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1863. Sunday, July 5. At daylight it was announced that the Confederate army had retreated. At 9 o'clock the regiment was moved to the left of the line to a position lately occupied by the Third Corps. Burying parties were now busily employed to bury the dead, from whose bodies the stench was almost intolerable.

The following is an extract from a letter written for the Christian Commission by Mr. R. G. McCreary, a prominent citizen and lawyer of Gettysburg, who was an eye-witness of the scenes he describes:

The battle of the 1st of July commenced about the middle of the forenoon between the rebels advancing on the Chambersburg turnpike and Buford's cavalry who, as the infantry of the First Army Corps came up and formed in line of battle, slowly retired to the rear. The approaching storm was watched with intense anxiety by the citizens, but it was not long until the boom of cannon, the bursting of shell, the rattle and crash of heavy infantry firing along the ridges west of the town, and the streams of litters which began to move in from the field of carnage, brought them to realize the fact that a fierce and bloody contest was in progress.

I saw no more of the battle till the middle of the afternoon, though there was abundant evidence in the many mangled forms coming in, upon whom I was tending, and the louder and increasing crash of arms, that the conflict was a most terrible one, and was rapidly approaching the town. At length, by the frequent explosion of shells in the immediate neighborhood, I found that our army was falling back, and soon the rush and roar in the streets banished everything else from my mind. That was a terrible night. Our army had been driven back; the town was full of armed enemies. We saw and heard the progress of pillage all around us.

The morning of July 2d revealed a dreadful sight — dead horses and dead men lay about the streets, and there were none to bury them. Our first care was for the multitude of wounded men now suffering for the want of food. The bakeries were in the hands of the rebels, and not a loaf nor a cracker remained; the butchers' cattle had been driven off or confiscated, and no meat could be procured; the groceries were broken open, and their contents carried away or destroyed by troops of rebels, who, like hungry wolves, roamed through the streets in search of plunder.

The rebel officers, until Friday (July 3), seemed to be entirely confident of success. One of them said to me on the forenoon of Thursday that they would not remain with us more than a few hours, as General Lee had his plan of battle nearly arranged, and they would move forward, and he seemed to think with assured success; they extolled General Lee as the great master of the military art, and spoke of his admirable strategy in making a grand feint toward Phila-

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1863. delphia in order to concentrate his army here for an attack on Baltimore and Washington. About this time a squad of soldiers passing were halted, and asked to what they belonged? They replied, "To the Second Louisiana Brigade." They were then asked if they had taken a battery they had been charging upon? and they replied that they had "To come out," and could not take it. The officers were silent. These men said the next day that they had but fifty men left in their brigade after that assault. They were the "Louisiana Tigers," of whom those officers had boasted that "they had never been driven back in a charge, and never would be."

On Friday night and Saturday morning the rebel army had withdrawn from the town to the crest of Seminary Ridge, and our skirmishers had driven out or captured their stragglers and pickets. While the dead still lay unburied and the helpless wounded upon the field were numbered by the thousands, the call of the bugle summoned the victors from the side of the dying, the faithful surgeon from the pierced skull, the mangled flesh, and broken limb. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the town of Gettysburg presented a woful appearance. Guns were scattered in the streets or piled upon the sidewalks. Pavements were stained with blood. Every church and public building, and in fact almost every private house, was filled with wounded. More than twenty thousand wounded men were in and around Gettysburg.

After the departure of the enemy from Gettysburg, we had the pleasure of meeting the people, who gave us a pretty clear idea of how Mr. "Johnnie Reb" behaved while in possession of the town, from which we learned a new lesson in warfare. Not exactly a new lesson, but the application of an old one in vogue during the days when plundering and pillage went hand in hand with grim-visaged war.

When the "Rebs" crossed the border line of Pennsylvania, they began a systematic plundering of such towns and people as showed evidence of possessing anything worth taking. As we listened to the stories that were told us, we couldn't refrain from contrasting the methods pursued by the Union army when marching in their country. We sometimes thought our officers were unnecessarily strict, particularly in the matter of fence-rails. A good many soldiers who couldn't rob a bank or a store, had no compunctions about taking rails for a fire or the building of a hut, though orders were continually issued to prevent us. The enemy probably thought it was quite as honorable to crack a bank as to be seen sneaking away with a fence-rail. General Sherman says war should be carried on without gloves, which

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1863. the Southern army not only believed in, but practised. What we did, up to the time Sheridan made his appearance, was to protect property and crops; and in the autumn Stonewall Jackson would make a raid up the valley of Virginia, and gather in for his use what we had so carefully guarded. It looked to us a little like overdoing the thing.

The "Rebs" showed mercy to no one; anybody who had anything worth the taking, was compelled to surrender it. Upon their entry into Gettysburg, they demanded of the inhabitants 1,200 pounds of sugar, 6,000 pounds of coffee, 60 barrels of flour, 100 pounds of salt, 7,000 pounds of bacon, 10 barrels of whiskey, 10 barrels of onions, 1,000 pairs of boots, and 100 hats; or, in lieu thereof, $5,000 in cash. In other places they collected large stores of materials, great numbers of horses, wagons, and cattle, which they sent across the Potomac. Whenever we got anything at a store in Virginia, we were charged an exorbitant price, as though we were all "Rothschilds;" and we paid for it. If any man forgot payment, a complaint was promptly made to the colonel. We have heard a good deal said about the sharpness of the Yankee trader, and no doubt the early settlers on Cape Cod were qualified to hold their end up with the shrewdest, but that was a long time ago. As compared with the astuteness of an able-bodied Virginian, the Yankee, according to our experience during the war, must take a back seat. Once in a while they got worsted, but as a rule, they could give us points. One thing is certain, we did not stand over them with a bayonet, as they did with the people of Pennsylvania, and make them disgorge their hidden wealth. We admit that we did appropriate rails from the fences whenever we could without fear of arrest. From an æsthetic point of view, the improvement in the appearance of the landscape that followed the removal of those unsightly fences more than compensated for their loss. This was not accepted as a sufficient excuse, as it might have been had they possessed any artistic appreciation of the beauty of the country in which they lived.

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CHAPTER XIII.

1863. Monday, July 6. IT having been definitely settled that the enemy had left the vicinity of Gettysburg, we started on the road toward Emmitsburg, and after a march of six miles went into camp about two miles north of that town, it being certain that the rebels were sufficiently interested in their own welfare not to think of doing us any harm.

Tuesday, July 7. Got away early and marched about twenty miles over a rough mountain foot-path, camping about 8 P.M. near the top of Catoctin Mountain, and not far from a place called Bealsville (or Bealtsville). During the latter half of the day it rained in torrents.

During our march to-day a very pretty scene occurred that touched a tender chord in the hearts of the boys. Our service in Virginia was so generally exempt from exhibitions of loyalty, that we highly appreciated the evidences of warm-hearted feeling which existed for Union soldiers, and it brought a good deal of encouragement. These outward manifestations of friendly feeling for us were so very real, that they made a deep impression on the mind. We were a dirty, ragged, unattractive lot; our equipments battered with the hard usage of many campaigns of marching, digging, and fighting. In spite of our uncomely and unsoldierly appearance, we were enthusiastically received, and it did us a power of good. We had halted for a rest at some cross-roads, when a lot of pretty bright-eyed girls, all dressed in "Stars and Stripes," came from a school near by, and forming themselves into a group, with the smallest standing on the upper rail of a fence, waving a flag, they sung the "Battle-cry of Freedom." It was an affecting sight to see those pretty little creatures, so earnest and with voices so sweet, singing to a lot of old veterans, whose eyes moistened as they

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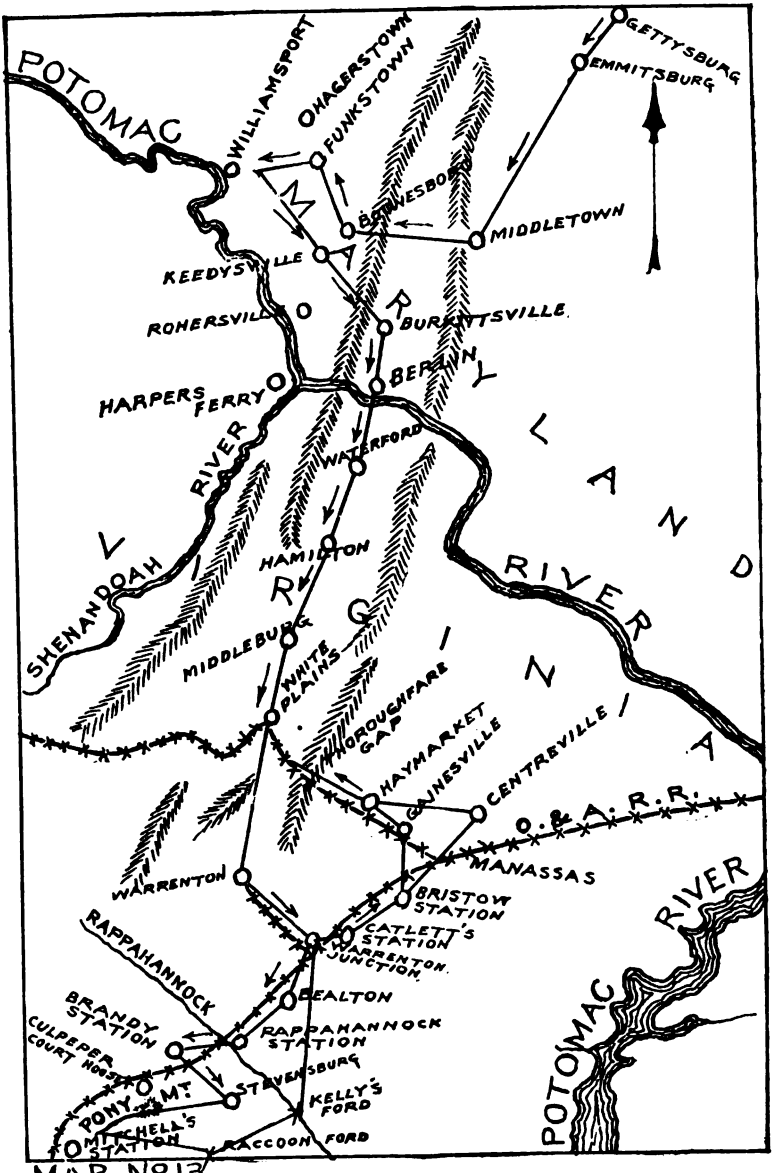
POTOMAC
WILLIAMSPORT
HAGERSTOWN
FUNKSTOWN
GETTYSBURG
EMMITSBURG
MIDDLETOWN
KEEDYSVILLE
ROHERSVILLE
BURKITTSVILLE
HARPERS FERRY
BERLIN
WATERFORD
HAMILTON
MIDDLEBURG
WHITE PLAINS
THOROUGHFARE GAP
HAYMARKET
GAINESVILLE
CENTREVILLE
O. & A. R. R.
MANASSAS
WARRENTON
BRISTOW STATION
CATLETT'S STATION
WARRENTON JUNCTION
REALTON
RAPPAHANNOCK STATION
BRANDY STATION
CULPEPER COURT HOUSE
STEVENSBURG
PONY MT.
KELLY'S FORD
MITCHELL'S STATION
RACCOON FORD
SHENANDOAH RIVER
RAPPAHANNOCK
POTOMAC RIVER
MARYLAND
VIRGINIA

MAP No 13

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1863. listened in silence to the words of that noble hymn. It was a graceful thing, which the lapse of time cannot efface from our memory.

Wednesday, July 8. Marched in a drenching rain through Bealsville and Middletown, halting about four hours in the latter place; then continued our march through South Mountain Gap, where we halted after dark. Distance, fourteen miles. Upon our arrival we threw up works in anticipation that the enemy might dispute our advance, as some of our artillery had become engaged with him just outside of Boonsboro'. We finished our line of breastworks about midnight.

Thursday, July 9. At daylight we found ourselves lying in line of battle on the Boonsboro' side of the mountain, about half-way down in the rear of three lines already formed, — a fact we were ignorant of on our arrival last night. Until reaching Middletown yesterday, our direction had been southerly; but on leaving that town we changed it to north-west, our noses pointing toward Hagerstown, about twelve miles away. That is to say that we were within twelve miles of the point where we landed Aug. 1, 1861, on our journey from home — almost two years before. Verily we must make better time if the rebellion was to be crushed before our term of service expired. We remained all day in this position.

Friday, July 10. The enemy having fallen back, we marched down the mountain to Boonsboro', that pleasant little town, through which we marched in the days when we were a thousand strong, now with only seventy-eight men. We found that the people still held us in kindly remembrance, and opportunity was afforded of renewing our acquaintances of two years back. We proceeded to a spot near Funkstown, about four miles from Hagerstown, on the Baltimore Pike, where we camped for the night. This country was as familiar to us as the scenes of our childhood, and the old friends we met set our hearts beating with pleasure.

The people were glad enough to supply us with milk and bread, and in fact with luxuries, such as pies and cakes.

During the last two or three days our artillery had been doing

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1863. considerable "barking," but, like a young terrier dog, it was all bark and no bite.

On the 11th of July General Lee issued to his soldiers the following stirring appeal:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 76. } HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, July 11, 1863.

After long and trying marches, with the fortitude that has ever characterized the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, you have penetrated the country of our enemies, and recalled to the defence of their own soil those who were engaged in the invasion of ours.

You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which, if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked by the same heroic spirit that has commanded the respect of your enemies, the gratitude of your country, and the admiration of mankind.

Once more you are called upon to meet the army from which you have won on so many fields a name that will never die.

Once more the eyes of your countrymen are turned upon you, and again do wives and sisters, fathers and mothers, and helpless children lean for defence on your strong arms and brave hearts.

Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth living, — the freedom of his country, the honor of his people, and security of his home. Let each heart grow strong in the remembrance of our glorious past, and in the thought of the inestimable blessings for which we contend, and, invoking the assistance of the Divine Providence, which has so signally blessed our former efforts, let us go forth in confidence to secure the peace and safety of our country.

Soldiers! your old enemy is before you! Win from him honors worthy of your righteous cause — worthy of your comrades dead on so many illustrious fields.

R. E. LEE,
General.

The South was bound to have honor and peace, if it had to smash everything in the house.

Sunday, July 12. Last night we were on picket, but were withdrawn this morning, when we moved across Antietam Creek and built earthworks, facing Hagerstown. We were called upon to-day by Senator Wilson. As Company H was from Natick, his place of residence, it was expected that he would favor us with some remarks, but the rain prevented.

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1863. Monday, July 13. All day long could be heard firing by the skirmishers of both armies, and there were expectations that a battle would be fought. The enemy was making earnest efforts to get across the river at Williamsport, but the water had risen so high that it was a dangerous undertaking without bridges.

In order to test the depth and current from time to time, the enemy would make a "nigger" attempt to ford the river daily; threatening him with his life if he didn't comply, according to the testimony of one of our boys, who was there as a prisoner.

Fresh troops were constantly arriving to increase our numbers, and if the enemy would only wait long enough we would make bold to attack him. In the meantime we became impatient at our delay.

We have heard men say that they would as lief fight as to eat. We are not prepared to dispute the existence of such a propensity, though we believe it was extremely rare. We have in mind one of these heroes, who, previous to his desertion, had excited our admiration by his expressions of impatience because the opportunity for fighting had been so long delayed. We couldn't understand why, having enlisted as a soldier, all *our* fighting blood seemed to have vanished, and we hoped that some of the overflow from his abundant supply of courage might reach us; but it didn't, because, as will be seen, there wasn't any to overflow. When we came within range of the enemy's fire at the battle of Cedar Mountain, this hero clapped his hand on his dipper, exclaiming, "By Gad! I've lost my dipper!" and "lit out" to find it. Three days after, he returned to relate the wonderful deeds he had performed while fighting in another regiment. He was not court-martialed, though he ought to have been. It irritated him very much to hear repeated day after day the stories he had related of his valor, polished and exaggerated by the wit of others; and so he decamped, and we never saw him any more. His name may be found among those patriots who "struck for home," having escaped being a hero for the lack of a good pair of legs. One satisfaction we got out of this exhibition of heroism was that we were a little less ashamed to say we preferred eating to fighting. Furthermore, we began to ponder on this abnormal

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1863. appetite for human gore, which was said to exist, until we became convinced that few men desired to fight for the love of fighting.

According to our experience the present situation was one of the very few occasions during three years' service when the army really *wanted* to fight, excepting of course those particular moments when men are wrought to a high pitch of excitement, such as the moment of Pickett's repulse on the third day of Gettysburg. Lee was now about to cross the Potomac, and the opportunity seemed at hand when we might finish up the job so far as his army was concerned. Here he was, his movement south retarded by a swollen river; his men demoralized; encumbered with a large wagon train, including ambulances loaded with wounded and sick, and Lee himself most likely disheartened. Our army did not want to go back into Virginia to engage in another series of unsuccessful campaigns. For these reasons the army was anxious to fight, and our commanding officers were condemned in harsh and bitter terms by the rank and file, when it was learned that Lee had crossed the river.

Tuesday, July 14. Discovering that the few troops of the enemy that had been left in our front to scare us from activity had disappeared, we soon learned that the rebel army had succeeded in crossing into Virginia, making it perfectly safe for us to advance to the river without molestation. As one of the boys facetiously said, "We act like a lot of scared monkeys."

In the afternoon we marched to within a mile and a half of Williamsport, which town we left March 1, 1862. Being disappointed that Lee was allowed to cross without a battle, the regiment was hardly in a mood to visit its old friends with whom we spent nearly five pleasant months. Visits were paid us, however, by several persons, from whom we heard about the boys of the Thirteenth who were captured at Gettysburg, and who passed through the town with the division under General Imboden. We got considerable information about the enemy, and learned how much they feared we would attempt to stop their flight, as they were in no condition to make much of an opposition. This news had a still further depressing effect on us, and all night long we did penance by fighting

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1863. the bugs which infested the clover-field where the regiment was encamped.

With respect to the operations of the Army of the Potomac at this time, it is interesting to read the testimony given before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, of which the following is an extract:

General Sedgwick made the statement that a council of war was held by General Meade, July 12th, and that General Wadsworth, then commanding the First Corps in the absence of General Newton, General Howard, of the Eleventh, and General Pleasanton, commanding the cavalry, voted for attack, and that all others present strongly opposed it.

General Wadsworth's testimony before the same committee was that a council was held at 9 P.M. on the evening of the 12th, at Meade's headquarters. That Meade stated briefly the condition of our forces, giving his estimates of our army and the best information he had as to the strength of the enemy.

That Generals Sedgwick, Slocum, Sykes, French, and Hays pronounced decidedly against the attack. That General Meade stated that he favored an attack. That he came there to fight the enemy, and he did not see any good reason why he should not fight them, but he could not take the responsibility of bringing on an engagement against the advice of his corps commanders.

Allowing Lee to cross the Potomac River without interference had a very demoralizing effect on the army. To march all the way from Gettysburg to Williamsport merely to see that Lee got safely across the river seemed an unnecessary expenditure of muscle. The army felt exactly as General Meade described his own feelings to be, and it seemed a pity that his strength of mind was not equal to his judgment. "Councils of war never fight," has been said. The army was heartily sick of this shilly-shally way of fighting. The growing feeling of discontent that rankled in the hearts of the men found daily utterance as we marched along.

Wednesday, July 15. Instead of following Lee's army across the river at Williamsport, we took a south-easterly direction, marching through Bakersville, Keedysville, and Rohrersville, to Crampton Gap, a distance of twenty miles, where we camped. During the day we crossed a portion of the Antietam battlefield. "The enemy was driven out of Maryland," as the papers stated, while we were styled "The defenders of the nation's

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1863. honor." The statement didn't seem to be quite in accordance with the facts, nor were we at all satisfied that the "nation's honor" had been very well defended.

Thursday, July 16. The second anniversary of our muster-in at Fort Independence. One year more of service.

In the meantime we continued singing "What will you do when the war breaks the country up?"

We marched down the mountain, through Burkittsville, to near Berlin, where we encamped — a distance of eight miles. The sutler arrived with a load of luxuries, and he afforded almost as much pleasure as the paymaster.

Saturday, July 18. Yesterday we saw the Fifty-first Regiment, whose term of enlistment (nine months) had expired, start for home. This regiment was placed in the second division of our corps on the 13th inst., and fortunately for its members they escaped the honor of dying for their country.

A pontoon bridge having been completed across the Potomac, we crossed to Waterford, about eight miles, passing through the village of Lovettsville.

Sunday, July 19. Marched eight miles to a point beyond Hamilton, and camped in the woods near Harmony Church; arriving, alas! too late for church services. A lieutenant and six men were detailed and started on the 25th for Boston for the conscripts, substitutes, volunteers, and bounty-jumpers who were assigned to the Thirteenth.

Monday, July 20. Marched at 4 A.M., reaching Middleburg at six in the evening, a distance of sixteen miles. Two of General Newton's staff were captured by Mosby's guerillas.

On reaching Goose Creek we found the water between three and four feet deep and without a bridge, so we were obliged to ford it. A soldier acts a good deal like a cat when his feet first touch the water. In this case the banks were very slippery, and before they knew it, a good many made an unexpected plunge into the stream, to the great merriment of others who had succeeded better.

We found two hundred sick and wounded rebel soldiers at this

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1863. place, abandoned by the enemy, who were hastening on towards Richmond. We also found a large quantity of stores stolen from the people of Maryland and Pennsylvania, which were appropriated to the uses of the Army of the Potomac.

Wednesday, July 22. We spent the day in picking blackberries, which were in great abundance, and hunting for new potatoes. In the evening, about 10 o'clock, we started as rear guard to the wagon train, and marched until 3 A.M. — a distance of ten miles. Before reaching White Plains, the Thirteenth was halted and sent out for picket duty.

We were witness to-day of an exhibition of loyalty that was refreshing, as it was unexpected. A girl between fourteen and sixteen years of age, while on her way to school, gave the contents of her dinner-basket to some of the boys. "Bully for her!" was the exclamation. A short distance farther on, as we were passing a house, the lady thereof gave us all the bread she had, hot from the oven, remarking that if she had known we were coming she would have baked more, adding that she was glad of an opportunity of doing something for "*her* government." In addition to this act of kindness, she made her boys bring water to the road for us to drink.

As an offset to this kindness, one of the boys, after we reached camp, made application at a house for some milk, and was captured by Mosby's men, but was subsequently paroled, — a streak of good fortune which did occasionally occur, even with Mosby.

Thursday, July 23. Marched at 10 A.M., arriving at Warrenton at 4 P.M., a distance of twelve miles. We passed through the town to the west, camping on the hill. It was about a year since we camped in this vicinity, where we had such a feast of blackberries and sulphur-spring water.

Saturday, July 25. Yesterday was spent by some of us in visiting the acquaintances we made on our previous visit; reaching "across the bloody chasm," and shaking hands with some who could sink their prejudices against a Yankee long enough to pump him for information of what was

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1863. going to be done. We were otherwise engaged in throwing up earthworks.

This morning we were turned out at 3 A.M., and marched at five o'clock to Warrenton Junction, twelve miles, which place we reached at noon. Here we rested for an hour or two and then marched to Catlett's Station, three miles, and, for some unexplained reason, immediately returned to the Junction.

At night, while a heavy thunder-shower was coming up, and we were congratulating ourselves at being snugly encamped, the "general" was sounded from brigade headquarters for us to pack up, and just as it began to rain we marched to Bealton Station, eight miles, where we arrived at midnight, soaked through to the skin — all on account of having no umbrellas.

Sunday, July 26. The Thirty-ninth Massachusetts was added to our brigade to-day. Having full ranks, it looked to us more like a brigade than a regiment.

Blackberries were all about us in great quantities, and we made the most of our opportunity to pick them.

We changed camp during the day to a higher ground, on the same spot where we camped June 13.

Monday, July 27. Marched to the Rappahannock Station, taking position in the old fortifications above the bridge, where we could easily see the rebel pickets across the river.

Orders were read to the regiment "not to build fires nor to go to the top of the hill." Three or four of the boys, whose curiosity could not be restrained, ventured to the summit in spite of this command, and on their way back met an officer who awarded them four hours' "knapsack drill" as punishment for disobeying orders.

Tuesday, July 28. Our position was behind a hill. The only part of our division with us was our brigade and a small cavalry force, the remainder of the division being scattered along the railroad to Warrenton Junction.

A small force of the enemy's cavalry were in sight across the river, and, as we believed, too few in number to dispute our advance.

We were completely washed out by a thunder-storm to-day.

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1863. **Wednesday, July 29.** The second anniversary of our departure from home. The railroad having been repaired to Rappahannock Station, pontoons were brought along from Alexandria.

A detail of two hundred men was made from the brigade to construct a bridge across the river, which was completed about midnight.

While some of us were watching the building of the bridge, one of the boys related an incident that happened to him the night we reached this place on our retreat, under Pope, from the Rapidan during the Manassas campaign. It will be remembered that on that occasion we had been on the road more than nineteen hours, so that by the time we reached the Rappahannock River, the men were so completely fagged out that they threw themselves on the ground without waiting for orders, and were soon fast asleep. In a few moments orderly-sergeants could be heard vigorously calling the names of men for picket duty; but all in vain, as no response was heard. Candles were then lighted, and the detail selected from those unfortunate beings who happened to have dumped themselves near the sergeants. The guard being formed, it was marched back across the river and posted. As it was reasonably certain that the enemy's pickets would advance to as near the river as possible, great caution had to be exercised to prevent a surprise. Our informant says that after two or three hours of watching, his eyes closed in spite of his responsibility and the fact that he might be shot if found asleep. Suddenly he was startled by the noise, as he imagined, of some one approaching; terrified lest he had been caught napping, he thought he saw a man crouching on the ground a short distance in front of him. It was too dark to distinguish objects, so he dropped on his hands and knees and slowly approached the figure, thinking of the glory that awaited him if he should capture a rebel picket. When within a short distance of the object, he rushed forward and grabbed with all his might, and to his great amazement — *a barrel of beans!* At daylight he rolled it into camp and divided the contents among his comrades. On being relieved from duty he proceeded to make a bean stew by means of his dipper, that being the only utensil he

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1863. had. After spending the entire day in patiently replenishing the fire and dipping out beans from his constantly overflowing cup, he found to his sorrow that they were about as hard as pills, so he emptied them into the river, where they have been soaking ever since. Patience and profanity accomplished wonders in our army, as no doubt they did in the armies of Cæsar and Hannibal; but they failed completely when applied to cooking beans in a tin dipper holding only a pint.

Saturday, August 1. We were called up at 3 A.M., and taken to the top of the hill, where we could aid in protecting the men at work on the bridge.

When the bridge was completed Buford's division of cavalry and a battery crossed and drove the enemy within two miles of Culpeper, which town is about eleven miles south from where we were stationed, and where he encountered Longstreet's corps, who attacked and repulsed our forces. At noon we crossed the river, advancing in line of battle along the south bank, until we reached the hill where stood the "white house," so called; and at sunset began the building of rifle-pits, which we completed about midnight, and then turned in and slept "the sleep of the just."

Sunday, August 2. The weather was very warm. Last evening numbers of Buford's cavalry came straggling in with exaggerated stories of their losses, reminding us of what David, the psalmist, said, that "all men are liars."

Strong evidences prevailed that we were to have a fight, as we were ordered to remain constantly in our places, while workmen were busy all day repairing the railroad bridge. So far the First Corps was the only one across the Rappahannock.

We continued the work of fortifying, building intrenchments, and felling trees for abattis.

We could plainly hear the fighting of the cavalry at Brandy Station.

Monday, August 3. The heat continued intolerable. The railroad bridge being completed, trains were allowed to pass with supplies. Notwithstanding our expectations of a fight, the enemy was rather shy, so we busied ourselves fighting mosquitoes instead, and abusing Noah for taking them into the Ark.

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1863. Wednesday, August 5. Part of the regiment was on picket yesterday, and remained there to-day. Buford's cavalry, stationed near the picket line, were fighting the enemy most of the day, and at times it looked as though there might be a general engagement; but the "Johnnies" retired at last.

Thursday, August 6. Notwithstanding this day had been set apart by order of the President as a "National Thanksgiving day," the boys were dispirited and unhappy. We seemed to be accomplishing nothing, while the newspapers were full of the difficulties that stood in the way of getting more men by means of the draft. We talked over these matters in camp and on picket until we were thoroughly disgusted. We were no further advanced toward Richmond than we were a year ago. The weather was uncomfortably warm, as was also our tempers. It was while we were in this disconsolate mood that our thoughts were unexpectedly diverted.

There was a regiment recently assigned to our brigade whose colonel saw fit to criticise what he was pleased to call our unsoldierly appearance, whereupon he was promptly told to go somewhere. This freedom of speech didn't seem to harmonize with his ideas of subordination, though it was none of his business how we looked. He was one of a class of men who labor under the astronomical error of thinking the earth cannot move in its orbit nor revolve on its axis without their consent, and who, having a feeling of responsibility for all matters that take place on the land or in the sea, become very wroth when anything happens to mar their beautiful conceit. Instead of being pleased with our invitation to go somewhere, he became enraged, and called us an "armed mob!" There must have been a lot of bitterness in the sap of his ancestral tree to have produced a fruit so acrid and uncomfortable as he appeared to be to the rank and file of the Thirteenth. Since "Old Crummy" had left us we had found no one with sufficient testiness in his composition to notice our lack of homage to officers in other regiments. He seemed to think because he held a commission in another organization he could lecture us on our duties. When an officer has the arrogance to fancy himself clothed with so grave a

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1863. responsibility as reforming the world, he is likely to have a very unhappy time of it if he attempts his missionary work on the rank and file of another regiment than his own. Stirring up a hornets' nest is the supremest enjoyment in comparison to the annoyance experienced when a lot of private soldiers begin a system of retaliation.

We were told that prior to the war this officer was an inspector of the State militia, where he was in the habit of seeing troops arrayed in fine, well-fitting uniforms and equipments, all in perfect order. Then, if a soldier was seen with cap awry, a button lacking on his coat, or a belt improperly adjusted, he was a subject for reprimand. His service at the front had been too brief for him to appreciate the condition to which a soldier could be reduced by long marches, hard fighting, and months of picket duty. It shocked his finical notions to see a lot of ragged, dirty soldiers, with battered canteens, caps with visors torn or removed, and trousers shrunk nearly to the knees. An enlisted man, though an insignificant cog in the wheel of that great machine called the army, has it in his power, without overstepping the bounds where punishment begins, to make himself a very disagreeable and irritating thorn when he sets out to be. As soon as we discovered that this officer had an excitable temper, there was fun galore, and his fondness for lecturing afforded us frequent opportunity for the exercise of biting wit. Among the things we did was to give him a name befitting his rank and physical appearance, such as "Colonel Martinet," "Falstaff," and "Hudibras," but the name which stuck was "Old Bowels." In the scheme of aggravation which we practised, his wrath was often stirred to his very boots, yet it was carried on with such prudence that when he made complaint to our colonel, he found it difficult to explain just what the offence was, except in terms too general for notice, and therefore no attention was or could be paid to his charges. No officer with a particle of sense ever scolded the men of another regiment, except when they were temporarily assigned to his command, because there could be but one result. As a general rule, the rank and file of an army never showed disrespect to officers in other regiments if they attended to their own affairs, and we might have

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1863. respected him if he had minded his own business, as he ought to have done. Shakespeare must have had a man like him in mind when he penned the following lines:

> "But man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
> His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep."

There is one thing in his favor, we are bound to say, and that is, that we never knew him to lose his temper. He always had his temper with him; and, so far as we could judge from appearances, it never registered, even in the shade, less than 100° Fahrenheit, and was gilt-edged.

Saturday, August 8. We recrossed the Rappahannock, camping on a hill in the bend of the river just above the spring.

The fog of melancholy which had been hovering over the camp was dispelled when we heard of the paymaster's arrival.

We still continued bathing in the river, making it mighty uncomfortable for the *pediculus vestimenti*, who couldn't swim.

Sunday, August 9. Travelling in the wake of the paymaster came the sutler, whose arrival to-day was greeted with unfeigned joy. Though the sutler collected the mortgage he held on the instalment of pay we received, yet there was enough left to sweeten our toil with some of the good things he brought with him, and before night his stock was cleaned out as completely as were the funds of those who undertook to capture that notorious guerilla chief called "Jack Pot," whose presence in the army often caused a good deal of sorrow.

Friday, August 14. We were still at Rappahannock Station, with eleven months of service ahead of us.

One hundred and eighty-six recruits arrived in camp to-day. Heretofore the men who came to us reflected credit on themselves, the regiment, and the State. This lot consisted of substitutes, bounty-jumpers, and one unfortunate con-

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1863. script. Most of this number were thieves and roughs who were engaged in the draft riots, and were obliged to leave New York and Boston in self-defence. They were assigned as follows:

A . .	23	F . .	19
B . .	20	G . .	14
C . .	18	H . .	18
D . .	17	I . .	17
E . .	22	K . .	18

Strong men, particularly soldiers, are not easily moved to tears, yet the cheeks of a good many men were wet as they gazed on these ruffians drawn up in line for assignment to companies. The pride which we felt in the membership of the Thirteenth turned to bitterness at sight of these fellows.

As the roll was called we speculated as to which company they might be assigned, though there was little choice. More than half of them were under assumed names, and it frequently happened at subsequent roll-calls that some of them were unable to remember the names under which they enlisted. Among the nationalities represented there were Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Costa Ricans, Greeks, Maltese, and Canadians; a deserter from the "Louisiana Tigers," one from a Georgia regiment, and one from an Alabama regiment. The Louisiana Tiger had previously enlisted in Boston, was discharged, reënlisted in the Rhode Island Cavalry, next in the Fifty-first Massachusetts, and was now in the Thirteenth as a substitute. His subsequent enlistments we are not informed about. Two of the number had previously served in the Thirteenth, from which they had been discharged, and having reënlisted as substitutes were unexpectedly assigned to their old regiment.

In the last batch that were told off there were six whom it was deemed unsafe to keep together, and they were separated by placing them in different companies. Three of the number assigned to Company K disappeared at once. During the first night after their arrival forty deserted.

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1863. Of the one hundred and eighty-six, one hundred and fifteen deserted.

Of those remaining, six were discharged for disability, twenty-six were transferred to the navy, and one was killed in battle.

Saturday, August 15. A number of the men taken prisoners at Gettysburg, and subsequently paroled, returned to the regiment to-day, their parole having been declared null and void by government agents, and they consequently resumed their duties in the regiment.

We remained in camp at Rappahannock Station until September 16, attending to the usual camp duties, such as drilling, inspections, picket, etc.

During our stay here the temperature changed so markedly as to require overcoats at night, while many complained of sleeping uncomfortably under their blanket. Orders were received to raise the beds one foot from the ground, while the "Surgeon's call" presented a daily symposium of sick men. The spot where we were encamped was very unhealthy.

That enterprising assassin, Mosby, came in for a share of General Lee's attention, as will be seen by the following:

HEADQUARTERS, ORANGE, August 18, 1863.

GENERAL STUART, *Commanding, etc.:*

GENERAL: The report of Major Mosby, of fourth instant, relative to his expeditions towards Fairfax Court-House and below, has been forwarded to the War Department. I greatly commend his boldness and good management, which is the cause of his success. I have heard that he has now with him a large number of men, yet his expeditions are undertaken with very few, and his attention seems more directed to the capture of sutler's wagons, etc., than to the injury of the enemy's communications and outposts. The capture and destruction of wagon-trains is advantageous; but the supply of the Federal army is carried on by the railroad. If that should be injured, it would cause him to detach largely for its security, and thus weaken his main army. This threat of punishing citizens on the line for such attacks must be met by meeting similar treatment to his soldiers when captured.

I do not know the cause for undertaking his expeditions with so few men, — whether it is from policy or the difficulty of collecting them. I have heard of his men — among them officers — being in the rear of this army, selling captured goods, sutler's stores, etc. This had better be attended to by others. It

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1863. has also been reported to me that many deserters from this army have joined him. Among them have been seen members of the Eighth Virginia Regiment. If this is true, I am sure it must be without the knowledge of Major Mosby; but I desire you to call his attention to this matter, to prevent his being imposed on.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

Our old friend Boteler, whom we captured in the summer of 1861, and who we thought was not particularly interested in a prosecution of the war, seems to have acquired considerable sanguinary animosity after his release by General Banks, at Sharpsburg, August, 1861, according to the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
August 19, 1863.

HON. JAMES A. SEDDEN, *Secretary of War:*

SIR: In a conversation with Major Mosby, the partisan leader, I suggested to him the use of Rains' percussion torpedoes on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. He cordially approved of the suggestion, and requested me to write to you for a supply of the explosives in question. If, therefore, you concur with us in thinking that much damage may be done to the enemy by means of these bombs placed beneath the rails of that particular road, which is used exclusively for the transportation of troops and army supplies, you will confer a favor upon Major Mosby by ordering him to be supplied with them immediately.

. . . . . .

A. R. BOTELER.

P.S. — General Stuart suggests that some one acquainted with the use of the torpedoes be sent up with them, as they are dangerous things in unskilful hands.

This method of exit might be called going to heaven — cross-roads.

In accordance with the following communication five deserters were shot:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
August 27, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *President of the United States:*

Walter, Rionese, Folancy, Lai, and Kuhn were to have been executed yesterday. Their execution was postponed by my order till Saturday, the 29th, that time might be given to procure the services of a Roman Catholic priest to assist them in preparing for death. They are substitute conscripts who enlisted for the purpose of deserting after receiving the bounty; and being the first of this class whose cases came before me, I believed that humanity, the safety of this army,

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1863. and the most vital interests of the country required their prompt execution as an example, the publicity given to which might, and, I trust in God will, deter others from imitating their bad conduct. In view of these circumstances, I shall, therefore, inform them their appeal to you is denied.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

If they enlisted for the purpose of deserting, then it was their vocation. As Falstaff said, "'Tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation." The execution of these men didn't deter *our* festive cutthroats from leaving as soon as opportunity offered.

In an order received from brigade headquarters to-day occurs the following paragraph:

II. A looseness and carelessness has been observed by guards and sentinels. Officers on duty are particularly required to correct every departure from the Regulations. Sentinels will not be allowed to sit, read, or talk on their posts, or bring their pieces to an order; but will habitually walk their posts, always vigilant, strictly observing and enforcing orders. At "retreat" the Officer of the Guard will parade and inspect his guard.

We did observe a "looseness and carelessness," as the brigade commander says, though it was in brigade orders, of which the paragraph just quoted is a sample.

An order dated Sept. 11, 1863, was received from Washington, that

After the expiration of ninety days (June 25), volunteers serving in three years' organizations, who may reënlist for three years, or the war, in companies or regiments to which they now belong, and who may have, at the date of reënlistment, less than one year to serve, shall be entitled to the aforesaid bounty and premium of $402, to be paid in the manner herein provided for other troops reëntering the service."

On the 13th of September we received the following order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
September 12, 1863.

Commanding Officer First Corps:

I am instructed to inform you that a movement — reconnaissance — will be made to-morrow in the direction of Culpeper Court House, and the commanding general orders that you hold your command in readiness to move at short notice, in case the development of the movement should be required.

Very respectfully, etc.,

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

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1863. Subsequently the Second Corps was substituted for the First, which caused General Newton to feel that a reflection was cast on his corps, and it prompted him to address a letter to that effect to General Meade, and the following reply was received:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
September 14, 1863.

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN NEWTON, *Commanding First Corps:*

GENERAL: Your communication of the 13th instant, in reference to the detail of the Second Corps to support the cavalry reconnoissance sent in front of the army yesterday, has been laid before the commanding general, who regrets to learn that the detail has occasioned a feeling of disappointment among the officers and men of your corps.

The considerations which led the commanding general to select the Second Corps for this service were chiefly that the First Corps formed part of a line the continuity of which the general did not wish to break, as he could not foresee the consequences which might flow from an advance, and he was by no means certain that the reconnoitring party, together with its support, might not be driven back upon that line, and, moreover, he had in view the fact that the requiring on its part unusual watchfulness, and far more exhausting duties than had been performed by the corps in rear. The commanding general trusts that this explanation will satisfy you that in assigning the Second Corps to the duty above indicated no distrust was entertained of the qualification of the First Corps to perform the service equally well.

I am directed to add that, while the commanding general has given in this instance his reasons for issuing a particular order, he does not admit the right of any subordinate commander to call in question his acts, and he regrets that you should have thought it proper to do so.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The soundness of the last paragraph just saved the apology from being a success.

The following letter from Jeff. Davis to General Lee is interesting:

RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 11, 1863.

GEN. R. E. LEE, *Commanding Army of Northern Virginia:*

Yours of the 8th instant has been received. I am glad you concur so entirely with me as to the want of our country in this trying hour, and am happy to add that after the first depression consequent upon our disaster in the West, indications have appeared that our people will exhibit that fortitude which we agree in believing is alone needful to secure ultimate success.

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1863. It well became Sidney Johnston, when overwhelmed by a senseless clamor, to admit the rule that success is the test of merit; and yet there has been nothing which I have found to require a greater effort of patience than to bear the criticisms of the ignorant, who pronounce everything a failure which does not equal their expectations or desires, and can see no good result which is not in the line of their own imaginings. I admit the propriety of your conclusions, that one officer who loses the confidence of his troops should have his position changed, whatever may be his ability, but when I read the sentence I was not at all prepared for the application you were about to make. Expressions of discontent in the public journals furnish but little evidence of the sentiment of an army. I wish it were otherwise, even though all the abuse of myself should be accepted as the results of honest observation. I say I wish I could feel that the public journals were not generally partisan nor venal.

Were you capable of stooping to it, you could easily surround yourself with those who would fill the press with your laudations, and seek to exalt you for what you had not done, rather than detract from the achievements which will make you and your army the subject of history and object of the world's admiration for generations to come.

I am truly sorry to know that you still feel the effects of the illness you suffered last spring, and can readily understand the embarrassments you experience in using the eyes of others, having been so much accustomed to make your own reconnoissance. Practice will, however, do much to relieve that embarrassment, and the minute knowledge of the country which you have acquired will render you less dependent for topographical information.

But suppose, my dear friend, that I were to admit, with all their implications, the points which you present, where am I to find that new commander who is to possess the greater ability which you believe to be required? I do not doubt the readiness with which you would give way to one who could accomplish all that you have wished, and you will do me the justice to believe that if Providence should kindly offer such a person for our use, I would not hesitate to avail of his services.

My sight is not sufficiently penetrating to discover such hidden merit, if it exists, and I have but used to you the language of sober earnestness when I have impressed upon you the propriety of avoiding all unnecessary exposure to danger, because I felt our country could not bear to lose you. To ask me to substitute you by some one in my judgment more fit to command, or who would possess more of the confidence of the army, or of the reflecting men of the country, is to demand an impossibility.

It only remains for me to hope that you will take all possible care of yourself, that your health and strength may be entirely restored, and that the Lord will preserve you for the important duties devolved upon you in the struggle of our suffering country for the independence which we have engaged in war to maintain.

As ever, very respectfully and truly yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

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1863. General Lee's letter is not to be found; but it is evident on reading the foregoing that his mind was very much disturbed at unfriendly criticisms on the result of his Gettysburg campaign; so much so as to prompt his resignation.

Wednesday, Sept. 16. A general alarm was sounded at 3 A.M., whereupon we crossed the Rappahannock River, and marched by way of Brandy Station and Stevensburg to Mountain Creek, at the foot of Pony Mountain, near Culpeper, a distance of twelve miles.

An order was received to-day that "until further orders, five days' bread and small rations, including salt, will be carried by troops in their *knapsacks*, in addition to the subsistence stores they are required under existing instructions to take in their haversacks."

How the mules must have grinned at that order!

Thursday, Sept. 24. At 1 P.M. we started with eight days' rations, and marched round Pony Mountain to Racoon Ford, a distance of five miles, and camped on ground vacated by the Twelfth Corps.

The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were sent to Tennessee.

Friday, Sept. 25. An order was received to-day that "until further orders conscripts, substitutes, or other new troops will not be detailed for picket duty, and will not be considered on the roster for such.

"While in camp they must be drilled at least four hours daily, and otherwise instructed in their duties."

To our mind this was a wise order. As one of the boys pithily remarked when these recruits arrived from Boston, "If those fellows are trusted on picket the army will soon be in h—l."

Tuesday, Sept. 29. On the 27th we moved our camp about three miles up the river, and to-day we moved another mile in the direction of Mitchell's Station.

The river at this point was only fifteen yards wide, and the rebel pickets on the other side were so near that we could easily discern each other's features. The position of their camp is superior to ours, inasmuch as it is on high ground, while ours is situated on a level plain. Their camp is near enough to ours to hear the

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1863. sound of a band which frequently played, as though serenading some officer. They still had money enough for bands. A hand-organ would have satisfied us — that is, if it was a good one.

Friday, October 2. The division was turned out to-day to see a soldier shot for desertion, or sleeping on his post — we cannot recall which. It made no difference to him which it was.

The men were busy at work building huts, hoping that our present location might be continued through the winter.

A contraband by the name of George Washington joined the regiment to-day, and entered upon the duties of an officer's servant. We were glad to see George Washington, though he was much darker than his pictures represent him to be, and had black, curly hair.

We were on good terms with the enemy's pickets, who swapped lies with us daily.

Friday, October 9. In an order received this day from brigade headquarters it was stated that "it has been observed that in most of the regiments of this brigade there is a deficiency of axes, axe-slings, hatchets, spades, etc., and, as a consequence, the men suffer. Every company should have a proper proportion of these articles, besides those required by the pioneers." As we recollect, there was more *suffering* from a surplus of these articles than by reason of a deficiency. At least it was so when we were marching.

Saturday, October 10. Were in line shortly after 1 A.M., and marched at 3 o'clock to a point on the Rapidan, about a mile from Racoon Ford, a distance of five miles, though we did not reach that spot until 2 P.M., owing to frequent delays.

A cavalry reconnoisance disclosed the fact that the enemy were making a flank movement, so we moved to the rear and camped near Stevensburg about 11 P.M.

Sunday, October 11. We were turned out at 3 A.M. to march, but were delayed until 9 o'clock by the passing of other divisions, after which we pointed our noses in a northerly direction, crossing the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, which

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1863. we waded about 3 P.M., the water being up to our waists. We then camped on the heights, within sound of the cavalry fighting at Stevensburg. The march was ten miles.

Monday, October 12. The Thirteenth and another regiment moved down the river a short distance, occupying rifle-pits during the day. The boys didn't fail to get in their chaff on "Old Bowels."

We marched at midnight.

Tuesday, October 13. Having started at midnight, last night, we marched all day, passing through Warrenton Junction, Catlett's, and other familiar places, until we reached Bristow Station, at 9 P.M., after a tramp of thirty miles. Walking is good exercise for people of sedentary habits, which, of course, did not include us. The government hadn't got on to this idea in October, 1863.

Fighting was heard all day on our left flank.

We were halted at Warrenton Junction, forming in line of battle on our camp-ground of April, 1862, long enough to allow the wagon train to get ahead.

Wednesday, October 14. Started early and marched as "flankers" for the corps, reaching Centreville about noon. Distance ten miles.

Looking back from the heights at Centreville we could see the smoke and hear the sound of heavy firing, as though some hard fighting was going on in the vicinity of Bristow Station.

Soon after our arrival we were moved out on the Warrenton pike, and deployed as skirmishers in advance of the brigade, and then moved on to the Stone bridge over Bull Run, where we were thrown out as pickets. No fires or lights of any kind allowed.

Thursday, October 15. Moved back across Cub Run to a hill near Centreville, where we remained until the 19th.

The fighting that we heard yesterday was by the Second Corps, which was engaged with the enemy at Gainesville, and which it repulsed.

Monday, October 19. Marched at 8 A.M. to Hay Market, which place we reached, after several slight skirmishes, in the afternoon; distance twelve miles. On our way we crossed the battlefield where we fought August 30, 1862.

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1863. Since our last visit to Hay Market the entire town, with the exception of a church, had been burnt by order of General Stahl, it is said, as a punishment to the inhabitants for firing on Union troops.

As we were going into camp General Stuart made a dash on to our picket line, capturing some pickets, besides killing two or three. In consequence thereof we were kept under arms all night.

Tuesday, October 20. About 4 P.M. we marched through Thoroughfare Gap, going into camp about midnight on the hills on the west side of the mountain. It was about eighteen months since we first landed at Thoroughfare Gap. Those of us who still preserved a fondness for beautiful scenery had an opportunity of gratifying it to-day. In addition to the natural beauties of the spot, it was as fine an agricultural section as one could wish to see.

Saturday, October 24. At 7 A.M. we retraced our steps through the Gap to Hay Market, then south to Gainesville, fording Broad Run, and on to Bristow Station, camping on the recent battlefield; making a distance of fifteen miles. The march, by reason of the rain and muddy condition of the roads, was a wearying one.

All this marching and countermarching, forming lines of battle and skirmishing, was to prevent Lee's attempt to turn the right flank of our army and interpose himself between us and our base of supplies, with the possibility of an attack on Washington, or transferring the next battle-ground from Virginia to the States north of the Potomac.

We were now camped on the farm of General Ewell, of the rebel army. The whole estate was in ruins; houses destroyed, orchards cut down, and every fence-rail burnt. Twelve days ago his own army camped on this spot, and probably his men burnt the rails, as our army was not allowed to touch rails.

Saturday, October 31. Moved camp a mile or so to the westward into a pine grove, near Kettle Run, which we found a much more agreeable spot. Nights were getting cold enough for a furnace fire, but we believe furnaces were not allowed in the army.

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CHAPTER XIV.

1863. Thursday, Nov. 5. MARCHED at 4 P.M. to Catlett's Station, ten miles, and bivouacked. We had seen so much of these places, we wished General Meade would hasten on to Richmond, where we could spend the winter among the "sassiety" of that city. When we were in this vicinity in the spring of 1862, it was "On to Gordonsville," but now it was different.

"Learn to labor and to wait,"

says Longfellow; but that was written "befo' de war."

Changed camp to high ground on the east side of the station.

Friday, Nov. 6. Last week, while at Bristow Station, an old friend of the regiment, a commissary of subsistence, made his appearance in our camp, and before his departure agreed to sell to the officers a barrel of whiskey, which was purchased by subscription. Of course it was to be used for medicinal purposes only, that is, when the men were liable to become unfitted for duty by unusual fatigue or exposure during bad weather. Now, it so happened that the camp was excessively dusty, making the cobwebs in the throat impenetrable, and this whiskey was the only thing that would remove the obstructions. When it came to pass that the possession of this whiskey was known among the men, we pestered the lives nearly out of the officers with requests for this very effective medicine, with more or less success according to the disposition of the officer. When exposure seemed a frail and unsubstantial reason, we invented one. If this narrative of ours should by chance be read by one of our temperance friends, he will hold up his hands in horror, possibly, at this statement. We can only say, in excuse, that we were too young to appreciate what a terrible enemy we were

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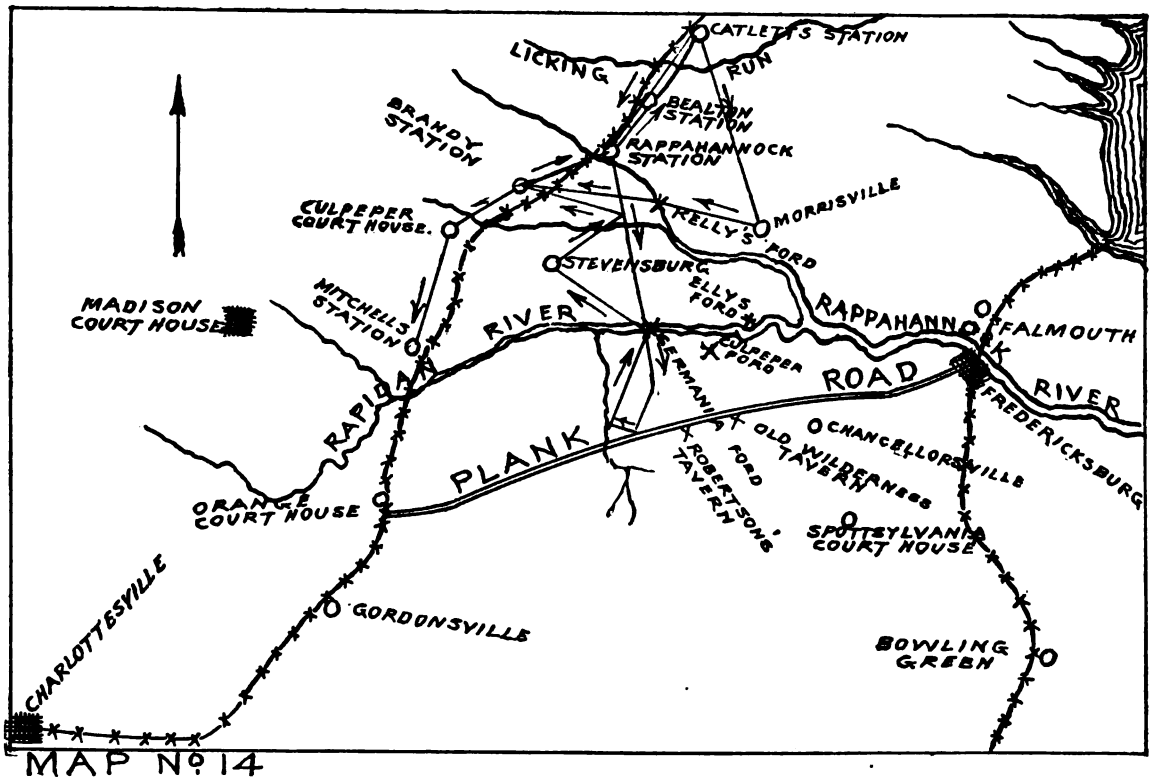

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1863. fooling with. As soon as our service ended, having no further need of stimulants, we — But never mind what has happened since, we are relating only what occurred while we were *in* the service.

The Sixteenth Maine boys had another streak of hard luck to-day. As they went into camp behind us, in the tall grass, it took fire, and before you could count ten, was all ablaze, leaving nothing behind but piles of blackened knapsacks, clothing, and equipments.

Saturday, Nov. 7. Reveille at 4 A.M. Started on the march at eight o'clock. The whole army in motion, the First, Second, and Third Corps taking roads leading to Kelly's Ford, and the Fifth and Sixth advancing on Rappahannock Station. The Third Corps had the lead, and became engaged at the ford at the same time the Sixth was fighting at the station.

We halted at Morrisville, about three miles from the river. The woods being on fire, the air was full of smoke and cinders, making the atmosphere stifling.

Sunday, Nov. 8. At daylight we crossed the Rappahannock River at Kelly's Ford, and marched on to Brandy Station. We saw nothing about the place that suggested so alcoholic a name.

There was a painful lack of intelligence on the part of the commander of the First, Second, and Third Corps to-day, for there seemed to be no reason but stupidity in the way of our capturing a force of rebel artillery and a wagon-train.

It seems that when the enemy was discovered a detachment was sent out on a flank movement. Before it was completed the remainder of our troops, which included the Thirteenth, was advanced out of the woods in their front, thereby disclosing to the enemy our approach, and he immediately withdrew to Culpeper.

We had been long enough in the service to understand what this simple movement meant, and took a good deal of interest in its development. It was exactly the movement that Stonewall Jackson attempted to play on us the day we went to Newtown from Winchester, March 13, 1862, and the lessons that Jackson taught us we were not likely to forget.

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1863. If the honorable major-general commanding this movement had been standing about some of our camp-fires that night he would have heard a pretty free discussion of his qualifications as a major-general.

Monday, Nov. 9. Instead of pushing on to Richmond we took another step back. At 4 P.M. we again turned our faces northward, crossing the river at Rappahannock Station, through Bealton to Licking Run, in a snow-storm, halting at 1 A.M. not far from Warrenton Junction. The weather was cold, except in the fire, which was pretty nearly covered by coffee-dippers. We got to bed about 2 A.M., which is altogether too late for boys away from home.

"D—n the service!" says some one, the other side, as his coffee upset, very nearly putting out the fire. Then a chorus of "Oh, h—l!" was shouted.

[CIRCULAR.] HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Nov. 9, 1863, 12 M.

The following movements of troops are ordered, and will take place at once:

1. The Fifth Corps, Major-General Sykes, will take position on north side of Mountain Run, at Paoli Mills, sending a division to Kelly's Ford to guard the bridges. This division will post a brigade midway between Bealton and Morrisville, at the point where the road to Kelly's Ford running to Carter's house leaves the Morrisville road. The division will picket so as to cover the supply trains moving by that route, and the working party on the railroad.

2. The Second Corps, Major-General Warren, will take post between Paoli Mills and Brandy Station, in such manner as to have good communication with the corps at those two points.

3. The Third Corps, Major-General French, will remain at Brandy Station.

4. The Sixth Corps, Major-General Sedgwick, will move to Welford's Ford, on Hazel River. The division of this corps at Kelly's Ford and Rappahannock Station will rejoin the corps upon being relieved.

5. The First Corps, Major-General Newton, will be placed as follows: One division at Rappahannock Station, with a brigade at Beverly Ford; the three brigades of another division will be: One at Bealeton, one at Liberty, and one near the railroad crossing Licking Run. These two divisions will picket so as to cover the supply, the trains passing along the route of the railroad, and the working parties on the road.

The division of the First Corps now guarding the railroad from Manassas to Warrenton Junction will remain as now posted. The protection of the railroad is assigned to Major-General Newton.

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1863. 6. The Artillery Reserve will be in the vicinity of Rappahannock Station.

7. One brigade of Gregg's division of cavalry will take post at Morrisville, and will picket toward Hartwood Church and the crossings of the lower Rappahannock. The other brigade will take post at Fayetteville, and picket toward Waterloo and beyond Warrenton. Kilpatrick's division of cavalry will take post at Stevensburg and picket toward the crossings on the Rapidan below the railroad crossing. Buford's division of cavalry will be posted at Culpeper Court House, and will picket toward the crossings of Robertson's River and toward the right.

8. Headquarters will be in the vicinity of Brandy Station.

By command of Major-General Meade,

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Tuesday, Nov. 10. Our corps was now strung along the railroad from Manassas to Rappahannock Station, a distance of twenty-five miles.

Details were made daily to work on the railroad, which was being rebuilt as rapidly as possible. This work, with picket duty, completely occupied our time.

The ground about us had been so often used as a parking-place for wagon-trains, artillery, and cavalry, that it had become strewn with oats and corn, scattered by the horses and mules. After their departure, it was taken possession of by quail, partridge, and other birds, as a feeding-ground, so that upon our arrival we found an abundance of game. As we were not allowed to fire our guns, except at the enemy, we were forced to substitute clubs, stones, etc., in order to supply our larder. Broiled partridge and an occasional noggin of "commissary" smoothed off the ragged edge of our service a good deal.

If it hadn't been for guerillas that infested the neighborhood, we might have had a peaceful time, as the enemy in front of the picket line were less demonstrative than usual.

Monday, Nov. 23. At daylight we pulled up stakes and marched six miles, and went into camp on the east side of the railroad, at the forty-ninth mile-post from Alexandria, and two miles from Rappahannock Station. We had been near this spot so many times we had lost the count. Whichever direction we took in a campaign we generally brought up at Rappahannock Station.

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1863. Wednesday, Nov. 25. This was a great day. The sutler arrived with a large amount of goods, which we purchased for the morrow. As he was the only sutler about, there was a great rush from other regiments to take advantage of his presence. Among others were members of the Sixteenth Maine; and as some of them added to their already overflowing cup of misfortunes, by losing their watches and pocket-books, they promptly accused us of stealing them. Well, we must allow there was reason for this accusation, for it couldn't be rubbed out that we had as fine a band of thievish recruits as could be found anywhere, and they just doted on the Sixteenth's men, whose good old honest State of Maine ways held no chance against their deft skill as pickpockets. Now, we had a very simple way of dealing with these Hessians that our much-beloved State sent out to mingle in companionship with us and teach us how to overcome honesty, and that was to put all our diamonds, watches, pocket-books, and silverware in the safe, while all movables, such as dippers, hardtack, etc., we chained. Whenever we laid a knife down we put a guard over it with a loaded musket. With these precautions we managed to hang on to most of our things until these dear comrades of ours stole away to reënlist in some other regiment, or to crack a bank.

Thursday, Nov. 26. Thanksgiving day! We had laid out for a good time and a good dinner; such a kind of a dinner as our skill and ingenuity, aided by the sutler's store, could prepare; but the exigences of the service required us to move, so at daylight we marched, crossing the Rappahannock River as the sun rose; thence to Mountain Run, which we crossed on a pontoon bridge about 9 A.M. at Paoli Mills; thence to the Rapidan River, which we crossed at 10 P.M. at the Culpeper Mine Ford; then climbed the heights and halted for the night about four miles from Chancellorsville, having marched seventeen miles. A large part of the regiment was then sent out on picket. This was our roast turkey and plum-pudding.

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1863. Friday, Nov. 27.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
November 27, 1863, 12.15 A.M.

[CIRCULAR.]

The following movements of troops are ordered for to-day, November 27:

1. Second Corps, Major-General Warren, will move at 7 A.M. along the turnpike to Old Verdierville.

2. Third Corps, Major-General French, will move at 7 A.M. on the Robertson's Tavern road, and close on the Second Corps.

3. Fifth Corps, Major-General Sykes, will move at 7 A.M. to New Verdierville.

4. First Corps, Major-General Newton, will move not later than 7 A.M. on the route of the Fifth Corps, and close up on the Fifth Corps.

5. Sixth Corps, Major-General Sedgwick, will move as soon as the Third Corps has cleared the road, and, as his artillery, etc., has joined him, close up on the Third Corps. One division of the Sixth Corps will remain near the river until the trains have crossed at Germanna and the bridges are taken up.

6. The ammunition trains, ambulances, etc., directed to remain on the north bank of the river, will cross and join their corps, those of the Second, Third, and Sixth Corps, at Germanna; those of the Fifth and First at Culpeper Ford.

4. Reserve artillery will cross at Germanna, follow the route of the Second Corps, and halt before reaching Robertson's Tavern, so as not to interfere with the march of the Third Corps.

8. The chief of cavalry will direct a force of that arm to move in advance on the roads in front of the army.

9. The trains, under the direction of the chief quartermaster of the army, will cross at Culpeper and Ely's Fords, and be parked in rear of the army. They will be guarded by Merritt's cavalry division.

9½. Commanders of leading corps will keep up communication with each other and with the corps in their rear; those of the rear corps with the corps in front. The flank next the enemy will be carefully watched, and the usual precautions against approach will be taken. The commanding general will be kept advised of everything that occurs.

10. Headquarters will be at Robertson's Tavern.

By command of Major-General Meade,

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

In obedience to the foregoing order we were turned out at 4 A.M., and by 5 o'clock were on our way over the plank-road leading to Fredericksburg, and a crooked, hilly road it turned out to be. After following this road for a few miles we turned from it, taking a cart-path through the woods to Robertson's Tavern, and thence to the

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1863. Orange Court House pike, which we reached about 10.30 P.M. and halted for the night.

The regiment was shortly after sent out on picket, having first received instructions from General Robinson to be cautious about firing, as the Fifth Corps was somewhere in front, and the Second Corps on our left. There was excellent reason for this precaution, as the country was full of guerillas. In the order of march to-day the Fifth Corps had the lead, and between it and our corps was a small wagon-train, a part of which was led off from the road into the woods by a band of guerillas in Federal uniform. The drivers were murdered, the mules led away, and the wagons burned before we had time to realize what was being done. A daring thing like this could not have succeeded except through the protection afforded by the uniforms. It caused some delay in our march, and was likely to make the men on picket feel somewhat nervous; hence the caution about firing.

The natural repugnance we had to being hanged made us dread being caught by Mosby.

The distance marched was twenty miles.

When the announcement was made that we were going to Robertson's Tavern, it filled our minds with visions of "flowing bowls," which landlords fill until they run over, according to the song. We thought what we might do on arriving there if we were major-generals, but we were not. However, we couldn't resist picturing what this tavern might be, and so we amused ourselves by discussing the probabilities of broad open fireplaces and hot flip until some one called out "Shut up! There's Robertson's Tavern!" and it turned out to be the most ordinary-looking tenement-house, without the remotest suggestion of comfort or hospitality associated with the time-honored name of tavern.

The following occurrence taken from a letter written by comrade Rollins shows so clearly the vicissitudes of a soldier's life that we gladly give it place in our narrative, particularly as the detail was composed of men from the Thirteenth, and was made soon after our halt to-night:

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1863. We were tired, of course, but soldiers are never so tired but they must build fires and cook their coffee. Fuel was plentiful, and the fires burned up brightly and lighted the recesses of the deep woods, and called out the chirps of the katydids and all kinds of insects in the foliage and tree-tops; a feeling of comfort crept over us as we sipped our coffee and looked forward to a good night's rest snugly in our blankets. I was counting on this myself, when the adjutant of the regiment approached me and delivered his message: "Lieutenant R——, you are detailed to take command of a detail of twenty-five men of this regiment, and you will report to General Robinson at 4 o'clock to-morrow morning for instructions." My pleasant frame of mind suddenly vanished, as I subduedly inquired, "Where shall I find General Robinson?" while at the same time surmises of the nature of the duty required were floating through my mind, and I barely recollected the adjutant pointing to a fire a little way distant where I could see some men putting up a small tent for the general's use. The most probable duty I could think of to be required was to be that of advanced skirmishers; but then it was too small a detail for such duty. Then came the thought of guarding wagons, or something of that sort, but there were no wagons with us, and I was forced to give up my fruitless conjectures. Still my mind would constantly revert to it, and the suspense I knew would prevent my full enjoyment of sleep. I could hear the adjutant as he visited the bivouac fires of each company, going through with his stereotyped order to the first sergeant as follows: "You will make a detail of two men," or "three," as the case might be, "to report to Lieutenant R——, ready to march at 4 o'clock to-morrow morning. I also heard responses from the men, sometimes half a dozen together, which pleased me more. They were like this: "Put my name down;" — "I'll go," etc. I had not been commissioned many months, but I had acquired a reputation — whether deservedly or not it does not become me to say — that led the men whenever I was to take charge of a picket or skirmish line to volunteer to go with me. Of this I candidly say I was proud, and am to this day. I slept fitfully during the night, and at the hour ordered marched my men to the general's tent, when his adjutant-general appeared, and, taking me a little aside, gave me a large sealed envelope, saying it was directed to General Sykes, and that I was to deliver it to him. While he was telling me this, General Robinson, probably overhearing him through the thin cloth of the tent, put his head out of the opening and called me to him. Then he went on to give me minute directions as follows: That I should retrace the cart-path by which we had come into these woods until I came to the plank-road; then turn to the right, and follow the plank-road toward Orange Court House until I met General Sykes with his division, and to personally deliver this package to him. Then he explained his reasons for sending the despatch in this manner. He said he had only two or three mounted orderlies with him, whom he could not spare, and that the woods were infested with guerillas, who might attack a mounted messenger, but would hardly dare attack my detail. That I must look out for a surprise, and not allow any party to approach me, even if clad in our uniform, as almost all the

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1863. guerillas were so clothed. That after I had delivered the document I should fall in with General Sykes' troops, and rejoin my regiment when I could find it. He again cautioned me about delivering the message only to General Sykes, and bade me good-morning.

Soon after getting on the march as directed, a light rain commenced to fall, and by the time the plank-road was reached it was daylight. The road was only a plank-road in name; it probably was once a plank-road. We marched on and on, with no signs of any troops approaching. I began to think my orders, if carried out to the letter, would take us into the heart of the Confederacy, and that General Robinson might have been misinformed as to General Sykes' route. I looked at my watch, and it was half-past seven. Still I kept on. At last, away down a straight stretch of the road, I could see something coming. I did not know whether it was friend or foe, but immediately marched my men into a clump of bushes and small trees by the roadside, and halted. The men threw themselves on the ground to rest, while I kept a look-out for what was approaching. I could only make out a small body of mounted men, ten or fifteen in number; but as they came nearer I could discern that a body of infantry was some distance behind them, and came at once to the conclusion, which afterwards I found correct, that that it was General Sykes and his staff some distance in front of the head of the column of infantry. When they had approached within thirty or forty rods, I called my men to attention, and formed a line on the side of the road awaiting them. Much to our amusement, when they discovered us, General Sykes and his staff reined up their horses very suddenly, and acted as though they were in doubt whether to remain where they were or return to the head of the column of troops coming. They probably feared that we were rebel guerillas. They did not go back, however, but waited until the column came up, and then came along with the troops.

Knowing General Sykes, I gave the order to "present arms!" and stepped out into the road with the papers in my left hand, and, saluting with my sword, said, "General Sykes, I have despatches for you." He returned the salute, and I brought my men to "shoulder arms!" and handed him the envelope. Meantime, the column behind was halted. He read the papers very carefully; and then, turning to me, said: "You must have had quite a tramp with your men. You had better fall into any opening in the line between regiments and keep along with us. You may not see your regiment for several days." I let several regiments pass, and finally fell into an opening in the line. We were tired, wet, and muddy from marching, and were objects of much curiosity to the "Regulars" comprising Sykes' division; the officers would come alongside of me to inquire where we were from. I had now to begin to favor my men, as they were becoming tired out. So I would drop out of an opening and let five or six regiments pass, and then file into another gap. This kept on till we got to the last regiment in the line. About this time we came up to a wagon park on a hill, when I filed out of the road and halted near fires built by teamsters, and we rested and cooked our coffee. It was past noon, and we learned from the wagoners that a line of

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1863. battle was in front about a mile in a piece of woods skirting a stream called Mine Run. We had got back to a point about three miles west of the one we had left in the morning. After a good rest we left the wagon park and marched forward to the line of battle, striking troops of the Sixth Corps. After a deal of searching and marching we found where our regiment had been; but they were then on the skirmish line. We awaited their return, which occurred the next morning at daylight.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CORPS,
November 28, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUMPHREYS, *Chief of Staff, Army of the Potomac:*

The pickets I ordered advanced on my left report they cannot cross on account of the depth of mud and water. They also report a constant movement of the enemy toward our left.

Very respectfully,
JOHN NEWTON,
Major-General.

The following extract from Swinton's "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac" will be of interest in showing the purposes of the campaign:

Judging from the experience of such military operations as had been attempted during the previous years at the season now reached, it might have been inferred that the army could do nothing better than go into winter quarters and await the coming spring before entering upon a new campaign. But General Meade felt that the condition of the public mind would hardly brook delay; and being himself very eager for action, he anxiously watched a favorable opportunity to deliver battle. Such an opportunity he thought he saw towards the end of November; and he then planned an operation known as the "Mine Run move" — an operation which deserved better success than it met.

It was learned that Lee, while resting the right of his army on the Rapidan near Morton's Ford, had left the lower fords of the river at Ely's, Culpeper Mine, Germanna, and Jacob's Mills uncovered, and depended upon the defence of that flank upon a line of intrenchments which he had constructed perpendicular to the river and extending along the left bank of a small tributary of the Rapidan named Mine Run, which flows almost at right angles with the former stream, and empties into it at Morton's Ford. Relying for the security of his right upon that line, Lee had placed his force in cantonments covering a wide extent of country; so that while Ewell's corps held position from Morton's Ford to Orange Court House, Hill's corps was distributed from that point along the railroad to near Charlottesville, with an interval of several miles between the two corps.

This wide separation of his opponent's forces gave Meade the hope that by crossing the Rapidan at the lower fords, turning the Confederate right, and advancing quickly towards Orange Court House by the plank and turnpike roads

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1863. that connect that place with Fredericksburg, he might be able to interpose between the two hostile bodies under Ewell and Hill, and destroy them in detail.

This plan, different from the kind of operations ordinarily attempted in Virginia, was well suited to the circumstances. It was based upon a precise mathematical calculation of the elements of time and space, of the kind for which Napoleon was so famous, and depended absolutely for its success on a vigorous execution of all the foreordained movements in the foreordained time and way. Thus planning, Meade attempted the bold *coup d'essaye* of cutting entirely loose from his base of supplies, and providing his troops with ten days' rations, he left his trains on the north side of the Rapidan, relying on the meditated success to open up new lines of communication.

The movement was begun at dawn of the 26th of November, and the order of march was as follows: The Fifth Corps, followed by the First Corps, was to cross the Rapidan at Culpeper Mine Ford and proceed to Parker's Store, on the plank-road to Orange Court House. The Second Corps was to cross at Germanna Ford and proceed out on the turnpike (which runs parallel with the plank-road) to Robertson's Tavern. To this point also the Third Corps, crossing at Jacob's Mill Ford, and followed by the Sixth Corps, was to march by other routes, and then make a junction with the Second Corps. With the left thus at Parker's Store and the right at Robertson's Tavern, the army would be in close communication on parallel roads, and by advancing westward towards Orange Court House would turn the line of the Mine Run defences, which it was known did not extend as far south as to cross the turnpike and plank-roads. As the distance of the several corps from their encampments to the assigned points of concentration was under twenty miles, General Meade reasonably assumed that marching early on the 26th, each corps commander would be able to make the march inside of thirty-four hours, or, at most, by noon of the 27th. It remains to relate how this well-devised and meritorious plan was balked by circumstances that, though seemingly trivial to those uninstructed in war, are yet the very elements that in a large degree assure success or entail failure.

The first of these delays was occasioned by the tardiness of movement of the Third Corps, under General French, which, having a less distance to march than the other corps, yet did not reach its assigned point for the crossing of the Rapidan until three hours after the other corps had arrived. This caused a delay to the whole army, for, not knowing what he should encounter on the other side, General Meade was unwilling to allow the other corps to cross until the Third was up. A second obstacle was the result of an unpardonable blunder on the part of the engineers in estimating the width of the Rapidan, so that the pontoon bridges it was designed to throw across that stream were too short, and trestle-work and temporary means had to be provided to increase their length. In addition, another cause of delay resulted from the very precipitous banks of the Rapidan, which rendered the passage of the artillery and trains tedious and difficult. The effect of these several circumstances was that the army, instead of

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1863. making the passage of the river early in the day, was not across until the following morning. Twenty-five hours had passed, and only half the distance was made.

. . . . . .

The Third Corps, under General French, fell into a series of luckless mishaps, by which it happened that soon after crossing the Rapidan at Jacob's Mills he took the wrong road to reach Robertson's Tavern, falling upon a route too much to the right, which brought it against Johnson's division of Ewell's corps. With this force it had a brisk brush, and by the time it could extricate itself, get on the right road, and open communications with Robertson's Tavern, it was night.

Saturday, Nov. 28. Moved at 5 A.M., through the woods to a clearing, where the rebel infantry was found in force. The corps was then formed in line of battle, with skirmishers thrown out in advance.

Mine Run was just at the foot of the other side of the hill from where we were now stationed. Our skirmishers having driven the enemy across the creek, they opened on us with artillery at long range, to which ours replied, when we were hastily put in a position of safety before any of our brigade was hurt. We were afterwards thrown out as skirmishers. The concentration of our army at this point continued all day, each corps taking position as it arrived.

Sunday, Nov. 29. Lay all day in line of battle. The forenoon was spent in making preparations for an attack, which would take place as soon as the Second Corps, under Warren, located some distance to our left, should open the ball. It rained hard all the morning. Late in the afternoon we were unofficially informed that during the approaching night an advance was to be made across the flooded meadow in our front, on the banks of Mine Run, after which we were to charge the heights beyond, now in possession of the enemy, and upon which was stationed a formidable array of artillery. To carry out this purpose the corps was formed in four lines of battle, the Thirteenth being among those in the front line. We knew very well what this meant if undertaken. To climb those heights in face of guns that could sweep every inch of ground with grape and canister was not the kind of job we hankered after, particularly in the darkness. Some of the boys left their valuables, such as watches and money, with the sur-

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1863. geon, to be sent home in case of disaster. Names were then written on slips of paper and pinned on the coat or cap for identification of bodies. All these preparations gave such an emphasis to the affair, that when night came, there was little sleep. We had been out on the skirmish line, and knew too well what the strength of the enemy was to doubt the result of such a charge.

Orders were given that no word should be spoken above a whisper, and we were particularly cautioned against the rattling of canteens. In a few moments orders would be received to advance. With this unpleasant anticipation, the hours rolled slowly along until daylight, without an order to move. If there ever was a long night, this was one. We learned afterwards that it was not the intention to make a charge then, though one was intended to have been made in the morning.

We quote once more from the "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac" by Swinton:

Early on Monday morning the army was under arms, impatiently awaiting the signal-gun. At last the sound of Sedgwick's cannon came rolling along the line, when the entire artillery of the right and centre opened upon the works of the enemy. But not an echo from Warren on the left! The explanation of this silence soon came in intelligence brought by an aide-de-camp. A close observation of the enemy's position by dawn revealed a very different state of facts than was presented the previous evening. The presence of Warren's troops had attracted Lee's attention to his right, and during the night he had powerfully strengthened that flank by artillery in position, and by infantry behind breastworks and abattis. Looking at the position with the critical eye of an engineer, but not without those lofty inspirations of courage that o'erleap the cold dictates of mathematical calculation, Warren saw that the task was hopeless; and so seeing, he resolved to sacrifice himself rather than his command. He assumed the responsibility of suspending the attack.

His verdict was that of his soldiers, — a verdict pronounced not in spoken words, but in a circumstance more potent than words, and full of touching pathos.

The time has not been seen when the Army of the Potomac shrank from any call of duty; but an unparalleled experience in war, joined to a great intelligence in the rank and file, had taught these men what by heroic courage might be done, and what was beyond the bounds of human possibility. Recognizing that the task now before them was of the character of a forlorn hope, knowing well that no man could here count on escaping death, the soldiers, without sign of

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1863. shrinking from the sacrifice, were seen quietly pinning on the breast of their blouses of blue slips of paper on which each had written his *name*.

The following is taken from the account of the Mine Run campaign published in the "History of the Civil War in America," by the Count de Paris:

The demonstration made by Warren on Mine Run in the afternoon of the 29th, which cost him about twenty men, has of course attracted Hill's attention toward his extreme right, which he hastily reënforced. The concentration of the Federal forces on the south of the plank-road could the less escape him since Warren, far from concealing them, has, on the contrary, applied himself, while placing them in sight of the enemy and lighting large fires, to making them appear still more considerable than they were in reality. He has himself stated this fact, without explaining the reason of these tactics, which are incomprehensible on the eve of an attack. If he hoped to intimidate the enemy he was greatly mistaken. Hill, well warned, brings back all his forces on the south of the plank-road, thus opposing about twenty thousand men to the twenty-six thousand of his adversary, and hastily constructs a few intrenchments. A small stream and a space of about six hundred yards separate the combatants. The night is long and cold.

The dawn, impatiently waited for on both sides, at length makes its appearance. Meade's manœuvre has been baffled. The Southern army, closed in mass behind Mine Run, presents everywhere a formidable front; the intrenchments roughly sketched the day before by Hill have been completed during the night; the artillery, concealed in the woods, is displayed on all the heights.

The Federals study with attention, then with uneasiness, the positions which they are about to assault. Almost all have witnessed Fredericksburg and Gettysburg; they know by a double experience that a bloody defeat is reserved to one of the two armies which takes the offensive. It is said that most of them on the morning of the 30th took care to pin to their coats pieces of paper bearing their names. They wished that their names might be placed over the fresh earth which was to cover them in their everlasting sleep. No hope of glory was occupying their minds at that supreme hour, but they were anxious to secure on that distant soil the modest epitaph which allows the soldier's family to distinguish his remains, instead of having to kneel at the grave of the unknown. It was in this manner, it is related, that they silently showed the conviction that they were going to be asked for a useless sacrifice. If it is only a legend — for legends are sometimes easily made — it is worth being quoted, for it perfectly describes the character of the Army of the Potomac.

A few minutes more and it will be 8 o'clock; every one is waiting for the signal; faces are grave, but resolute. Warren, however, has been still more struck than his soldiers by the formidable aspect of the enemy's positions; those which

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1863. seemed scarcely defended on the evening of the preceding day are covered with artillery. His first examination had perhaps been too superficial. He ought to have foreseen that by parading his forces on the evening of the 29th, and leaving to his adversaries fourteen hours' respite, he was inviting them to put themselves on their defence. But Warren will not lose time in useless regrets; he has made a rapid *coup d'œil* and a correct judgment, and does not shrink from responsibility. His decision is quickly made; the attack trusted to his care cannot succeed, and he does not hesitate to postpone it. He must have great moral courage to take this step, for he will be pardoned more easily, he knows, an unfortunate act of daring than the most justifiable prudence. The fatal hour has come; the regiments under arms receive no orders, — a painful waiting to those who are ready to march to death, and which at first arouses in them a feverish impatience. But they soon divine the wise hesitation of Warren; they whisper to each other that the attack is abandoned, and every one immediately forgets the future conflicts and the present sufferings to think only of the absent family, and of home, sweet home.

Monday, Nov. 30. At 4 A.M. we were turned out, and shortly after a movement *was* made, but not as anticipated all night long. A line of battle was formed in the woods, and an advance begun. After proceeding a short distance an order was received to "*Right flank, march!*" and the regiment soon emerged into an open field and massed with the Fifth Corps for an attack. It was now daylight. The rebel batteries began firing, the shot flying over our heads and making havoc with the trees to our right, the Union batteries replying. A halt was made behind a hill, where we were protected from artillery fire. Hope began to gain upon us that the foolhardy attempt of charging the enemy was to be abandoned, which was indeed the fact. We subsequently learned that in the hollow to the north of the Orange pike were massed twenty thousand men about daylight for some purpose, as if anticipating a movement such as we were expecting to make. Time dragged along, and no movement was made. We were all tired of the inaction and the heavy strain on the mind from hours of expectation, and so we had a game of ball to pass away the time. Occasionally the ball would be batted over the crest of the hill in front, in range of the rebel skirmishers, necessitating some one going after it. It was a risky piece of business and required quick work, but it was got every time.

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1863. During the day a sheep was seen running along outside of the skirmish line, when it was fired upon and wounded. An adventurous member of Company E ran out for it, but a Johnnie on the rebel skirmish line covered him with his gun, shouting, "Divide, Yank!" which was agreed to. The sheep was then split in halves, each taking his portion, returning to their places amid shouts of laughter from both lines.

When night came we built large fires to ward off the bitter cold, and slept.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
November 30, 1863, 8.40 P.M.

GENERAL: The major-general commanding desires to have your opinion upon the practicability of carrying the enemy's intrenchments, so far as they are known to you within the limits of the front of your command. Please reply immediately.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

(To commanders of First, Third, Fifth, and Sixth Army Corps.)

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS,
November 30, 1863, 9.05 P.M.

BRIG.-GEN. S. WILLIAMS, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

In reply to your 8.45 this P.M. I have the honor to report that since dark I have not been able to obtain the information that I desire concerning the topography of the other side of the stream. I will be enabled to answer your note more satisfactorily on receiving from division commanders the information already sent for.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN NEWTON,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS,
November 30, 1863, 11 P.M.

BRIG.-GEN. S. WILLIAMS, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

GENERAL: The papers enclosed are the answers of my division commanders [only Cutler's can be found] to an inquiry as to the nature of the ground in their respective fronts. I regard any attempt to storm as hopeless, unless the troops can be massed near the point of attack without the knowledge of the enemy, and unless strongly supported on both right and left. The works of the enemy in my immediate front appear to be heavy, and their attention seems to have been drawn to the possibility of an attack here.

Very respectfully, etc.,

JOHN NEWTON,
Major-General.

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1863. [Enclosure.]

LIEUT.-COL. C. KINGSBURY, JR., *Assistant Adjutant-General, First Army Corps:*

COLONEL: I think the works can be carried at or near the first angle of the pike to the left, provided that the enemy is first dislodged from the pines in front of the works by an attack from the left. This is the only practicable way I see, and that at a great sacrifice. If I were to make the assault, I would like to see the officer that is to lead on my left, and have daylight to execute it in.

Very respectfully,

L. CUTLER,
Brigadier-General Commanding Division.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS,
November 30, 1863, 10.11 P.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUMPHREYS, *Chief of Staff.*

As to carrying the line in my front, the two divisions being now at my disposal, I say there is no obstacle to success except those incidental to military enterprises.

Very respectfully,

WM. H. FRENCH,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
November 30, 1863, 9 P.M.

BRIG.-GEN. S. WILLIAMS:

GENERAL: In answer to your question of this evening, I do not think it practicable to successfully carry the intrenchments of the enemy within the front of my command. I mean the front on either side of the old turnpike road of which I spoke to you yesterday.

This was followed by a second despatch at 11 P.M.:

GENERAL: In answer to your question, I desire to say, that, so far as could be seen, I do not consider it impracticable to carry the front threatened by us, to-day, although I regard the chances of success as very much lessened, both because the enemy has prepared to-day to meet the threat there offered, and because I am almost assured that he knows the nature of the attack it was our design to offer, and has prepared to resist it.

GEO. SYKES,
Major-General.

The following paragraphs are taken from General Meade's report of the Mine Run campaign:

On the 30th the batteries opened at 8 A.M. The skirmishers of the First and Third Corps advanced across Mine Run and drove the enemy's skirmishers, and

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1863. every preparation was made by Sedgwick for his attack (he having moved his columns during the night and massed them out of view of the enemy), when about ten minutes of 9 I received a despatch from General Warren to the effect that "the position and strength of the enemy seem so formidable in my present front that I advise against making the attack here — the full light of the sun shows me that I cannot succeed." The staff-officer who brought this despatch further reported that General Warren had suspended his attack, and would not make it without further orders.

As Sedgwick's attack was subsidiary to Warren's, and as, owing to Warren's confidence of the night before, I had given him so large a part of the army that I had not the means of supporting Sedgwick in case of repulse, or reënforcing him in the event of success, I was obliged to suspend the attack of Sedgwick on the enemy's left, which I did just in time; and immmediately proceeded to General Warren's column, some four miles distant, in the hope of arranging some plan by which the two attacks might yet take place in the afternoon. I reached General Warren between 10 and 11 A.M. and found his views were unchangeable, and that it was his decided opinion it was hopeless to make any attack.

. . . . . .

I am free to admit that the movement across the Rapidan was a failure, but I respectfully submit that the causes of this failure, a careful perusal of the foregoing report will show, were beyond my control. I maintain my plan was a feasible one. Had the columns made the progress I anticipated and effected a junction on the night of the 26th, at or near Robertson's Tavern, the advance the next day would either have passed the formidable position of Mine Run without opposition; or, had Ewell attempted to check the movement, he would have been overwhelmed before reënforced by Hill.

Prisoners reported that Hill did not come up till the afternoon of the 27th, so that if the movements of the Third Corps had been prompt and vigorous on the 27th, assisted by the Sixth and Second, there was every reason to believe Ewell could have been overcome before the arrival of Hill. And after the enemy, through these culpable delays, had been permitted to concentrate on Mine Run, I have reason to believe but for the unfortunate error of judgment of Major-General Warren, my original plan of attack on these columns would have been successful, or at least, under the view I took of it, would certainly have been tried.

It may be said I should not depend on the judgment of others, but it is impossible a commanding general can reconnoitre in person a line of over seven miles in extent, and act on his own judgment as to the expediency of attacking or not. Again, it may be said that the effort should have been made to test the value of my judgment, or in other words, that I should encounter what I believed to be certain defeat, so as to prove conclusively that victory was impossible.

Considering how sacred is the trust of the lives of the brave men under my command, but willing as I am to shed their blood and my own when duty requires, and my judgment dictates that the sacrifice will not be in vain, I cannot be a party to a wanton slaughter of my troops for any mere personal end.

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1863. The following is the report of our division commander, Brig.-Gen. John C. Robinson:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION FIRST ARMY CORPS,
December 3, 1863.

COLONEL: On the 22d of November this division was posted at Bealeton, Liberty, and Licking Run, and on the 23d it was concentrated near Rappahannock Station. At daylight on the 26th it started on the march, crossed the Rapidan at Culpeper Ford after dark, and biouvacked until 3 o'clock next morning, when the march was resumed. About midnight I took up a position about a mile and a half to the left of Robertson's Tavern, and picketed one of the roads leading to the front.

At daylight I moved the division about one mile to the right, and formed on the left of the First Division in two lines with a reserve of four regiments and a double line of skirmishers. In this order the division advanced to the line afterward occupied by the army in front of the enemy's works on Mine Run. At this time there were no troops on my left, but the Third Corps, coming into position toward night, relieved my pickets on that flank. The enemy's works in my front appeared to be strong, and between us was a mile open space with ravines, through which ran two streams — Mine Run and one of its branches. On the 30th I was directed by the major-general commanding the First Corps to advance my pickets across the stream in front, and build two bridges suitable for the passage of artillery and troops in column. The enemy's pickets occupied the crest of the hill immediately in front, and it became necessary to dislodge them. This was handsomely done by the Ninety-fourth Regiment of New York Volunteers, under Major Moffett, which advanced to the stream, exposed to severe musketry fire, crossed it, and charging up the hill, drove away the rebel pickets, and took possession of the crest. Working parties were immediately set at work, who by night had completed two bridges, and were proceeding to build others, when I received orders to suspend the work, and, during the night, to withdraw my pickets to the position they occupied in the morning. The only casualties in the division are a few men wounded.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the first of December, the division was relieved by a brigade of the Third Division, Fifth Corps, and marched to Germanna Ford, when I took position and covered the crossing of the Fifth and Sixth Corps, and the picket details of the Third, Fifth, and Sixth Corps. The division was then withdrawn, with the exception of one hundred men, who remained until the bridges were taken up, and then came over in boats. About noon on the 2d of December I left the river, and bivouacked near Stevensburg. The division left Stevensburg this morning, and is now encamped, one brigade at Paoli Mills and one at Kelly's Ford.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JNO. C. ROBINSON,
Brigadier-General Commanding Division.

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1863. Tuesday, Dec. 1. The following instructions for the retirement of our corps are taken from the circular issued by General Meade, under date of Dec. 1, 1863:

1. The First Corps, Major-General Newton commanding, will withdraw from its position on Mine Run (part of the Fifth Corps relieving it), concealing the movement from the enemy, and march at 4 P.M. to Germanna Ford, where it will take position and hold the crossing of the river until the Fifth and Sixth Corps cross, when it will follow those two corps as soon as the road on the opposite side is clear. It will then form the rear guard, and use every precaution to insure the safety of the rear. It will take post at the termination of the plank-road, covering the trains on the Stevensburg road, and watching the Mitchell's Ford road.

Shortly before daylight we moved back to the position occupied by us on the night of November 27.

At dusk our division began its march back to the Rapidan, arriving at the Germanna Ford about daylight, when we took position as directed in the order of General Meade.

Wednesday, Dec. 2. The whole army crossed the river. We marched to Stevensburg, ten miles, arriving about 4 P.M., and halted for the night.

The rest of the army, like ourselves, was very much dissatisfied with the result of the campaign. Grumbling was heard on all sides. As usual we knew little about the position of troops, but that didn't interfere with our having some lively discussion as to how the battle ought to have been fought. Arguments were illustrated by diagrams drawn in the ashes of smouldering fires. While this was going on, our attention was attracted to a group of substitutes who were demonstrating how easy a pocket could be picked. These fellows made no bones of their occupation, and they were always willing to teach us the mysteries of their profession, that we might have an agreeable and genteel occupation when we reached home.

Thursday, Dec. 3. Marched to a point near Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock River, where we took possession of some rebel huts, built for winter quarters, and where we remained until the 24th, attending to the usual duties of camp life, watching with interest the steady diminution of our comrades, the

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1863. substitutes and bounty-jumpers, who returned to their native heaths to reënlist in accordance with the earnestly expressed wish of the government, that all veterans should do so.

Complaint was made by General Newton, our corps commander, that our regiment did not have recitations from the Army Regulations. There were four hundred and eighty-three pages, containing, in all, sixteen hundred and seventy-six regulations. We were grateful to our officers for this deviation from the strict line of their duty. There were inflictions enough without this one. The busybody that informed General Newton of this neglect deserved to be choked, we thought.

Section 500 of the Army Regulations says: "The sentinel at the colonel's tent has orders to warn him, day or night, of any unusual movement in or about camp." The most unusual thing that ever happened in camp was the prompt relief of the camp guard on duty at 3 A.M. According to this regulation, therefore, it was the duty of the sentinel after such an occurrence to wake the colonel and let him know the fact, though we believe it was never done, because life was sweet, even to a private soldier. Then again, the ninth article of war forbade a soldier using any violence to his superior officer.

[CIRCULAR.]

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,
SECOND DIVISION FIRST ARMY CORPS,
Dec. 14, 1863.

I. As one of the aids to a proper attention to guard duty is to have comfortable guard quarters, the commanding officers of the different regiments of this brigade will, without unnecessary delay, have such quarters prepared.

II. As the moral and conscientious soldiers are among the most faithful and devoted to the service, it is desirable that the best means be used for cultivating and promoting the highest moral influence amongst the troops. It is, therefore, recommended to all officers, particularly to commanding officers of regiments, to extend all facilities in their power to the chaplains in the performance of their high and sacred duties. Every regiment should have a suitable building or tent in which to hold their religious meetings. Every regiment not having a chaplain should adopt the speediest means for obtaining one.

III. The colonel commanding does not feel himself authorized to issue any orders on the duties of chaplains, or prescribing any form for religious services, although the religious orders of the President, repeated by several commanders of this army, might warrant it, yet he would most earnestly recommend that the commanders of regiments require their chaplains, or in their absence, some suit-

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1863. able person, to have a short and appropriate religious service on the occasion of the evening dress parade, believing, as he does, that it would be a dutiful recognition of that Almighty Power that has preserved us, blessed our nation and flag, blessed our arms, and that is rapidly leading us into a long-looked for haven of peace and prosperity.

By command of

COL. T. F. McCOY,
Commanding Brigade.

The reading of this order reminded us of the utter darkness into which we had wandered by the loss of our spiritual guide, the chaplain. The Bibles which we had discarded in the streets of Philadelphia, under the impression that the presence of a chaplain would supply their place, might now be useful in regulating our conduct so as to fulfil the enunciation of Colonel McCoy, that "moral and conscientious soldiers are among the most faithful and devoted to the service." We were certainly among the breakers, — housebreakers, as our last August recruits appeared to be, — and needed, if ever, the services of a chaplain, or a jailer, though the latter was the officer we felt would be most useful. The chaplain left us about Fredericksburg time to take charge of a hospital in Washington, and we are free to say that we missed the cheering influence of his amiable presence. Surrounded as we now were by a brawling set of recruits, it looked like a travesty to remind us of cultivating morals in soil so destitute of good. There were some things we could do to be saved without the aid of a chaplain: we could pray, sing a psalm, take up a collection, or take a bath. Most of us chose the latter, for its proximity to godliness, and felt purer and happier for doing so.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS,
[CIRCULAR.] Dec. 22, 1863.

For the information of those concerned, the following facts are furnished in regard to bounties paid by the different States, collected from the Adjutant-General's office:

Massachusetts pays $325 cash, or $50 and $20 per month.

New York pays $75.

New York City pays $300, provided the men were enlisted in the city, provided the men were originally enrolled there, no matter whether the men reënlisted in the city or army.

Wisconsin pays $5 a month to families of volunteers.

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1863. Michigan, $50 bounty; also township and county bounties are paid in some localities, varying in amounts.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL NEWTON.

A noticeable change had taken place in the business of enlistment since we hung round No. 344 (old number) Washington street, patiently waiting to learn if we had been *voted in* and accepted.

Thursday, Dec. 24. Marched about 8 o'clock to Brandy Station and on to Culpeper Court House and along the railroad to within a mile of Mitchell's Station. Snow on the ground and cold. No rests were given us. The distance marched was seventeen miles.

Friday, Dec. 25. Christmas day. Had to break ice in the swamp near by for a supply of water, some of which was about the color of whiskey. The pickets of the enemy could be seen on the opposite side of Cedar Run. Merritt's division of cavalry were in camp near us.

Saturday, Dec. 26. About 3 P.M. we moved our camp down the hill to Mitchell's Station in a field to the west of the station. Our camp of August 17 and 18, 1862, was less than a mile away, towards Cedar Mountain.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 56.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION, FIRST ARMY CORPS, Dec. 28, 1863.

This brigade now occupies one of the extreme outposts of this army. It is a position of honor as well as danger, and as such requires much more than the ordinary degree of vigilance and faithfulness on the part of officers and men.

The colonel commanding would, therefore, call upon all to manifest their appreciation of the important service devolving upon them by a prompt and cheerful response to every duty.

In view of an additional precaution against surprise, when firing is heard on the picket line, the commanding officers of regiments will at once have their commands under arms, without waiting for any orders or signals from these headquarters.

The safety of the camp being more particularly in the keeping of the pickets and guards, the necessity of intelligence, vigilance, and promptitude with them are of the most essential importance.

The colonel commanding the brigade deeply regrets the necessity for the late

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1863. movement, involving so much inconvenience and suffering, and most heartily sympathizes with the troops in their extraordinary fatigues and exposures. Knowing, however, that the noble and righteous cause in which we are engaged is worthy of and demands the highest services and the greatest sacrifices, he feels assured that the brave and patriotic officers and soldiers of this brigade will, with renewed determination, if necessary, sustain their own high name, won upon so many battlefields, and the honor of the old flag, by a prompt and willing compliance with every duty, however arduous, the exigency may require.

By command of

COL. T. F. McCOY,
Commanding Brigade.

We had an opinion about this Colonel McCoy. The "old flag" which has come thundering along down the oratorical highway of the last thirty years probably got its start from this order.

Tuesday, Dec. 29. We were formed in line of battle to meet an advance of the enemy, but the alarm proved to be a false one.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 58.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,
SECOND DIVISION FIRST ARMY CORPS,
Dec. 30, 1863.

For the health and comfort of the soldiers of the First Brigade, it is of great importance that especial attention be bestowed in the construction of huts and the laying out of grounds for convenience and beautifying. For the purpose of ensuring uniformity in the accomplishment of these objects, I hereby, with the advice of the medical officers of the First Army Corps, direct that the walls of the huts shall not be less than five feet high, the length not less than ten feet, and the width between the walls not less than six feet and one half, the roofs being covered with shelters in the usual manner. The doors of the huts shall all face the street, and the chimneys should not be erected in the front.

A choice may be exercised by the regimental commanders whether the huts be end to the street or side to it, though there should be uniformity in adopting one mode or the other.

The streets should not be less than twenty-five feet in width, and the space between huts in the rear should not be less than eight feet. The streets will be graded in the usual manner. The draining will be thorough.

By command of

COL. T. F. McCOY,
Commanding Brigade.

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1863. Thursday, Dec. 31. Changed camp to high ground, half a mile to the westward, and proceeded at once to build huts for winter quarters. Six months and sixteen days more before "Johnnie comes marching home."

During the month of January, 1864, the Confederate Congress passed resolutions thanking General Lee and the officers and soldiers under his command for the great and signal victories they had won, and the service they had rendered in defence of the liberty and independence of their country. Accompanying the resolutions was the following general order:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 5.

ADJT. AND INSP. GENERAL'S OFFICE, RICHMOND, Jan. 13, 1864.

1. The President having approved the following joint resolutions of Congress, directs its announcement in General Orders, expressive of his gratification at the tribute awarded the patriotic officers and soldiers to whom it is addressed. For the military laggard, or him who, in the pursuits of selfish and inglorious ease, forgets his country's need, no note of approbation is sounded. His infamy is his only security from oblivion. But the heroic devotion of those who, in defence of liberty and honor, have perilled their all, while it confers, in an approving conscience, the best and highest award, will also be cherished in perpetual remembrance by a grateful nation. Let this assurance stimulate the armies of the Confederacy everywhere to greater exertion and more resolute endurance, till, under the guidance of Heaven, the blessings of peace and freedom shall finally crown their efforts. Let all press forward in the road to independence, and for the security of the rights sealed to us in the blood of the first Revolution. Honor and glory await our success. Slavery and shame will attend our defeat!

As a specimen of turgid eloquence this is too fine to remain buried in the War Records.

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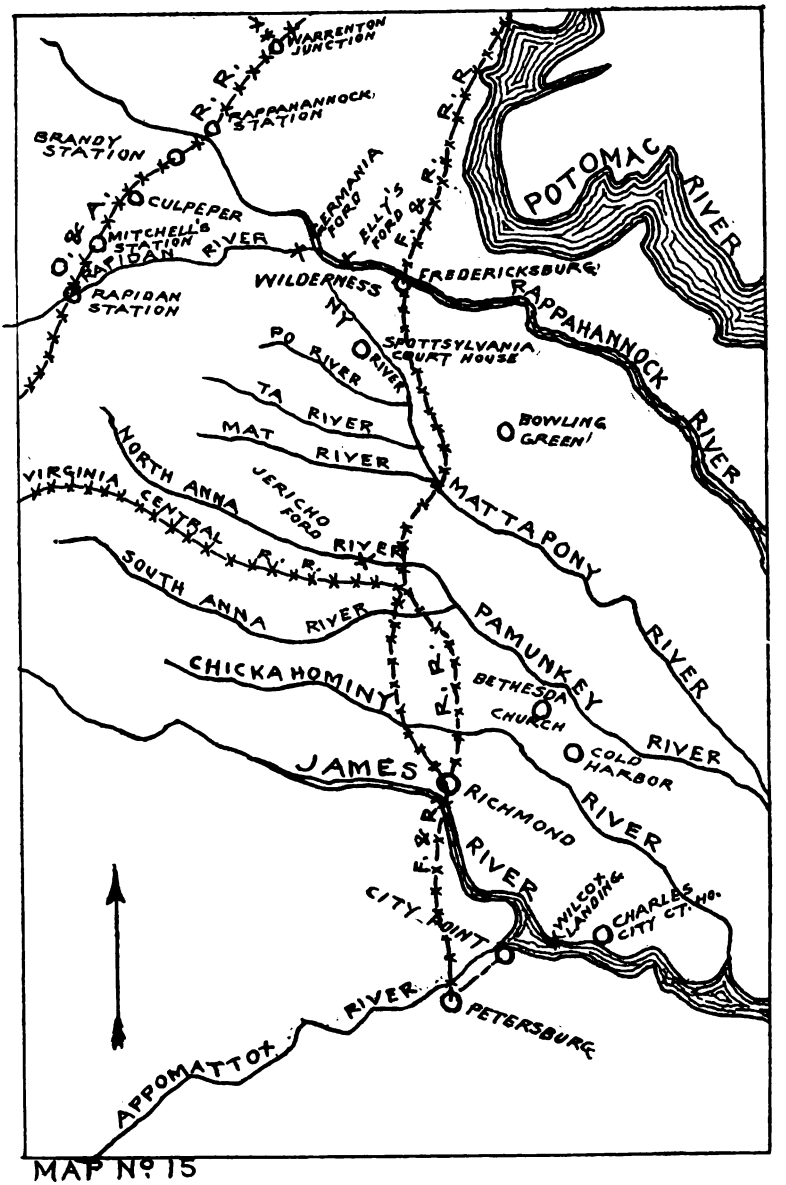

MAP No. 15

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CHAPTER XV.

1864. January 1. WE were given to-day a half-ration of whiskey. With the thermometer at ten below zero and fifty per cent. reduction in the quantity of whiskey, there was indeed cause for anxiety. The substitutes appealed to their goddess — "Helen Blazes" — for interference, and some of us felt like joining in the chorus. The significance of reducing the allowance of whiskey on the first day of the year was very striking, and suggested that perhaps the annual fever of reform which occurs on New Year's day had attacked the government, though we hoped it would not be more lasting than it usually was with mankind. The life of a common soldier is such an irksome grind, that it is not to be wondered that he welcomes anything that will put a polish on the hard surface of his daily duties. There was nothing that so effectually removed the wrinkles from "grim-visaged war" as a noggin of old rye, although we allow that its absence was no excuse for profanity. Of all men who served in the army, the private soldier could afford the least to indulge in the luxury of profanity, as will be seen by the following extract from the "Articles of War:"

ARTICLE 3. Any non-commissioned officer or soldier who shall use any profane oath or execration, shall incur the penalties expressed in the foregoing article (one-sixth of a dollar); and a commissioned officer shall forfeit and pay for each and every offence, one dollar, to be applied as in the preceding article.

That is, applied "to the use of the sick soldiers of the company or troop to which the offender belongs."

According to the "War Records" the man who did the most swearing was the distinguished commander of the Army of the Potomac, but perhaps he thought he could afford it; we couldn't, even at the low price fixed for the rank and file. If General Meade chipped in a dollar for every profane word he uttered, the amount of

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1864. money so collected would have supported all the hospitals in the army, unless he has been grievously maligned. It must have bothered him to keep the count unless he left that to his private secretary. In the heat of battle, or when stupid soldiers tried their patience, some other officers, following his extravagant example, believed the expletives of our language acquired additional force if garnished with profanity, and we fear they often exceeded the limit allowed even by the army in Flanders. But, as we have already said, war is not a Sunday-school picnic.

Now we were settled in winter quarters, we had plenty of time to reflect on the perils through which we had passed, and the fact that thirty months of our three-years' service had been wound off, hoping our luck would hold out until July 16, when we could, with honor, turn our backs to the foe. As we sat on picket, watching the stars, our minds would go back to January 1, 1862, when we were quartered in the hospitable town of Williamsport, where we celebrated the day with "apple-jack," a decoction which many of us became acquainted with for the first time, and which discretion suggested ought to be the last. We recollected how much fun we had seeing the old year out — way out. There were singing and dancing, darkies' praise-meetings, and entertainment at houses where the hospitality was supplemented with the stirring words of "Maryland, my Maryland." In those happy days we were a thousand strong, but now a small band welded into veterans by the perils and hardships we had encountered.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 2. HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION, FIRST ARMY CORPS, January 2, 1864.

As an additional measure of precaution for defence, and to guard against surprise, in the position now occupied by the brigade, there will be one regiment designated daily as an inlying picket, to go on duty at the hour of guard-mounting, at which time, by the same calls, it will assemble on its regimental parade ground, under its own officers, have roll-calls, inspection, and stack arms, its commanding officer to report in person at these headquarters immediately thereafter. This picket will always be in readiness to fall in at a moment's notice, to march to any point that may be threatened, and will be under arms at daylight. The officers and men will, therefore, remain in camp and quarters, with their accoutrements on, and if deemed necessary by the brigade commander, patrols

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1864. under a commissioned officer will be sent out at proper intervals, part of whose duty it will be to arrest all soldiers found beyond a proper distance from the camp, besides any suspicious characters that may be found in the vicinity.

That this duty may be as light as possible upon the different regiments, the two larger regiments (the Sixteenth Maine and Thirty-ninth Massachusetts) will be divided, five companies at a time being designated for this duty. It will be necessary that the regiments upon this duty be subject to the usual details. They will be relieved from drill.

By command of

COL. T. F. McCOY,
Commanding Brigade.

Our brigade, consisting of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, the One Hundred and Fourth New York, the Sixteenth Maine, the One Hundred and Seventh Pennsylvania, and the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts, was now encamped for the winter at Mitchell's Station, on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad; the remainder of the division being stationed near Culpeper and Pony Mountain. We remained in this camp doing outpost duty for the Army of the Potomac until April 26.

As soon as our position was fixed we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable by building log huts, using our "shelters" as a roof, and a very comfortable camp we made of it. After the huts were completed we proceeded to build corduroy streets in and about the camp, that we might get about when the ground was softened by thaws, without wallowing in the mud. This work was accomplished by piece-meal, during the hours when we were relieved from picket duty.

There was a deal of anxiety and hard work about this picket duty, and on several occasions regiments were sent down from corps headquarters to relieve us of some of the strain. Our picket lines were so close to the enemy that the sound of rebel drums could be plainly heard. The most continual watchfulness was required to prevent surprises. Each day one regiment of the brigade was kept "under arms" in readiness to repel a sudden attack. This service was performed in turn, as was also that of picket duty. The line was daily invaded by deserters from the enemy, often coming in groups of a dozen, with tales of hardships and destitution which their army was

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1864. contending with; informing us, also, that more were preparing to come, and that it took a considerable force to prevent these desertions. From our previous experience we were led to take about as much stock in these yarns as we did in the stories of contrabands.

As drilling was dispensed with we had some leisure moments which were spent in listening to the wonderful exploits of the outlaws sent out by the old Bay State in August last. They never tired of relating the mysterious uses to which a "jimmy" could be put by a man of nerve, and how easy it was to crack a bank or filch a purse. They robbed each other as freely as they did others. We noticed on their arrival that nearly every man had his pocket cut. Their mouths were full of oaths and mottoes, such as "God helps those who help themselves," and "All men are born free and equal," and that "No man is entitled to more than another unless he has the sand to get it." Of this band of one hundred and eighty-six only about forty did any duty at all, and what they did was not very reliable. The others deserted, went into hospitals, or shirked. Every time any of them deserted we felt glad they were gone. From the moment of their arrival until they departed we had no peace or continuous sleep, so turbulent and noisy were they. Two or three times a week the woods near the camp were witness to fights, frequently of terrible brutality. The disputes which arose among them as they gambled their money, made one's life a misery. We often talked over, among ourselves, this business of filling up a decent regiment with the outscourings of humanity; but the more we thought of it the more discontented we became. We longed for a quiet night, and when day came we longed to be away from these ruffians. What with hollering, and swearing, and threats to knife each other, these fellows made our lives anything but enjoyable.

During this time we were asked to reënlist. The commanding officer of each regiment was instructed to make an effort to this end. We were drawn up in line, and had explained to us that the country needed men; that it was a critical period; that old soldiers were worth so much more than new ones, etc.; to all of which we listened with respectful attention. It was very sweet to hear all this,

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1864. but the Thirteenth was not easily moved by this kind of talk. The boys knew too well what sacrifices they had made, and longed to get home again, and, if possible, resume the places they had left. Four times we were addressed as to our duty about reënlisting. On two or three of these occasions there was an unusual amount of grog floating about. Who the mysterious benefactor was, we are unable to recall, but it was evident to us that some one was interested in putting a halo of attractiveness on the service that didn't seem to fit. On one of these occasions, eleven men yielded to the influence of oratory or rum, though some of them afterwards said it was the rum, and were given thirty days' furlough. Seven of this number succeeded in obtaining commissions in other regiments, so that only four returned.

About this time one of the boys in another regiment, whose wife had died, requested leave of absence to attend her funeral, and the application was returned from headquarters with the indorsement, "*This man can have thirty-five days' furlough by reënlisting.*

" (Signed) GEN. S. WILLIAMS, A.A.G."

When this came to our ears a good deal of feeling was expressed in terms not very complimentary to the government.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 3.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION, January 9, 1864.

It is believed that the troops would be more efficient in battle if opportunities were afforded them an occasional target practice.

From 11 o'clock to 12 is now allowed, during which the relieved guards and pickets may fire off their muskets.

In order that we may profit by this privilege, it is directed, under the general supervision of the commanders of regiments respectively, that the pieces of their men be discharged at a target daily, Sundays excepted, between the hours designated.

Great care should be taken to select a perfectly safe locality for this practice, to prevent accident, and in every case it must be under the direction of a commissioned officer.

By command of

COL. T. F. McCOY.

Occasionally the monotony of camp-life was relieved by our

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1864. brigade commander, who exercised a kind of parental care over us, as will be seen by the following order:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 5. } HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION, FIRST ARMY CORPS, January 17, 1864.

Regimental commanders will cause inspection to be made of the haversacks of picket details before they leave camp, and will be held responsible that their details are fully supplied with the necessary rations.

By command of
COL. T. F. McCOY,
Commanding Brigade.
BYRON PORTER,
Captain and A. A. A. G.

If we had known of the existence of this order at the time, we should have taken mighty good care that our haversacks were empty when the inspection took place.

We find among the orders issued at that time the following:

[CIRCULAR.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
OFFICE OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL-GENERAL,
January 20, 1864.

Assistant Adjutant-General of Corps, and other independent commands, are respectfully requested to notify officers and men connected with their commands that they can be supplied at Brandy Station, daily, with fresh oysters, at the following prices:

Per gallon in ½ bbls. or tubs,	$1.55
" ½ " in cans,	.90
" quart, in cans,	.45
Shell oysters in bbls., per bushel,	1.70

Mr. John Tyson, of Baltimore, Md. (who has the contract), announces, that having supplied the hospitals, he will hereafter be able to meet all demands for oysters made upon him by officers and men.

M. R. PATRICK,
Provost Marshal-General.

It took the government two and a half years to learn that oysters, and not pork, went with crackers; so we were well pleased to see this kinship reëstablished.

The following interesting order is from the pen of General Lee:

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GENERAL ORDERS, No. 7. } HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
January 22, 1864.

The commanding general considers it due to the army to state that the temporary reduction of rations has been caused by circumstances beyond the control of those charged with its support. Its welfare and comfort are the objects of his constant and earnest solicitude, and no effort has been spared to provide for its wants. It is hoped that the exertions now being made will render the necessity of short duration; but the history of the army has shown that the country can require no sacrifice too great for its patriotic devotion.

Soldiers! You tread with no unequal step the road by which your fathers marched through suffering, privations, and blood to independence. Continue to emulate in the future, as you have in the past, their valor in arms, their patient endurance of hardships, their high resolve to be free, which no trial could shake, no bribe reduce, no danger appal, and be assured that the just God who crowned their efforts with success will, in His own good time, send down His blessing upon yours.

R. E. LEE,
General.

In a letter to General Lee from the Quartermaster-General of the Confederacy, under date of February 5, 1864, occurs the following paragraph, which shows the straits to which the Confederate States had been driven:

You desire to be informed in regard to the prospects for the future. As to the article of blankets, we are entirely dependent upon the foreign markets for our supply. There is not a solitary establishment within the limits of the Confederacy where they are made, nor is there one, since the destruction of Crenshaw's at this place (Richmond) by fire, that possesses the appliances for making them. In view of this, would it not be well to require the men to turn them in for reissue just as soon as approaching summer will justify, as at that season these articles are wasted? The Department is also, owing to the great scarcity of wool, somewhat dependent upon the receipts from abroad for the heavy woollen cloths essential for winter wear. In the important item of shoes, I believe we are now laboring under our greatest difficulties, and that the coming spring will bring great relief. I do not allude so much to the relief incident to the season itself as that which will result from our increased resources. Besides the shoe establishment here, there are two other larger ones in Georgia, at Columbus and Atlanta, and minor affairs at other points. Arrangements have been recently entered into for the introduction of machinery, which, with limited details, will enable two of these workshops to turn out one thousand pairs of shoes each daily. Major Dillard has also in hand a very large number of hides that have been for some time in the vats, and which he reports will be available in the spring. A small portion of that material would relieve, if available now, the wants of the army.

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1864. February. We had a case of small-pox break out in camp during this month, but the prompt measures taken by the doctor prevented its spreading.

On the 6th we received orders to be in readiness to march at daylight, but they were subsequently countermanded. Rumors were always circulating about camp as to what we were going to do, but the old reliable, "All quiet on the Potomac," was kept standing in the newspapers, though "On to Richmond" occasionally made its appearance to relieve the monotony.

On the 26th a substitute, in order to make things lively, set fire to the building occupied by the picket reserve, endangering the lives of the men who were lying in it asleep. The time was fast approaching when the boys, becoming exasperated, were thinking of taking the law into their own hands. This fire had one good effect, as it served as a beacon to several officers and soldiers who had escaped from Richmond, and were seeking our lines. They were accompanied by four negroes.

On the 29th a lieutenant of the Eightieth Illinois, being among the last who came through the tunnel under "Libby prison," approached our lines and was challenged, when he answered, "Friends without the countersign." Upon being admitted, he was so overjoyed he knew not what to do or say. Shortly after leaving Richmond, he was laid up by a bad knee, stopping at the cabin of a negro who concealed him and cared for him until he was able to travel, and then accompanied him to our lines. They travelled only nights, and were helped along by negroes. The last two days he was near the rebel lines, but kept out of sight. On this night, before the moon was up, they crossed the Rapidan between the rebel pickets, and entered our lines. He was sent by a special engine to army headquarters.

The following order is inserted to offset any impression that may arise in the minds of our readers that all the deprivations or hardships fell upon the private soldier:

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GENERAL ORDERS, No. 6.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION,
FIRST ARMY CORPS, Feb. 5, 1864.

Gambling within the limits of this division is prohibited. The attention of brigade and regimental commanders is called to the suppression of this evil.

By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBINSON,
Commanding Division.
S. M. MORGAN,
Lieutenant and A. A. A. G.

It will be seen by this communication that even the brigade and regimental commanders had their sorrows. There were a good many orders issued in the army that were prompted more by a splenetic condition of the mind than the good of the service. Considering our kind regard for General Robinson, it may seem a sacrilege to say so, yet, when this order was read to the rank and file, we immediately concluded that the "old man" had been "roasted" the night before by some of his "brigade and regimental commanders."

The language of this order was too plain to be misunderstood, except by a person whose mind was as opaque as a billiard-ball. According to our thinking, it had no reference to the rank and file, but solely to the officers mentioned in the order; therefore they received our charitable commisseration.

Wednesday, March 10.

An odd incident occurred on the 7th, while our regiment was on picket, that afforded us considerable amusement. A Dutchman belonging to a New Jersey brigade, becoming dissatisfied with fighting for Uncle Sam, concluded to transfer his valuable services to the enemy, and accordingly started for the rebel lines. On his way, he passed through the picket lines of the corps and the cavalry line without being stopped. Imagining that he had passed the outpost lines of the Union army, and that our line was the rebel picket line, he boldly advanced and announced to us that he "Belonged mit the Shersey brigade, but was run away from camp and desert." Though we informed him of his error, he was not convinced until he was shown the brigade flag, and then he was too well convinced for his own comfort. He was a man of intelligence, as was shown by the

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1864. remark he made in speaking of himself, "I'm a tam fool." "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," was the sound advice of David Crocket.

Early this morning an alarm was sounded, and after standing in line nearly two hours we were dismissed. It was subsequently learned that the rebel cavalry made an unsuccessful attempt to capture the signal station on Bald Pate Mountain.

It began to rain early in the morning and continued all day, settling the question of moving for several days, as the roads became almost impassable on account of the mud.

WAR DEPARTMENT, March 10, 1864, 1.40 P.M.

LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT, *Commander-in-Chief, Headquarters Army of the Potomac:*

Pursuant to the authority of the Act of Congress, approved February 29, 1864, the President, by executive order of this date, has assigned to you the command of the Armies of the United States.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
[CIRCULAR.] March 10, 1864.

The Major-General commanding requests me to inform you that Lieutenant-General Grant has arrived at his headquarters, and will remain this afternoon and to-night. He will be happy to see you here at any time during his brief stay.

A. A. HUMPHREYS,
Major-General, Chief of Staff.

(To Corps Commanders.)

We should like to have been a corps commander long enough to have tested the quality of his "cold tea."

There was a variety of opinions expressed in camp about the appointment of General Grant to the command of the army. Some who had followed his career closely were enthusiastically in his favor, while others had grave doubts. The Army of the Potomac had been pretty severely criticised by some of the Western generals, conveying the impression that we couldn't fight. The ill feeling engendered by such silly talk soon wore away, however.

On the 12th of March we had a game of base-ball with some members of the One Hundred and Fourth New York Regiment. As

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1864. opportunities for indulging our love for this pastime were not very frequent, we got a deal of pleasure out of it. The score was as follows:

One Hundred and Fourth New York,	20
Thirteenth Mass.,	62

Let the young people of to-day (1893) ponder on that score as they recall sitting all the afternoon to see professional clubs play without making a point on either side. While modesty forbids commending our own playing, there is no reason why we should refrain from bestowing praise on the One Hundred and Fourth New York, though it is evident enough that they must have played a fine game to have won even twenty points.

During our stay at Mitchell's Station, one of the officers of the Thirteenth, while in the performance of his duties on the picket line, in the vicinity of Cedar Mountain, picked up several very good specimens of flint arrow-heads, such as are commonly used by North American Indians. His curiosity becoming excited, he continued his searches until he succeeded in filling his haversack with arrow-heads, hatchets, and lance-heads. The land where they were found belonged to a Mr. Yeager, a non-combatant, and was that occupied by the rebel army at the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862. Presumably this spot was once the site of an Indian village, and possibly before the white man gained possession of the "sacred soil" of Virginia. Mr. Yeager assured the finder that, as long back as he could remember, he was in the habit of finding these evidences of Indian occupation of his farm, and had long since lost his interest in them as curiosities. It so happened at this time that a fair was being held in Philadelphia in aid of the Sanitary or Christian Commissions, information of which had reached us through the newspapers. The idea occurred to the finder that these rude specimens of the handicraft of another race might serve a useful purpose, and he thereupon sent them, with an explanatory note, to the managers of the fair, to be sold, and the receipts turned in as part of their income. A letter was subsequently received stating that quite a considerable sum was received from their sale.

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1864. The duties of outpost guard relieved the Thirteenth from a strict observance of the following order issued to the division:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 16.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, FIRST ARMY CORPS, March 20, 1864.

I. The signal for service will, until further orders, be as follows:

Reveille, daylight.
Police call, 15 minutes later.
Surgeon's call, 6 A.M.
Breakfast, 7 A.M.
Guard mounting, 8 A.M.
Drill, 9 A.M.
Recall, 11 A.M.
Dinner, 12.30 P.M.
Drill, 2 P.M.
Recall, 4 P.M.
First call for parade, 45 minutes before sunset.
Second call, 15 minutes before sunset.
Tattoo, 9 P.M.
Taps, 9.20 P.M.
Sunday morning inspection, 8 A.M.
Guard mounting immediately after.

II. The calls will be sounded promptly at the hours named, and the men will be ready to fall into the ranks instantly. The morning drill will be by company, the afternoon by battalion or brigade. Particular attention will be paid to skirmishing, both by company and battalion. There will be a brigade drill every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon.

III. At police call in the morning the whole command will be turned out, and the camps swept and put in perfect order; at the same time earth will be thrown in the sinks. Regimental commanders will be held responsible for this.

IV. The men's quarters will be inspected daily, and the coverings of the huts removed every Saturday when the weather will permit.

V. Officers must attend and superintend roll-calls.

VI. At the first call for parade, companies will be formed and thoroughly inspected by commanders; at the second call they will be marched to the regimental parade ground.

VII. The hours appointed for drill must be employed in drill, and not in resting. Men will not be permitted to sit or lie down, and the prescribed uniform must be worn on all duty under arms.

By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBINSON.

Monday, March 21. The financial stringency that had for some time affected the pocket-books of most of us was removed to-day by the paymaster, and penury's tedious burden vanished like dew before the sun.

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GENERAL ORDERS, No. 10. HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, March 24, 1864.

I. The following order has been received from the War Department:

. . . . . .

II. The Second, Fifth, and Sixth Army Corps will each be consolidated into two divisions. The First and Second Divisions of the Third Corps are transferred to the Second Corps, preserving their badges and distinctive marks. The Third Division of the Third Corps is transferred permanently to the Sixth Corps. The three divisions now forming the First Corps are transferred to the Fifth Corps, preserving their badges and distinctive marks, and on joining the Fifth Corps they will be consolidated into two divisions.

The commanders of the divisions transferred to the Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps will at once report to the commanders of those corps for instructions.

. . . . . .

III. The Major-General commanding avails himself of the occasion to say that, in view of the reduced strength of nearly all the regiments serving in this army, the temporary reduction of the number of army corps to three is a measure imperatively demanded by the best interests of the service, and that the reasons for attaching the First and Third Corps, for the time being, to other corps were in no respect founded upon any supposed inferiority of those corps to the other corps of this army. All the corps have equally proved their valor on many fields, and all have equal claims to the confidence of the government and of the country. The First and Third Corps will retain their badges and distinctive marks, and the Major-General commanding indulges the hope that the ranks of the army will be filled at an early day, so that those corps can be reorganized.

By command of Major-General Meade,

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant-Adjutant General.

A good deal of dissatisfaction was expressed with General Meade for wiping out the First Corps, notwithstanding we were allowed to retain the corps badge in combination with that of the Fifth Corps — a sop to our indignation.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 9. HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS, March 25, 1864.

On relinquishing command I take occasion to express the pride and pleasure I have experienced in my connection with you and my profound regret at our separation.

Identified by its service with the history of the war, the First Corps gave at Gettysburg a crowning proof of valor and endurance, in saving from the grasp of the enemy the strong position upon which the battle was fought.

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1864. The terrible losses suffered by this corps in the conflict attest its supreme devotion to the country.

Though the corps has lost its distinctive name by the present changes, history will not be silent upon the magnitude of its services.

JOHN NEWTON,
Major-General.

In his retirement from the command of the First Corps, General Newton carried with him the good-will and respect of every officer and soldier that had the honor to serve under him.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 17.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, FIFTH ARMY CORPS, March 26, 1864.

I. Immediately requisition will be made for everything necessary to equip the troops for active service in the field, including shelter tents, pioneer tools, and badges.

II. All men, including clerks, waiters, etc., must be armed and equipped. In addition to the division badge, every man will be required to have on his cap the number of his regiment.

By command of
BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBINSON.

Each company was required to be provided with an axe, and each regiment was to have five pioneers.

Tuesday, March 29. An order was received to-day from General Warren containing the following paragraph:

III. Details, unless otherwise ordered, will be for one day only, and men must eat their breakfast before leaving camp, and bring their dinner in haversacks.

What, in the name of all that was good and holy, came over the honorable major-general when he penned that paragraph about eating our breakfast and bringing our dinner was more than we could guess. This was the first instance when any solicitude was shown, after we had drawn rations, as to whether we ate them at once, or divided them into nine parts. "*Bring their dinners in haversacks*" pleased us immensely.

The monotony of camp life was relieved to-day by a celebration which took place in the camp of the Sixteenth Maine, in honor of the return of its colonel, who had recently escaped from Richmond.

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1864. Greased pig, sack races, and base-ball were among the list of sports marked out for the day's pleasure. We had a good time, and as the Maine boys had learned from experience not to trust their pocket-books in reach of our substitutes, there was nothing to mar the fun. One of the Thirteenth boys succeeded in capturing the "greasy pig," so there was fresh pork in camp.

[CIRCULAR.] HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
March 29, 1864.

The General commanding the corps regrets to find that a false notion prevails with many soldiers that labor is not their duty; nevertheless the removal of filth and garbage, the making of sinks and drains, are all necessary to prevent sickness, and increase the number to stand by our sides in the day of battle. In making good roads, we make certain the timely arrival of provisions and equipage at all times, and in movements against the enemy secure the rapidity to the advance and reliability in the calculated arrival of supports and reserves.

No officer should camp in a wet and filthy place, and leave it so, or allow it to accumulate, nor be content to get his own command over a difficult place, if he does not expect to see his men failing from bad health and disease, and be left alone when he meets the enemy. Duty in all these things requires labor, with axe and pickaxe, spade and shovel. In their proper places these harmless tools contribute as much to the success of an army as the most ponderous projectile, the deadliest rifle, or the sharpest sword. There is no great soldier of ancient or modern times who succeeded more by fighting than by using his troops as laborers and mechanics. Work of such vital importance is therefore honorable to all engaged, and should be performed with as much good-will as the storming of an intrenchment.

The General commanding the corps believes with the true impulses of a soldier, and appeals to the good sense and patriotism of his command, and calls upon his officers of all grades, when engaged on working parties, to be constantly on the alert, to preserve order and regulate the apportionment of the details so the labor shall fall equally upon all, and be performed with despatch.

The experience which all will acquire in this will habituate the officers to command, and their men to obedience, and add an essential element to their *morale* in battle. Troops that work cheerfully, and march well, always fight well, and to the best advantage.

Working details will always be made out, and conducted according to General Orders No. 9, from these headquarters.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL WARREN.

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1864. HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
April 8, 1864.

[CIRCULAR.]

The granting of all leaves of absence and furloughs having been stopped, except in extreme cases, no others will be granted.

The dangerous illness or death of any relative will not hereafter be so considered. These grievous events are common to all, as much so at least to the soldier in the field as to those at home.

Soldiers and their friends should remember that they came here in their country's cause, and that the prospect of death to the latter should no more call the soldier from his duties than the greater chance to which he himself is exposed.

An extreme case can only be made out when the applicant's presence is necessary to perform some essential duty at home more important to him than the service of the country, and which no one else can attend to.

This circular will be read at the head of every camp and regiment in the command.

By order of
MAJOR-GENERAL WARREN.

April. The winter did not pass without our receiving boxes from home; those remembrances, prepared by mothers and sisters, were filled with choice eatables, and frequently contained things to wear. These evidences of thoughtfulness of friends at home were very cheering, and as each little mess shared their contents they brought pleasure to many. There were others, besides our immediate friends, who were working for the soldier. Young ladies were busy knitting stockings and mittens and making comfortable articles of wearing apparel, which were sent out as fast as collected. These were all highly appreciated. We were not always aware who these kind friends were, though now and then a name would be found tucked away in some corner and when discovered, often started a pleasant correspondence which was not the least of the pleasures that grew out of their anxiety for the welfare of the soldiers. This noble work was carried on during the war with an unremitting labor, and a devotion that should never be forgotten while a soldier is alive to express his appreciation of the practical good that it did. Nor were the women our only friends. There were men in Boston, as well as in other parts of the State, who were untiring in their efforts in behalf of the soldiers. They not only contributed time and labor, but gave large sums of money

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1864. to help along the work that was being done by the women. It was a disinterested work for which they got nothing, not even a "thank you" from the men whose interest they had so much at heart. Soldiers were too far away without suitable opportunities for expressing the appreciation they felt at this patriotic service that was being carried on in their absence. The names of some of these men became known through our correspondence with friends, and are cherished among the recollections of that exciting period. It is difficult to estimate how much good was done by these earnest patriotic men and women to give encouragement to soldiers, or how much they did to keep alive patriotism in others. Soldiers should never forget, that without the aid of these people at home, the war could not have been successfully carried on.

On the fourth of the month we had a snow-storm that would have honored Massachusetts Bay. It was followed by rain, and then mud — the "sacred soil" of Virginia.

On the eighth we were reviewed by General Grant. Our curiosity was very great to see the new commander. This review was a new experience to us. The absence of "red tape" was one of its noticeable features. We waited in line but a short time when an officer was seen approaching at a gallop, completely outstripping the other members of his staff, who found it impossible to keep pace with him, so great was the speed. He made a complete circuit of the regiment, looking every man square in the face, returning our salute as he passed along, continuing the same rapid gait to each camp of the brigade until the work was completed. It was performed so quickly that we hardly realized that it was done. His staff came straggling along as best they could on their panting horses, to the great amusement of the boys.

This review afforded a topic for some lively conversation. It was so much different from anything we had seen before; there was such an air of business about it, and so little reaching for adulation, that it produced a good effect by inspiring confidence in the new commander.

In accordance with an Act of Congress, approved February 24, 1864, an order was issued from Army Headquarters on the 29th

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1864. of March, containing a provision that "Any person now in the military service of the United States, who shall furnish satisfactory proof that he is a mariner by vocation, or an able seaman, or an ordinary seaman, may enlist into the navy, under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the President of the United States." The regulations provided that the commanding officer of each company should forward all applications for transfer with the proof that the applicants were mariners by vocation. When the news of the passage of this order reached the army some of the boys thought a transfer to the navy might be a good way to round off their three years' service; but, as the provisions of the act were read, it was seen that unless a man could splice the main brace, dance a hornpipe, or was master of other nautical accomplishments, such as hitching up the trowsers, a habit peculiar to man-of-war's men, or he could tell when the sun crossed the foreyard, he could not be accepted. The only nautical experience most of us had was that gained by paddling a raft on a duck-pond during our school days, which was not sufficient to come within the meaning of "vocation." There were times when fatigued by long marches, or when compelled to rest one's bones on the unyielding surface of the frozen ground, that we wished ourselves snugly stowed away in a hammock between decks, undisturbed by the inclemency of the weather. In spite of the allurements of comfort, which our imaginations associated with a "Life on the ocean wave," we hesitated before jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. Even the natural hankering which the human mind has for riches, and which was said might be gratified by the distribution of prize-money, failed to stimulate our cupidity. Our companions, the substitutes, looked at the matter differently. They were disgusted with the tiresome routine of a soldier's life, and longed to go where rations of rum were provided with regularity. Some of these men had served in the navy under other names, and knew what they were talking about. According to the government's idea, the vigor and strength that rum was supposed to impart to the muscles of a sailor was unnecessary to the soldier.

There were twenty-six of our roistering buccaneer bounty-jumpers who availed themselves of the provisions of the order, and they were

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1864. promptly transferred, and it was "good riddance to bad rubbish" when they left.

According to Samuel Johnson, "Being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned." Hence the appropriateness of transferring our substitutes.

On the 19th of April an order was received from General Robinson that "Particular attention will be paid at battalion drill to the formation of squares both direct and oblique, and to the formation of columns against cavalry. Regiments should be so drilled that the movements can be made promptly," and that "during an engagement men must not be allowed to leave the ranks to accompany their wounded comrades to the rear; this duty will be performed by men of the ambulance corps; neither will they be allowed to leave for want of ammunition." We were first drilled in the formation of squares when we were at Fort Independence and pretty continuously ever since, so we were tolerably familiar with that movement.

[CIRCULAR.] HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
April 25, 1864.

The first evening parade after this is received, the General commanding the corps directs that in each regiment it must be announced that all applicants for admission to the free military school at Philadelphia, on a furlough for thirty days, for the purpose of becoming qualified to command colored troops, shall be handed in before next morning. A report will be at once made of the total number of such applications in each regiment and the number present in the regiment to these headquarters.

Prompt return in this case is desirable.

By command of
MAJOR-GENERAL WARREN.

Tuesday, April 26. We broke up our winter quarters and marched a short distance across Cedar Run to a hill near by, and after dark moved again to the right of the camp of the Thirty-ninth and pitched our shelters.

The officers were again notified to reduce the quantity of their luggage, but the rank and file as usual were allowed to carry an unlimited amount. As our comrades, the substitutes who left us to seek for glory on the high seas, had stolen about everything we had

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1864. but the *pediculus humanus*, we had little trouble in keeping within the bounds of prudence.

The following, taken from the report of General Grant on the operations of the armies of the United States, outlines the duties imposed on the armies operating near Richmond:

Major-General Meade was instructed that Lee's army would be his objective point; that wherever Lee went he would go also. For his movement two plans presented themselves: one to cross the Rapidan below Lee, moving by his right flank; the other above, moving by his left. Each presented advantages over the other with corresponding objections. By crossing above, Lee would be cut off from all chance of ignoring Richmond or going north on a raid. But if we took this route all we did would have to be done while the rations we started with held out; besides, it separated us from Butler, so that he could not be directed how to coöperate. If we took the other route, Brandy Station could be used as a base of supplies until another was secured on the York or James Rivers. Of these, however, it was decided to take the lower route.

The following letter of instruction was addressed to Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler:

FORT MUNROE, VA., April 2, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. B. F. BUTLER:

GENERAL: In the spring campaign, which it is desirable shall commence at as early a day as practicable, it is proposed to have coöperative action of all the armies in the field, as far as this object can be accomplished.

It will not be possible to unite our armies into two or three large ones to act as so many units, owing to the absolute necessity of holding on to the territory already taken from the enemy. But generally speaking, concentration can be practically effected by armies moving to the interior of the enemy's country from the territory they have to guard. By such movement they interpose themselves between the enemy and the country to be guarded, thereby reducing the number necessary to guard important points, or at least occupy the attention of a part of the enemy's force, if no greater object is gained. Lee's army and Richmond being the greater objects toward which our attention must be directed in the next campaign, it is desirable to unite all the force we can against them. The necessity of covering Washington with the Army of the Potomac, and of covering your department with your army, makes it impossible to unite these forces at the beginning of any move. I propose, therefore, what comes nearest this of anything that seems practicable: The Army of the Potomac will act from its present base, Lee's army being the objective point. You will collect all the forces from your command that can be spared from garrison duty — I should say, not less than twenty thousand effective men — to operate on the south side of James River, Richmond being your objective point. To the force you already have will be

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1864. added about ten thousand men from South Carolina, under Major-General Gillmore, who will command them in person. Maj.-Gen. W. F. Smith is ordered to report to you, to command the troops sent into the field from your own department. General Gillmore will be ordered to report to you at Fortress Munroe, with all the troops on transports, by the 18th instant, or as soon thereafter as practicable. Should you not receive notice by that time to move, you will make such disposition of them and your other force as you may deem best calculated to deceive the enemy as to the real move to be made.

When you are notified to move, take City Point with as much force as possible. Fortify, or rather intrench at once, and concentrate all your troops for the field there as rapidly as you can. From City Point directions cannot be given at this time for your further movements.

The fact that has already been stated — that is, that Richmond is to be your objective point, and that there is to be coöperation between your force and the Army of the Potomac — must be your guide. This indicates the necessity of your holding close to the south bank of the James River as you advance. Then, should the enemy be forced into his intrenchments in Richmond, the Army of the Potomac would follow, and by means of transports the two armies would become a unit. All the minor details of your advance are left entirely to your discretion. If, however, you think it practicable to use your cavalry south of you so as to cut the railroad about Hicksford about the time of the general advance, it would be of immense advantage.

You will please forward for my information at the earliest practicable day, all orders, details, and instructions you may give for the execution of this order.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

On the 16th these instructions were substantially reiterated. On the 19th, in order to secure full coöperation between his army and that of General Meade, he was informed that I expected him to move from Fort Munroe the same day that General Meade moved from Culpeper. The exact time I was to telegraph him as soon as it was fixed, and that it would not be earlier than the 27th of April; that it was my intention to fight Lee between Culpeper and Richmond if he would stand. Should he, however, fall back into Richmond, I would follow up and make a junction with his (General Butler's) army on the James River; that, could I be certain he would be able to invest Richmond on the south side, so as to have his left resting on the James above the city, I would form the junction there; that circumstances might make this course advisable anyhow; that he should use every exertion to secure footing as far up the south side of the river as he could, and as soon as possible after receipt of orders to move; that if he could not carry the city, he should at least detain as large a force there as possible. In coöperation with the main movements against Lee and Johnston, I was desirous of using all other troops necessarily kept in departments remote from the fields of immediate operations, and also those kept in the background

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1864. for the protection of an extended line between the loyal States and the armies operating against them.

. . . . . .

Owing to the weather and bad condition of the roads, operations were delayed until the first of May, when, everything being in readiness, and the roads favorable, orders were given for a general movement of all the armies not later than the fourth of May. My first object being to break the military power of the rebellion, and capture the enemy's important strongholds, made me desirous that General Butler should succeed in his movement against Richmond, as that would tend more than anything else, unless it were the capture of Lee's army, to accomplish this desired result in the East. If he failed, it was my determination, by hard fighting, either to compel Lee to retreat, or to so cripple him that he could not detach a large force to go north and still retain enough for the defence of Richmond. It was well understood by both Generals Butler and Meade, before starting on the campaign, that it was my intention to put both their armies south of the James River, in case of failure to destroy Lee without it. Before giving General Butler his instructions, I visited him at Fort Munroe, and in conversation pointed out the apparent importance of getting possession of Petersburg, and destroying railroad communication as far south as possible. Believing, however, in the practicability of capturing Richmond unless it was reënforced, I made that the objective point of his operations. As the Army of the Potomac was to move simultaneously with him, Lee could not detach from his army with safety, and the enemy did not have troops elsewhere to bring to the defence of the city in time to meet a rapid movement from the north of James River.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 23.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 2, 1864.

The Commanding General having learned that, notwithstanding the caution contained in General Orders, No. 22, of April 25, 1864, from these headquarters, there are men in this army who refuse to do duty on the ground that their term of service has expired, it will be made known to such men that their conduct, being open mutiny, will be punished with death without trial unless they promptly return to duty; and, hereafter, any soldier who refuses to do duty on a similar plea will instantly be shot, without any form of trial whatever. The honor of the service, and the necessities of the hour, admit of no other disposition of such cases. The Commanding General again expresses the hope that the soldiers of this army will respectfully ask for and cheerfully abide by the decision of the War Department with respect to their term of service, but he has no further word of warning for those who, at a time like the present, choose to defy lawful authority. Corps and other independent commanders are charged with the execution of this order.

By command of Major-General Meade,

S. WILLIAMS,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

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1864. HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 2, 1864.

[ORDERS.]

1. The army will move on Wednesday, the 4th of May, 1864.

2. On the day previous, Tuesday, the 3d of May, Major-General Sheridan, commanding Cavalry Corps, will move Gregg's cavalry division to the vicinity of Richardsville. It will be accompanied by one-half the canvas pontoon train, the engineer troops with which will repair the road to Ely's Ford as far as practicable without exposing their work to the observation of the enemy. Guards will be placed on all the occupied houses on or in the vicinity of the route of the cavalry and in advance toward the Rapidan, so as to prevent any communication with the enemy by the inhabitants. The same precaution will be taken at the same time in front of the First and Third Cavalry Divisions, and wherever it may be considered necessary. At 2 A.M. of the 4th May, Gregg's division will move to Ely's Ford, cross the Rapidan as soon as the canvas pontoon bridge is laid, if the river is not fordable, and as soon as the infantry of the Second Corps is up, will move to the vicinity of Piny Branch Church, or in that section, throwing reconnaissances well out on the Pamunkey road, toward Spottsylvania Court House, Hamilton's Crossing, and Fredericksburg. The roads past Piny Branch Church, Todd's Tavern, etc., will be kept clear for the passage of the infantry the following day. The cavalry division will remain in this position to cover the passage of the army trains, and will move with them and cover their left flank. At midnight of the 3d of May, the Third Cavalry Division, with one half the canvas pontoon bridge train, which will join it after dark, will move to Germanna Ford, taking the plank-road, and cross the Rapidan as soon as the bridge is laid, if the river is not fordable, and hold the crossing until the infantry of the Fifth Corps is up. It will then move to Parker's Store, on the Orange Court House plank-road, or that vicinity, sending out strong reconnaissances on the Orange pike and plank-roads and the Catharpin and Pamunkey roads, until they feel the enemy, and at least as far as Robertson's Tavern, the New Hope Church, and Almond's or Robertson's. All intelligence concerning the enemy will be communicated with promptitude to headquarters and to the corps and division commanders of the nearest infantry troops.

3. Major-General Warren, commanding Fifth Corps, will send two divisions at midnight of the 3d instant, by way of Stevensburg and the plank-road, to the crossing at Germanna Ford. So much of the bridge train of the Fifth Corps as may be necessary to bridge the Rapidan at Germanna Ford, with such artillery as may be required, will accompany these divisions, which will be followed by the remainder of the corps at such hour that the column will cross the Rapidan without delay. Such disposition of the troops and artillery as may be found necessary to cover the bridge will be made by the corps commander, who, after crossing, will move to the vicinity of the Old Wilderness Tavern, on the Orange Court House pike. The corps will move the following day past the head of Catharpin Run, crossing the Orange Court House plank-road at Pareer's Store.

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1864. 4. Major-General Sedgwick, commanding Sixth Corps, will move at 4 A.M. of the 4th instant, by way of Stevensburg and the Germanna plank-road to Germanna Ford, following the Fifth Corps, and, after crossing the Rapidan, will bivouac on the heights beyond. The canvas pontoon train will be taken up as soon as the troops of the Sixth Corps have crossed, and will follow immediately in rear of the troops of that corps. So much of the bridge train of the Sixth Corps as may be necessary to bridge the Rapidan at Culpeper Mine Ford will proceed to Richardsville in rear of the Reserve Artillery, and, as soon as it is ascertained that the Reserve Artillery are crossing, it will move to Culpeper Mine Ford, where the bridge will be established. The engineers of this bridge train will at once open a road from Culpeper Mine Ford direct to Richardsville.

5. Major-General Hancock, commanding Second Corps, will send two divisions, with so much of the bridge train as may be necessary to bridge the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, and such artillery as may be required, at midnight of the 3d instant to Ely's Ford. The remainder of the corps will follow at such hour that the column will cross the Rapidan without delay. The canvas pontoon bridge at this ford will be taken up as soon as the troops of this corps have passed, and will move with it at the head of the trains that accompany the troops. The wooden pontoon bridge will remain. The Second Corps will enter the Stevensburg and Richardsville road at Madden's, in order that the route from Stevensburg to the plank-road may be free for the Fifth and Sixth Corps. After crossing the Rapidan, the Second Corps will move to the vicinity of Chandler's or Chancellorsville.

6. It is expected that the advanced divisions of the Fifth and Second Corps, with the wooden pontoon trains, will be at the designated points of crossing not later than 6 A.M. of the 4th instant.

7. The Reserve Artillery will move at 3 A.M. of the 4th instant, and follow the Second Corps, passing Mountain Run at Ross' Mill or Hamilton's Cross at Ely's Ford, take the road to Chancellorsville, and halt for the night at Hunting Creek.

8. Great care will be taken by the corps commanders that the roads are promptly repaired by the pioneers wherever needed, not only for the temporary wants of the division or corps to which the pioneers belong, but for the passage of the troops and trains that follow on the same route.

9. During the movement of the 4th and following days the commanders of the Fifth and Sixth Corps will occupy the roads on the right flank, to cover the passage of their corps, and will keep their flankers well out in that direction. The commanders of the Second Corps and Reserve Artillery will, in a similar manner, look out for the left flank. Whenever practicable, double columns will be used to shorten the columns. Corps commanders will keep in communication and connect with each other, and coöperate whenever necessary. Their picket-lines will be connected. They will keep the Commanding General constantly advised of their progress and of everything important that occurs, and will send staff officers to acquaint him with the location of their headquarters. During the

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1864. movement of the 4th instant headquarters will be on the route of the Fifth and Sixth Corps. It will be established at night between these corps on the Germanna plank-road.

10. The infantry troops will take with them fifty rounds of ammunition upon the person, three days' full rations in the haversacks, three days' bread and small rations in the knapsacks, and three days' beef on the hoof. Each corps will take with it one-half its infantry ammunition, one-half the intrenching tools, one hospital wagon, and one medicine wagon for each brigade; one half the ambulance trains, and the light spring wagons and pack animals allowed at the various headquarters. No other train or means of transportation than those just specified will accompany the corps, except such wagons as may be necessary for the forage for immediate use (five days). The artillery will have with them the ammunition of the caissons only.

11. The subsistence and other trains, loaded with the amount of rations, forage, infantry, and artillery ammunition, etc., heretofore ordered, the surplus wooden pontoons of the different corps, etc., will be assembled under the direction of the chief quartermaster of the army in the vicinity of Richardsville, with a view to crossing the Rapidan by bridges at Ely's Ford and Culpeper Mine Ford.

12. A detail of one thousand or one thousand two hundred men will be made from each corps as guard for its subsistence and other trains. This detail will be composed of entire regiments as far as practicable. No other guards whatever for regimental, brigade, division, or corps wagons will be allowed. Each detail will be under the command of an officer selected for that purpose, and the whole will be commanded by the senior officer of the three. This guard will be so disposed as to protect the trains on the march and in park. The trains are likewise protected by cavalry on the flanks and rear.

13. Major-General Sheridan, commanding Cavalry Corps, will direct the First Cavalry Division to call in its pickets and patrols on the right on the morning of the 4th instant, and hold itself ready to move and cover the trains of the army. It will picket and watch the fords of the Rapidan from Rapidan Station to Germanna Ford. On the morning of the 5th the First Cavalry Division will cross the Rapidan at Germanna Ford and cover the right flank of the trains while crossing the Rapidan and during their movements in rear of the army. The signal stations on Cedar, Pony, and Stony Mountains will be maintained as long as practicable.

14. The wooden pontoon bridges at Germanna Ford and Ely's Ford will remain for the passage of General Burnside's army. That at Culpeper Mine Ford will be taken up, under the direction of the chief engineer, as soon as the trains have crossed, and will move with the train of its corps.

By command of Major-General Meade,

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant-Adjutant General.

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1864. HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
May 3, 1864.

[CIRCULAR.]

GENERAL: The First Division, followed by the Third, will move at midnight, crossing the Mountain Run at the double bridge; thence direct to Stevensburg; thence toward Doggett's; thence about one mile to a place marked "Ruins," at which point an officer will be stationed; thence the road will be marked by men stationed along the route to the plank-road; thence along the plank-road to Germanna Ford. The Fourth Division, followed by the Second, will proceed from Culpeper, keeping along the south side of Mountain Run, to Stevensburg; thence on the main road toward Shepherd's Grove to a place about two and one-half miles beyond Stevensburg, marked "Ruins" on the map; thence to the right, over a road to be marked by persons on the ground, to the plank-road; and thence to Germanna. These divisions will be careful not to cut into those they may find on their left, moving in the same direction.

The Artillery Brigade will at midnight move direct to Stevensburg; thence on the main road toward Shepherd's Grove to a place marked "Ruins" on the map; thence to the right, over a road to be marked by persons on the ground, to the plank-road; thence to Germanna Ford. It will have precedence over the Fourth and Second Divisions, and follow the First and Third (each division having its train with it). Whenever the country will permit of different columns approaching each other, they will continue moving in parallel lines. The brigade will take wagons enough to ensure five days' forage, one wagon for sales to officers, one wagon and spring wagon for brigade headquarters, one hospital and one medicine wagon, and half its ambulances. No other wagons will be allowed. The rest of the train of all kinds will be sent to the vicinity of Brandy Station, to make up the corps train, which will have an especial guard.

The men will carry three full days' rations in haversacks, three days' bread and small rations in the knapsacks, and three days' beef on the hoof. Care will be taken that no fires are built along the route, nor any unusual ones in the camps, as these may inform the enemy of our movement. The troops will cross the bridge at Germanna Ford as fast as possible, move out and eat their breakfasts on the other side, and then continue the march to Old Wilderness Tavern, taking up position there as fast as arriving, the First Division moving up the turnpike, toward Mine Run, about one mile. Each division will take half its own ammunition and half its ambulance train, one hospital and one medicine wagon for each brigade, wagons for five days' forage, and one wagon for headquarters of each division and brigade, and the wagons for sales to officers. No other wagons will be allowed.

The infantry will take fifty rounds of ammunition upon the person, three days' full rations in the haversacks, three days' bread and small rations in the knapsacks, and three days' beef on the hoof. General Griffin will detail a regiment of about four hundred strong to guard the trains remaining behind; [1] the quarter-

[1] Similar instructions to General Robinson.

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1864. master in charge of these will send to Colonel Owen, quartermaster Fifth Corps, in Culpeper, for instructions. Division commanders will give instructions to all their officers to prevent their men from building fires along the line of march, or any unusual ones in camp, so as to indicate to the enemy our movements.

By command of Major-General Warren,

FRED. T. LOCKE,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

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CHAPTER XVI.

1864. Wednesday, May 4. We turned out at 1 A.M. and a little before 3 o'clock started on the march toward the Rapidan River. On the old maps of Virginia, this river is recorded as the "Rapid Ann." Whether it was named for some woman whose gait had a noticeable quickness, or whose habits were thought by her neighbors to be somewhat skittish, we are unable to say, nor does it matter much anyhow. One thing is certain, this stream had occupied a large part of our attention, off and on, for many months, and as we crossed it once more, we speculated a good deal as to the number of days that would elapse before we should see it again; but it so happened that we now crossed it for the last time. "On to Richmond" was once more the cry. Joined the Second Division of the Fifth Corps near Culpeper, continuing our march, crossing the river at Germanna Ford, halting at 3.30 P.M. on the south side of the plank-road about two and a half miles from Robertson's tavern. The weather was hot and the roads dusty. The distance covered was twenty-two miles. The whole army was on the move, and an imposing spectacle it must have been to the looker-on. The men carried six days' rations. Two and a half months more and we should be marching toward Boston unless we took up our residence, before that time, in the "promised land."

Few persons, even soldiers, have any idea of the size of a wagon train required to feed, clothe, and provide ammunition for an army numbering a hundred thousand men, say nothing of the ambulances, the wagons for transporting the hospital stores, the baggage of officers, and the books and papers necessary to each regiment. It is said that General Grant's wagon train if stretched out in a continuous line would reach a distance of one hundred miles. It was an interesting sight to see a "wagon park." Five hundred wagons,

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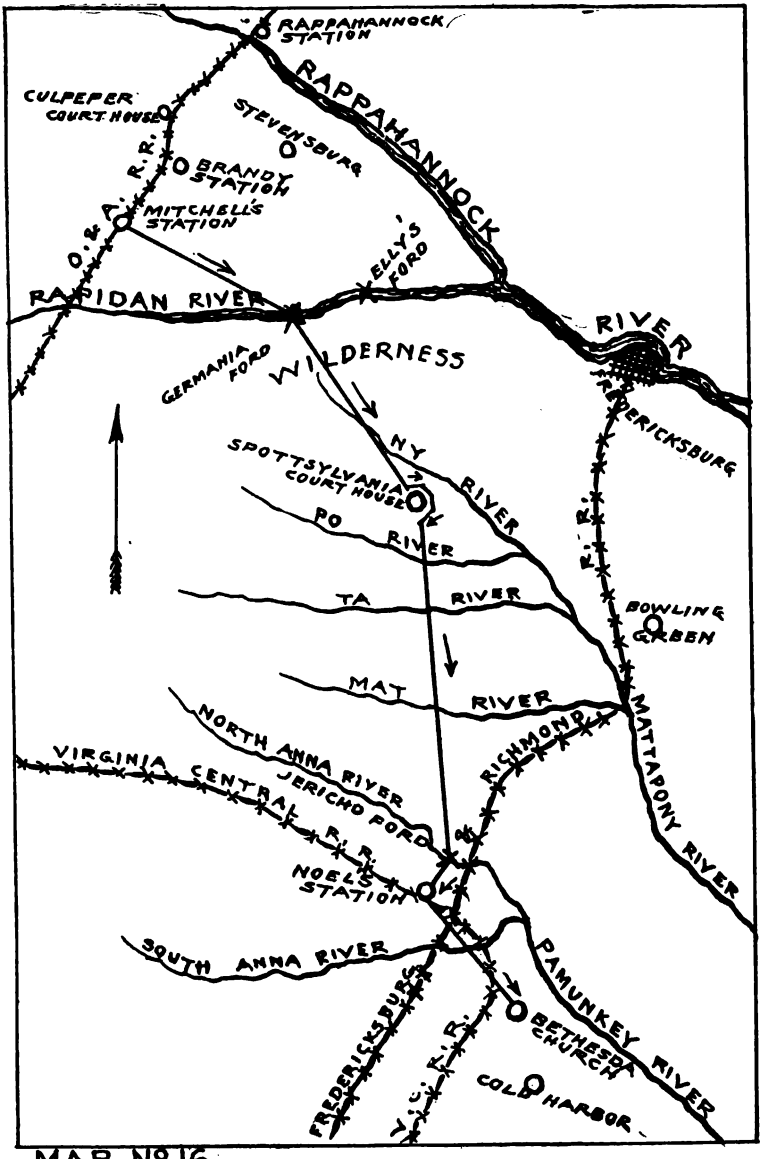

MAP No 16

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1864. arranged in lines as straight as soldiers on dress parade, were frequently to be seen at the headquarters of the chief quartermaster, where also might be seen harness-makers, wheelwrights' repair-shops, blacksmiths, and horseshoers, all in full operation, where hundreds of horses and mules were shod every month, and wagons and harnesses repaired.

A park of five hundred wagons meant a collection of not less than two thousand mules. Multiply the noise made by one mule by two thousand, and you can judge how little chance there is for sleep within a radius of ten miles.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 4, 1864.

SOLDIERS: Again you are called upon to advance on the enemies of your country. The time and the occasion are deemed opportune by your commanding general to address you a few words of confidence and caution. You have been reorganized, strengthened, and fully equipped in every respect. You form a part of the several armies of your country, the whole under the direction of an able and distinguished general, who enjoys the confidence of the Government, the people, and the army. Your movement being in coöperation with others, it is of the utmost importance that no effort should be left unspared to make it successful. Soldiers! the eyes of the whole country are looking with anxious hope to the blow you are about to strike in the most sacred cause that ever called men to arms.

Remember your homes, your wives and children, and bear in mind that the sooner your enemies are overcome the sooner you will be returned to enjoy the benefits and blessings of peace. Bear with patience the hardships and sacrifices you will be called upon to endure.

Have confidence in your officers and in each other. Keep your ranks on the march and on the battlefield, and let each man earnestly implore God's blessing, and endeavor by his thoughts and actions to render himself worthy of the favor he seeks. With clear consciences and strong arms, actuated by a high sense of duty, fighting to preserve the Government and the institutions handed down to us by our forefathers — if true to ourselves — victory, under God's blessing, must and will attend our efforts.

GEO. G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

Thursday, May 5. At daylight this morning, the march was resumed in obedience to the following order:

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1864. HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 4, 1864, 6 P.M.

Major-General Warren, commanding Fifth Corps, will move at 5 A.M. to Parker's store, on the Orange Court House plank-road, and extend his right towards the Sixth Corps at Old Wilderness tavern.

By command of
MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.

We marched about two miles and halted in line of battle. We were soon sent to support Griffin's division. Early in the afternoon, after several unimportant changes, we took a position in the first line of battle on the extreme left, in the thick woods and underbrush. Here the regiment became seriously annoyed by the enemy's skirmishers on our flank and rear. Skirmishers were sent to cover our left flank, which was seriously exposed, and very soon they became engaged with the enemy. A charge was made on our front by the enemy and repulsed. The rebels retiring, the line advanced and changed front. At the same time our skirmishers on the flank were attacked with renewed vigor and fell back; finding themselves isolated from the main line, they returned to the earthworks in their rear. We had one officer and eight men wounded. Just before going into action in the morning, Generals Grant and Meade rode up to observe our position, etc., the bullets kicking up a dust all about them.

Friday, May 6. Our skirmishers, who became lost in the woods yesterday, returned to the brigade this morning.

In the forenoon, we moved forward a short distance and halted without seeing the enemy. In the afternoon we marched to the left, three miles, and began building earthworks, while the men not so engaged kept up a lively skirmish firing with the enemy. We lost an officer who was mortally wounded.

During the day, we saw the Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, Fifty-eighth, and Fifty-ninth Massachusetts regiments just out from home. We also saw several of our boys who had received commissions in the Fifty-ninth. Our morning report to-day showed one hundred and sixty-nine men on duty.

Our corps (the Fifth) suffered a severe loss to-day by the death

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1864. of General Wadsworth, commander of the Fourth Division. We have avoided, as much as possible, the mention of officers not immediately connected with us, but General Wadsworth is an exception. Few officers in the army possessed greater qualifications to excite the admiration of soldiers. We first saw him at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, and almost daily thereafter, until we were established in our winter quarters at Mitchell's Station. We had read in the newspapers accounts of some of his patriotic services in behalf of his government, but the one that appealed most strongly to our young minds was that of serving without pay. To see a man nearly sixty years of age disregarding the pleasures and comforts that opulence can confer, and which are so very desirable at his age, ignoring the risks to health, or danger to life, to enter the service of his country, was an extraordinary example of patriotism, and would have made him a marked figure in any army.

During the absence of General Newton after the battle of Gettysburg, he commanded the First Corps until we crossed the Potomac River into Virginia, and we felt rather proud of serving under a man of such lofty patriotism. In the first day's fight at Gettysburg, he was conspicuous for the courage and gallantry he showed where fighting was the hardest, and strengthened the attachment which we already felt for him as an officer.

He was born in Genesee, N.Y., October 30, 1807, and was educated at Harvard and Yale colleges, after which he studied law in Albany, N.Y., completing his course with Daniel Webster. Though admitted to the bar in 1833, he never practised his profession, as his time was wholly occupied with the management of his family estate in western New York. Although a Democrat, he supported the Free-Soil party of 1848, and continued to act in defence of the anti-slavery movement, being presidential elector in 1856, and again in 1860. When communication was cut off with the capital, which happened for a short time in 1861, he chartered two ships on his own responsibility, loaded them with provisions, and went with them to Annapolis, where he superintended their delivery. He was a volunteer aid on the staff of General McDowell at the first battle of Bull Run, where he was commended for his bravery and humanity.

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1864. On the 9th of August following he was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers, and assigned to duty under General McClellan. On March 15, 1862, he became military governor of the District of Columbia, and in the autumn of the same year was the Republican candidate for governor of New York, but was defeated by Horatio Seymour. In December, 1862, he was assigned to the command of a division under General Burnside, taking part in the battle of Fredericksburg. He displayed great skill as commander of the First Division of the First Corps at Gettysburg, his troops being the first that engaged the enemy in the first day's fight. On the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac in the spring of 1864, he was assigned to the command of the Fourth Division of the Fifth Corps.

While rallying his troops, he was struck in the head by a bullet, and before he could be removed the enemy had gained possession of the ground where he laid. Although unconscious, he lingered for two days. Horace Greeley, in his "American Conflict," says: "The country's salvation claimed no nobler sacrifice than that of Gen. James S. Wadsworth, of New York. No one surrendered more for his country's sake, or gave his life more joyfully for her deliverance."

During our march from Gettysburg to Williamsport an incident occurred, which, though of trivial importance, made a deep impression on the minds of those who were a witness to it. We had halted for a rest, when General Wadsworth made his appearance. Seeing one of the boys without shoes he stopped his horse and called to a citizen, who was standing near by, and asked him if he was a Union man, and the man answering that he was, the general told him to take off his boots and give them to that barefooted soldier, adding, "It won't hurt you to do that much for your country." Having waited long enough to see his order carried out he passed along. There was so much sincerity, so much tender solicitude for the soldier, expressed in his manner, and the tone of his voice, that the scene is not likely to be forgotten by those who were a witness to it.

In the very interesting book, "Personal Reminiscences," by L. E. Chittenden, who was Register of the Treasury during the adminis-

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1864. tration of Mr. Lincoln, may be found a sketch of General Wadsworth, of which the following is an extract:

Wadsworth fell yesterday. He is in the hands of the enemy, either dead or mortally wounded.

I remember now the sharp pang of sorrow that went through my heart when this despatch was laid on my table; for James S. Wadsworth was a *lovable* man, my model of the very best type of the citizen of a free republic. I first knew him in the Peace Conference. He was then in the prime of life, with a magnificent physique, an open, frank face, a kind heart, and a fearless soul. After our call upon President Buchanan, he regarded our mission in the conference as ended. He said to James A. Seddon, of Virginia, "Why do you persist in your attempt to deceive the North? You secessionists mean *fight!* You will keep right on with your treasonable schemes until you either whip us or we discipline you. I shall stay here until Congress adjourns on the third of March, because I cannot honorably resign from the conference. Then I shall go home and help my people to get ready for the war in which you slaveholders intend to involve the Republic."

After the conference I heard no more of Wadsworth until, among the first of the seventy-five thousand, he appeared in Washington with a full regiment of his neighbors from the Genesee Valley. They came so promptly, it was said, because they were armed and clothed by Wadsworth himself. . . . I loved James S. Wadsworth. Here is what I wrote of him when he fell in May, 1864: "In the Peace Conference or in the world there was never a purer or more unselfish patriot. Those of us who were associated with him politically had learned to love and respect him. His adversaries admired his unflinching devotion to his country and his manly frankness and candor. He was the type of a true American, able, unselfish, prudent, unambitious, and good. Other pens will do justice to his memory, but I thought, as I heard the last account of him alive, as he lay within the rebel lines, his face wearing that serenity which grew more beautiful the nearer death approached, that the good and true men of the nation would prize their government more highly when they remembered that it could only be maintained by such sacrifices."

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
VIA ORANGE COURT HOUSE, May 6, 1864, 8 P.M.

(Received Richmond, 4.45 P.M., 7th.)

SECRETARY OF WAR:

Early this morning as the divisions of General Hill, engaged yesterday, were being relieved, the enemy advanced and created some confusion. The ground lost was recovered as soon as the fresh troops got into position, and the enemy driven back to his original line. Afterward we turned the left of his front line and drove it from the field, leaving a large number of dead and wounded in our

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1864. hands, among them General Wadsworth. A subsequent attack forced the enemy into his intrenched lines on the Brock Road, extending from Wilderness Tavern, on the right to Trigg's Mill. Every advance on his part, thanks to a merciful God, has been repulsed. Our loss in killed is not large, but we have many wounded; most of them slightly, artillery being little used on either side. I grieve to announce that Lieutenant-General Longstreet was severely wounded and General Jenkins killed. General Pegram was badly wounded yesterday. General Stafford, it is hoped, will recover.

R. E. LEE.

Saturday, May 7. We remained in the earthworks until 4 P.M., when we were withdrawn to a hill looking down upon the junction of the Orange pike and the plank-road. Rations of fresh meat were issued, large fires were built, and coffee cooked.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 7, 1864, 3 P.M.

(Extract.)

At 8.30 P.M., Major-General Warren, commanding Fifth Corps, will move to Spottsylvania Court House, by way of Brock Road and Todd's Tavern.

By command of
MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.

In obedience to this order, at 9 P.M. we started for Spottsylvania Court House, and marched all night. As we passed along in the rear of the rifle-pits, we noticed the tired soldiers fast asleep on the ground, oblivious to the steady tramp of soldiers who were marching within a few yards of them. We wished we were in the same blissful state. Finally the extreme left of the line was reached when we entered a narrow, crooked road in the woods which were dark as a pocket. Silently and stealthily the trail was followed in single file, and with great care, as the path became obscured. We were now in the heart of the Wilderness. Instructions were whispered along from the head of the line to "jump the run;" "look out for the log," etc., with cautionary orders not to lose connection with each other, nor to get out of the path. In this way we noiselessly marched until nearly daylight, when a halt was made, and the men, tired out, threw themselves on the ground for rest or sleep. We had overtaken the cavalry which was in advance, and now waited for daylight, having marched

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1864. only twelve miles, owing to the difficulties we encountered on the way. We were now within four miles of Spottsylvania Court House.

Sunday, May 8. When daylight afforded us an opportunity of seeing each other's faces, it was impossible to restrain our laughter at the comical appearance we presented. The woods where we halted had been burned over by the fire which had been raging for twenty-four hours previously, making a bed of black ashes which stuck to our perspiring faces, so that, on waking, we looked more like drivers of charcoal wagons than soldiers.

Little time was granted us for rest. Some were hastily cooking their coffee while others were engaged in removing the black from their faces, when we were hurried forward, our division being in the advance. It was now learned that both armies were hastening to Spottsylvania Court House. Our present position was near Todd's Tavern, north-east from the town. The cavalry under General Sheridan opened the fight and were soon relieved by our (General Robinson's) division. As we passed out of the woods we charged the wooded hill in front, occupied by rebel dismounted cavalry, who retreated as we advanced, making a stand on another wooded hill half a mile beyond. Here they kept up a brisk fire, aided by artillery. Another charge was ordered, and up the hill we double-quicked, driving the enemy from the crest across an open plain. We were told by General Warren that we should find nothing but dismounted cavalry, but instead, we found Longstreet's corps. A section of a battery was discovered to the south and east of us that had been used to retard our advance. The "Johnnies" were busy getting it away, so we directed our fire toward the group of men and horses, hoping to capture it. A company of cavalry now rode out from the woods on the flank and hailed the battery. We supposed it to be Union cavalry demanding its surrender, and consequently reserved our fire. We soon discovered our error as we saw them running off the battery with drag ropes, whereupon we resumed our firing, but were unable to prevent their securing the gun.

A halt of a few minutes now took place, while we returned the fire from still another hill on the Alsop farm. Soon we received an order

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1864. from General Robinson to advance on the double-quick over the plain. It was obeyed as well as it was possible for men to obey after two previous charges following an all-night march. There wasn't any double-quick in us. Though nearly played out, we slowly advanced, while the rebel skirmishers fell back to the crest of Laurel Hill. The firing from the rebel line behind earthworks on the hill now became general, and although the men of our division (the Second) were exhausted, yet we mustered strength enough to make another charge on this division of rebel infantry. As we advanced, the firing became more effective. The foot of the hill was gained. As the Thirteenth was picking its way through the abatis and underbrush, shouting was heard in our rear. On looking back, we saw a whole brigade of rebels in line of battle, swinging round from the rebel right flank. A general retreat was taking place among our troops in the rear, so we followed suit by taking a circuitous route to avoid the rebel line which was preparing to capture us. Upon reaching the hill from which we advanced we halted and made a stand. Our loss so far was one officer killed and one wounded, and fourteen men wounded and twelve missing — probably captured. The staff of the national colors was shattered by a solid shot. During the repulse, General Warren took the flag with its shattered staff to rally a Maryland brigade, a picture of which appeared in "Harper's Weekly" for 1864, page 372.

At night we were moved out in front of the earthworks and laid on our arms.

During the day the heat was intense.

General Robinson, our division commander, lost a leg in the fight to-day. He was a real loss to the Army of the Potomac, as he ranked very high, being considered one of the bravest as well as one of the most efficient officers in the army. While we recognized in him the qualities of a brave, upright, and clear-headed soldier, candor compels us to say that the feeling of regard that many of us felt for him was not unanimous. We were not always just in our estimation of division commanders. We had an impression for a while that he didn't like us,— this was a mistake. He hedged himself with so much strict official dignity, that he concealed many of the

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1864. good qualities he possessed. It took a long time for us to work up the regard which was natural for us to feel for a brave and gallant officer, such as we knew him to be. We had been eye-witnesses to his bravery and intelligence on plenty of occasions, and to us he was always "Old Reliable." We got to like him very much, and the fondness which we felt has grown with years, so that to-day we gladly associate his name with Hartsuff and Reynolds, two officers for whom, as already stated, the regiment had a great admiration.

We make the following quotations from General Grant's Memoirs respecting this campaign:

More desperate fighting has not been witnessed on this continent than that of the 5th and 6th of May. Our victory consisted in having successfully crossed a formidable stream, almost in the face of an enemy, and in getting the army together as a unit.

. . . . . .

It may be as well here as elsewhere to state two things connected with all movements of the Army of the Potomac: first, in every change of position or halt for the night, whether confronting the enemy or not, the moment arms were stacked, the men intrenched themselves. For this purpose they would build up piles of logs or rails if they could be found in their front, and dig a ditch, throwing the dirt forward on the timber. Thus the digging they did counted in making a depression to stand in, and increased the elevation in front of them. It is wonderful how quickly they could in this way construct defences of considerable strength. When a halt was made with a view of assaulting the enemy, or in his presence, these would be strengthened, or their positions changed under the direction of engineer officers. The second was, the use made of the telegraph and signal corps. Nothing could be more complete than the organization and discipline of this body of brave and intelligent men. Insulated wires — insulated so that they would transmit messages in a storm, on the ground or under water — were wound upon reels, making about two hundred pounds of wire to each reel. Two men and one mule were detailed to each reel. The pack-saddle on which this was carried was provided with a rack like a sawbuck placed crosswise of the saddle, and raised above it so that the reel, with its wire, would revolve freely. There was a wagon supplied with a telegraph operator, battery, and telegraph instruments for each division, each corps, each army, and one for my headquarters. There were wagons also loaded with light poles, about the size and length of a wall tent pole, supplied with an iron spike in one end, used to hold the wires up when laid, so that wagons and artillery would not run over them. The mules thus loaded were assigned to brigades, and always kept with the command

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1864. they were assigned to. The operators were also assigned to particular headquarters, and never changed except by special orders.

The moment the troops were put in position to go into camp all the men connected with this branch of the service would proceed to put up their wires. A mule loaded with a coil of wire would be led to the rear of the nearest flank of the brigade he belonged to, and would be led in a line parallel thereto, while one man would hold an end of the wire and uncoil it as the mule was led off. When he had walked the length of the wire the whole of it would be on the ground. This would be done in the rear of every brigade at the same time. The ends of all the wires would then be joined, making a continuous wire in the rear of the whole army. The men attached to brigades or divisions would all commence at once raising the wires with their telegraph poles. This was done by making a loop in the wire and putting it over the spike and raising the pole to a perpendicular position. At intervals the wire would be attached to trees, or some other permanent object, so that one pole was sufficient to a place. In absence of such a support two poles would have to be used, at intervals, placed at an angle so as to hold the wire firm in place. While this was being done the telegraph wagons would take their positions near where the headquarters they belonged to were to be established, and would connect with the wires. Thus, in a few minutes longer than it took a mule to walk the length of its coil, telegraphic communication would be effected between all the headquarters of the army. No orders ever had to be given to establish the telegraph.

. . . . . .

On the afternoon of the 7th, I received news from Washington announcing that Sherman had probably attacked Johnston that day, and that Butler had reached City Point safely, and taken it by surprise on the 5th. I had given orders for a movement by the left flank, fearing that Lee might move more rapidly to Richmond to crush Butler before I could get there.

My order for this movement was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U.S.,
May 7, 1864, 6.30 A.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE, *Commanding A.P.:*

Make all preparations during the day for a night march, to take position at Spottsylvania Court House with one army corps, at Todd's Farm with one, and another near the intersection of the Piney Branch and Spottsylvania Road with the road from Alsop's to Old Court House. If this move is made the trains should be thrown forward early in the morning to the Ny River.

I think it would be advisable in making the change to leave Hancock where he is until Warren passes him. He could then follow and become the right of the new line. Burnside will move to Piney Branch Church. Sedgewick can move along the pike to Chancellorsville, and on to his destination. Burnside will move on the plank-road to the intersection of it with the Orange and Fredericksburg plank-road, then follow Sedgewick to his place of destination.

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1864. All vehicles should be got out of hearing of the enemy before the troops move, and then move off quietly.

It is more than probable that the enemy concentrate for a heavy attack on Hancock this afternoon. In case they do, we must be prepared to resist them, and follow up any success we may gain with our whole force. Such a result would necessarily modify these instructions.

All the hospitals should be moved to-day to Chancellorsville.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

My object in moving to Spottsylvania was twofold: first, I did not want Lee to get back to Richmond in time to attempt to crush Butler before I could get there; second, I wanted to get between his army and Richmond if possible; and, if not, to draw him into the open field. But Lee, by accident, beat us to Spottsylvania. Our wagon-trains had been ordered easterly of the roads the troops were to march upon before the movement commenced. Lee interpreted this as a semi-retreat of the Army of the Potomac to Fredericksburg, and so informed his government. Accordingly he ordered Longstreet's corps — now commanded by Anderson — to move in the morning (the 8th) to Spottsylvania. But the woods being still on fire, Anderson could not go into bivouac, and marched directly on to his destination that night. By this accident Lee got possession of Spottsylvania. It is impossible to say now what would have been the result if Lee's orders had been obeyed as given; but it is certain that we would have been in Spottsylvania, and between him and his capital. My belief is that there would have been a race between the two armies to see which could reach Richmond first, and the Army of the Potomac would have had the shorter line. Thus, twice since crossing the Rapidan, we came near closing the campaign, so far as battles were concerned, from the Rapidan to the James River, or Richmond. The first failure was caused by our not following up the success gained over Hill's corps on the morning of the 6th, as before described; the second, when fires caused by that battle, drove Anderson to make a march during the night of the 7th-8th, which he was ordered to commence on the morning of the 8th. But accident often decides the fate of battle.

Monday, May 9. Moved from our position in the centre to the right, halting three times to build earthworks. Were placed on the skirmish line with the "Bucktails," taking part with the corps in its grand charge. After dark we again advanced, driving the enemy back, after which we threw up more earthworks.

Tuesday, May 10. Fifty men of the regiment were detailed for skirmish duty on the brow of a hill in front of Battery D of the Fifth U.S. Artillery. The position was uncomfortable,

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1864. being swept by the artillery of both armies. Forty men were detailed to carry ammunition up to the line during a charge.

During the day an order was received for the brigade to charge; and the unusual occurrence happened with our regiment that in that charge we had no enlisted men, all of them being detailed away, leaving none but commissioned and non-commissioned officers to obey the order.

We had ten men wounded on the skirmish line. It was a hard day's work. During the day General Grant and his aids and orderlies rode up to our line to make observations. While he was intently watching the battle through his field-glasses a piece of shell struck the head of one of his orderly's horses, carrying away a portion of it, causing the horse to plunge madly about, creating a great panic among the other horses. During it all the general remained as unconcerned as if nothing had happened, not even removing the glasses from his eyes.

General Lee made the following report of the doings of the rebel army:

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, May 10, 1864.
(Via Guiney's, 11th. Received 2.45 P.M.)

HON. SECRETARY OF WAR:

General Grant's army is intrenched near this place on both sides of the Brock Road. Frequent skirmishing occurred yesterday and to-day, each army endeavoring to discover the position of the other. To-day the enemy shelled our lines and made several assaults with infantry against different points, particularly on our left, held by Gen. R. H. Anderson. The last, which occurred after sunset, was the most obstinate, some of the enemy leaping over the breastworks. They were easily repulsed, except in front of Doles' brigade, where they drove our men from their position and from a four-gun battery there posted. The men were soon rallied, and by dark our line was reëstablished and the battery recovered. A large body of the enemy moved around our left on the evening of the 9th and took possession of the road about midway between Shady Grove Church and the Court-House. General Early, with a part of A. P. Hill's corps, drove them back this evening, taking one gun and a few prisoners. Thanks to a merciful Providence our casualties have been small. Among the wounded are Brig.-Gens. H. T. Hays and H. H. Walker.

R. E. LEE.

(Same to the President and General Bragg.)

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1864. Wednesday, May 11. The brigade morning report showed five regiments with only 776 men. Our brigade lost more men yesterday than any other in the division, but our regiment's loss was slight.

The Thirteenth had one hundred and seven guns this morning. We lost one man by the explosion of a shell which landed in our midst.

We moved into earthworks, near General Warren's headquarters, during a thunder-storm in the afternoon.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, C. S. A.,
RICHMOND, VA., May 11, 1864.

GEN. R. E. LEE, *Spottsylvania Court-House, via Guiney's, Va.:*

Hoke's brigade left Petersburg this morning with other troops to effect if possible a junction with Ransom at Chester. I have been painfully anxious to send your troops to you, but unaccountable delays have occurred, and we have been sorely pressed by enemy on south side. Are now threatened by their cavalry on the Brook turnpike and Westham Road. I go to look after defence. Will have supplies attended to at once, and as soon as possible send troops to you. May God have you in His holy keeping and support your efforts for your country's cause!

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE,
May 11, 1864, 8.15 A.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE, *Commanding Army of the Potomac:*

Send back to Belle Plain every wagon that can be spared, retaining here only sufficient to move what ammunition and other stores that cannot be carried on the person. Two days of the present supply of rations should be unloaded to issue to the men, and ammunition enough to fill all the cartridge-boxes. These wagons can go back with a small escort, relying on reënforcements expected to give them a strong escort back. All the wagons should start back with a heavy load, say from two thousand five hundred to three thousand five hundred pounds, the amount depending upon the strength of the team. I would advise also the sending back to Belle Plain all the reserve artillery. This, however, I leave to your own discretion. General Burnside will be instructed to send back as an escort to the wagons all his cavalry, and, if necessary, his division of colored troops.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

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1864. HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, May 11, 1864, 8.30 A.M.

MAJ.-GEN. H. W. HALLECK, *Chief of Staff:*

We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy fighting. The result to this time is much in our favor. But our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. We have lost to this time eleven general officers, killed, wounded, and missing, and probably twenty thousand men. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater, we having taken over four thousand prisoners in battle, while he has taken but few, except stragglers. I am now sending back to Belle Plain all my wagons for a fresh supply of provisions and ammunition, and propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.

The arrival of reënforcements here will be very encouraging to the men, and I hope they will be sent as fast as possible, and in as great numbers. My object in having them sent to Belle Plain was to use them as an escort to our supply train. If it is more convenient to send them out by train to march from the railroad to Belle Plain or Fredericksburg, send them so. I am satisfied the enemy are very shaky, and are only kept up to the mark by the greatest exertions on the part of their officers, and by keeping them intrenched in every position they take. Up to this time there is no indication of any portion of Lee's army being detached for the defence of Richmond.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

Thursday, May 12. Rainy morning. Were under arms at 3 A.M. At 9 o'clock our brigade was massed with other troops in the centre for a grand demonstration. Had two men wounded in the unsuccessful charge.

About 1 P.M. we were moved to the left, in the rain and mud, to support Ricketts' division. The regiment continued on duty all night.

[CIRCULAR.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 13, 1864.

SOLDIERS: The moment has arrived when your commanding general feels authorized to address you in terms of congratulation. For eight days and nights, almost without intermission, in rain and sunshine, you have been gallantly fighting a desperate foe, in positions naturally strong, and rendered doubly so by intrenchments; you have compelled him to abandon his fortifications on the Rapidan, to retire and attempt to stop your onward progress, and now he has abandoned the last intrenched position, so tenaciously held, suffering in all a loss of eighteen guns, twenty-two colors, and eight thousand prisoners, including two general officers. Your heroic deeds and noble endurance of fatigue and privations will ever be

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1864. memorable. Let us return thanks to God for the mercy thus shown us, and ask earnestly for its continuance.

Soldiers, your work is not over, the enemy must be pursued, and, if possible, overcome. The courage and fortitude you have displayed renders your commanding general confident your future efforts will result in success. While we mourn the loss of many gallant comrades, let us remember the enemy must have suffered equal, if not greater, losses. We shall soon receive reënforcements which he can not expect. Let us determine, then, to continue vigorously the work so well begun, and, under God's blessing, in a short time the object of our labors will be accomplished.

GEO. G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

The following is taken from Grant's Memoirs and explains itself:

The criticism has been made by writers on the campaign from the Rapidan to the James River, that all the loss of life could have been obviated by moving the army there on transports. Richmond was fortified and intrenched so perfectly that one man inside to defend was more than equal to five outside besieging or assaulting. To get possession of Lee's army was the first great object. With the capture of his army Richmond would necessarily follow. It was better to fight him outside of his stronghold than in it. If the Army of the Potomac had been moved bodily to the James River by water, Lee could have moved a part of his forces back to Richmond, called Beauregard from the south to reënforce it, and with the balance moved on to Washington. Then, too, I ordered a move simultaneous with that of the Army of the Potomac, up the James River by a formidable army already collected at the mouth of the river.

HEADQUARTERS, May 12, 1864.
(Received Hanover Junction, 13th.)

HON. SECRETARY OF WAR:

This morning at dawn the enemy broke through that part of our line occupied by Johnson's division and gained possession of a portion of our breastworks, which he still holds. A number of pieces of artillery fell into his hands. The engagement has continued all day, and, with the exception indicated, we have maintained our ground. In the beginning of the action we lost a large number of prisoners, but, thanks to a merciful Providence, our subsequent casualties were not large. Major-General Johnson and Brigadier-General Stuart were taken prisoners. The brave General Perrin was killed, and Generals Walker (of the Stonewall Brigade) and Daniel severely wounded.

R. E. LEE,
General.

In all the communications of General Lee it will be noticed how careful he is to keep in touch with the "merciful Providence."

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1864. Friday, May 13. About 10 A.M. we returned to Cutler's division. Rested three hours and were then sent to the corner of the woods, where we began our "charge" of last Sunday. Here we strengthened the earthworks, the enemy vigorously shelling us with canister during the operation, but their guns were too elevated to do us any harm, though they did take effect in the first division, which was in our rear. Showery all day. At 11 P.M. we were marched by a circuitous route for ten miles, across fields and over fences, until we struck the Bowling Green and Fredericksburg pike, and so on until daylight, when we halted in sight and to the south of Spottsylvania Court-House, where the whole corps was formed *en masse*. The roads were saturated with water from the continuous rains, and were so ploughed with the artillery and baggage-wagons of the retreating foe, that their condition reminded us of Burnside's "Mud march."

The following was in answer to an inquiry as to the best man to succeed General Robinson in the command of our division:

MAY 13, 1864.

GENERAL MEADE:

I think General Griffin or General Ayres is the most competent soldier, but Generals Cutler and Crawford have behaved very handsomely with me. General Cutler is the only general officer left with me in the old First Corps. General Robinson behaved well the day he was so severely wounded. He will hardly ever be fit for duty again.

G. K. WARREN,
Major-General.

Saturday, May 14. Rained hard all day, making the roads almost impassable. Since the 3d we had been marching, fighting, and building earthworks so continuously that no opportunity had been afforded to change any of our clothing. Our march of last night was made without halting, over very bad roads, and in darkness so aggravated by the fog as to make it nearly impossible for one to see the man in front of him. In some places the mud was nearly knee-deep, but that was not as bad as though it had been hip-deep. A man of philosophic turn of mind could always find something to be thankful for in the army.

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1864. We were close to the Fredericksburg pike on the south side, while just across, on the north side of the pike, was Burnside's corps, and to the left of us was the Sixth Corps.

Our brigade was moved to the north side of the road, but with that exception we laid quietly in the mud, watching the shells as they passed over our head, thankful that the fuses were long enough for them to burst elsewhere than over us.

Sunday, May 15. We remained in the same position all day until 6 P.M., when we were massed with other troops for a charge which, we are happy to say, was not made. It was therefore a day of rest, as indeed Sunday should be. It was showery all day.

Monday, May 16. At noon the sun came out bright and hot, but it rained again about dark. At 1 P.M. we were formed in line of battle, but that was all, for the expected charge was not made. At 5 P.M. we were sent out on the skirmish line.

We have only two months more to serve, so the less number of charges we were called upon to make the happier we were.

Tuesday, May 17. The last two or three days' rest brightened up the boys a good deal. We felt a little less like an "armed mob" even if we did look it. We were relieved from the skirmish line about 6 P.M., and then moved to the right on the flank of Burnside's corps, where we were set to work building breastworks with the timber which we cut in the woods about us, and by digging. We worked all night. Though our brigade contained six regiments it had less than a thousand men.

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, May 17, 1864.
(Via Guiney's. Received 3.15 A.M., 18th.)

HON. SECRETARY OF WAR:

The enemy has made no demonstration against our position to-day. His army still lies in the valley of the Ny, extending across the road from this place to Fredericksburg. For some reason there seems to be a pause in his movements. The army received with joy the news of General Beauregard's success south of James River, as reported in the papers of to-day.

R. E. LEE.

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1864. Wednesday, May 18. Having completed our earthworks we were moved to the rear of the brigade, where we were held in reserve. About 5 A.M. the rebel artillery opened fire on the Ninth Corps, and as a number of the shells burst in our vicinity we felt uneasy as to results. As these shells were intended for the Ninth Corps, it shows how careless the enemy were in their artillery work. We didn't wish to rob the Ninth Corps of anything that was intended for it. At 7 A.M. we were moved by the left flank, about half a mile, to a spot near General Warren's headquarters, and laid under a shelling fire until afternoon, when we were moved to the right again, near the earthworks we built last night. About 11 P.M. we moved into the works. Rained in the night, of course. We noticed during the day that a movement was on hand; in fact orders were received for all to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

Thursday, May 19. The changes that occurred in the positions of other corps had left us apparently on the right flank of the army instead of adjoining the left flank, as we were on our arrival at Spottsylvania Court-House. Rained in the morning, with occasional showers all day.

A detail of twenty-five men and an officer was sent from the regiment to join other troops for duty as skirmishers. About 5 o'clock an attack was made on this skirmish line, the enemy attempting to get round on our right, but, falling in with some Union troops on their way from Fredericksburg, they were repulsed.

Friday, May 20. Lay quietly in our earthworks all day. Weather hot. A congratulatory order to the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery was read to us to-day. It seems that was the regiment that was doing the fighting yesterday. It was a regiment of sixteen hundred men, and this was its first fight. They were on the way from Fredericksburg to the army when they encountered Rodes' division of Ewell's corps attempting to steal our wagon-train. The First Maryland, just returning from the furlough granted it for reënlisting, happened along in the nick of time and also pitched in.

The Heavy Artillery would have lost less men if they had had more

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1864. experience in fighting, as the men unnecessarily exposed themselves; but they did good work nevertheless.

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 44. } HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
May 20, 1864.

The commanding general announces to the army with heartfelt sorrow the death of Maj.-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, late commander of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. Among the gallant soldiers who have fallen in this war, General Stuart was second to none in valor, in zeal, and in unfaltering devotion to his country. His achievements form a conspicuous part of the history of this army, with which his name and services will be forever associated. To military capacity of a high order, and all the nobler virtues of the soldier, he added the brighter graces of a pure life, guided and sustained by the Christian's faith and hope. The mysterious hand of an All-wise God has removed him from the scene of his usefulness and fame. His grateful countrymen will mourn his loss and cherish his memory. To his comrades in arms he has left the proud recollection of his deeds and the inspiring influence of his example.

R. E. LEE,
General.

Saturday, May 21. A change was made to-day in the order of companies in the regimental line, with the following result: G, A, F, C, E, D, I, B, H, K. We are now a part of the grand movement of the army by the left flank. The march of an army, always inspiring, was to-day a beautiful sight. A cloudless sky, while the air, filled with the song of birds, was invigorating, and fragrant with the flowers that were growing luxuriantly in the meadows and fields. The roads were in perfect condition, and the boys cheerful, as they viewed the brilliant scenery about them.

The movement began early, our corps following the Second and Sixth Corps. We abandoned our earthworks, leaving our skirmishers to take care of themselves; the rebels, moving promptly into our works, capturing one of our officers and three men. We marched ten miles, and halted about two miles south of Guiney's Station. The men we left on the skirmish line reached us later.

Great exertion was made to get the army over Guiney's Bridge, which crosses the Mattapony River, before the enemy burned the bridge. This river is formed by the union of the Mat, the Ta, the Po, and the Ny rivers.

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1864. The officer who was captured was at that time in command of Company B, and had in his possession two hundred dollars of that company's money. Foreseeing his inevitable capture, he secreted the money in the reënforced seat of his trousers, which he was able to do through a small hole. A cavalryman noticing he was an officer, pursued and captured him, promptly demanding his possessions. Whereupon his overcoat was first taken, then the contents of his pockets, his sword, pistol, boots, and hat; after which he was sent back to the rebel lines, and subsequently taken to Libby prison. The officer, appreciating that the money would soon be useless, unless changed to some place where there was less wear, divided it into two parts, hiding each part under a shoulder-strap, and thus preserved it. Some time after the regiment was discharged, he was exchanged and returned to Boston, and promptly offered to restore the money, but the company declined to accept it. The officer was originally an enlisted man in Company D, and after his promotion was assigned to B.

Sunday, May 22. At 11 A.M. we started for Bull's Church, about ten miles. The day was hot and sultry and the roads dusty. The only fun we had was making puns on the name of the church. It was also known as St. Margaret's Church. We were under the impression that St. Margaret was generally attended by a dog, so were unable to understand the significance of calling it Bull's Church.

On our march to-day we were, once, vigorously shelled by the enemy, who were retreating toward Richmond. A hundred of their stragglers were captured during the day.

Monday, May 23. During the last few days we had been marching through an open country, attractive in appearance and rich in fertility, and showing none of the devastations of war. All this was an agreeable change from the dense forest of the "Wilderness."

At 5 A.M. we took up the line of march toward the North Anna River, catching up with the rear guard of the enemy at a place called "Old Church," about 9 o'clock. We halted here for some time, while the cavalry, and a light battery of the Second Corps, passed along to see what the firing ahead of us meant. About 3 P.M. we

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1864. were countermarched, and shortly after took a road to the left for Jericho Ford, one of the most picturesque spots on the North Anna River. The division ahead of us forded the river, but we built a pontoon bridge and crossed dry shod, and thence up the bluffs, where some of the corps had begun intrenching. We had hardly crossed when A. P. Hill's corps, formed *en masse*, made a furious charge upon our troops. It was now about dusk. For a few minutes the fighting was terrific, but the enemy was driven back with heavy loss, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Our regiment had five men wounded. The Third and Fifth Massachusetts batteries did good service in this engagement. We were now occupying a piece of woods from which the enemy had just been driven. As soon as it was dark we were ordered to lie down on the ground, in line of battle, with guns in readiness, at a moment's notice, to continue the fight. We were to remain absolutely quiet and not to strike a match, even for lighting a pipe. Not a sound could be heard along the line so perfect was the stillness. While we were lying there, completely hidden from sight by the impenetrable darkness of the woods, watching with ears strained to catch the slightest sound, and eyes struggling to pierce the gloom, the crackling sound of footsteps was heard, and suddenly a tall specimen of the Southern chivalry appeared. With gun on his shoulder and an air of confidence, such as a soldier has when fancying himself safely within his own lines, he walked up to the very muzzles of our rifles before being challenged. To his inexpressible astonishment he received the order to "*halt!*" "Who comes there?" to which he responded, "Second South Carolina, by Gawd!" One of the boys, imitating the tone of his voice, replied, "Well, we're the Thirteenth Massachusetts, by Gawd!" At this unexpected salutation, which surprised him as much as if he had been suddenly challenged by St. Peter, he unclasped his belt and threw it, with his gun, on the ground, to the great amusement of the boys, who, in spite of orders to the contrary, could not restrain their laughter. "How did you like the fight, 'Johnnie'?" was asked by one of the boys. "Wall, you 'uns fire shell a derned sight worse than we 'uns do." The necessity for silence prevented our carrying on the conversation further.

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1864. We were within about forty miles of Richmond, and learned what was meant by sending a man to Jericho.

Tuesday, May 24. The place was called Noel's Station, and was situated on the Virginia Central Railroad. We built earthworks last night in addition to our other duties, and were so tired out that, notwithstanding the enemy were continually crawling up through the woods and firing upon us, we could be kept awake only by the persistent efforts of the officers.

Received congratulatory orders from General Meade for the work of the corps yesterday.

Remained on the skirmish line all day.

We didn't fail to notice how well marked with bullets were the trees in front of us. One in particular, at the height of a man's head, contained a dozen, while many of the branches were completely severed. We were glad to know that trees were good for something besides shade.

Wednesday, May 25. Moved down the river about two miles to the "Lone Star Hamlet" or farm, and formed in line of battle, connecting with the Sixth Corps. Threw out a strong line of skirmishers, which was under fire all the time. The twelve men of the Thirteenth who were captured on the 8th instant all returned to the regiment, having been recaptured by Custer's cavalry at Beaver Dam. Lucky boys!

A bill of merchandise was picked up by one of our boys, near Bull's Church, in which was charged two barrels of whiskey at twenty-five dollars per gallon and tea at eleven dollars per pound. At thirteen dollars per month it would take thirty days to earn half a gallon of whiskey. It ought to have been pretty good at that price. A man couldn't be bit many times by rattlesnakes with whiskey at that price.

Since the 8th, when General Robinson was wounded, our brigade had been under the immediate command of General Warren, who directed our movements in addition to his other duties. In the afternoon, we threw up earthworks, followed by a cracking old thunder-storm.

Our base of supplies was now the Pamunkey River.

At the house near where we were now located, we noticed a pretty

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1864. girl. It was like a gleam of sunshine on a cloudy day. As the rest of the family had left, this young maiden had all the admiration to herself. General Warren placed his headquarters in front of this house, thereby cutting off our communication with it. His appearance suggested the Indian. He was swarthy in complexion, high cheek-bones, long hair, and a mustache which he was fond of twirling. There was such a yawning chasm between thirteen dollars per month and the pay of a major-general that even our good looks, as compared with his, could not bridge it, so we left the "Lone Star" maid to his tender consideration.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
May 25, 1864, 12 M.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE:

I send you now an exact sketch of developments as far as made. I have found the intrenchments visible on the left and right, and I enclose a report of General Cutler on the result of his effort to push on in the centre. My line makes a salient at this point. Sharpshooters are very active. I have my troops in two lines, and cover a front reaching near to Little River. I cannot extend farther without making a weak line. I feel satisfied that I should have great difficulty at best in whipping the enemy in my front. Perhaps if General Wright were to send a division across Little River we would be able to develop the intrenched line farther. We can hear wood-chopping south of the river, which just beyond us bends southward and perhaps forms part of their line. The woods, however prevent seeing much anywhere. On my right General Griffin has got eight guns in an enfilading position to the enemy's skirmish line, and will fire pretty soon. To advance my right carries me over a clear field three-fourths of a mile, with the enemy intrenched on the other side. General Cutler's report gives you an idea of the trouble in the centre, and General Crittenden's advance last night shows the state of things on my left. Do you wish anything further done?

Respectfully,
G. K. WARREN,
Major-General.

[Enclosure.]

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION, FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
May 25, 1864, 10.45 A.M.

GENERAL WARREN:

I can't find any way to get at the flank of the enemy's skirmishers. I am of the opinion that there may be a salient near my centre; the fire at that point is very galling. I have had two officers and some eighteen to twenty men killed, and a large number wounded. I have instructed my pickets to get around as well as they can, and not fire any more than is absolutely necessary.

L. CUTLER,
Brigadier-General.

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[First indorsement.]

GENERAL GRANT:

I should judge from the within that, unless Warren attacks, not much more can be done in his front.

GEO. G. MEADE,
Major-General.

[Second indorsement.]

I do not think any attack should be made until preparations are made to use our whole force. The best Warren can do now is to cover his men well in their advanced position, and rest them all he can, ready for active services. If you think proper to send a division of Wright's force across Little River, do so, but I think unless there is some reason for it that I do not know, it would be better not to send them over until the cavalry gets around.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

Thursday, May 26. Lay in the works all day until 9 P.M., when we left them and recrossed the North Anna about two miles below Jericho Ford, and then halted about midnight, near a church, and drew rations, including a ration of whiskey, after which we took a bath in the river. After an hour's rest we marched the rest of the night.

Friday, May 27. We now had with us six days' rations. Marched cautiously all day, making a distance of twenty-five miles in the last twenty hours. We crossed the Fredericksburg Railroad to St. Paul's Church, camping near Mangohick, in the woods, at the top of a high hill. A few more churches and the army would have no excuse for staying away from divine service. We found no whiskey at St. Paul's Church, as we did near the church where we halted last night. We were now passing through a country that had seen something of war, — so had we.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 27, 1864, 4.15 P.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL WARREN:

Headquarters are at Mangohick Church. The commanding general directs me to inform you that examinations are now being made that will probably modify your route from Hebron Church (one mile beyond this), so that you will move to Hanovertown instead of New Castle Ferry. Wright is moving by a road that turns off a mile or two back from here and near to the bridge right opposite Mrs.

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1864. Hundley's, in the vicinity of which he will throw a bridge. The commanding general thinks it better that you should move on as far as you can until toward evening and go into camp, then resuming the march as soon after daylight as practicable. Report when you camp.

A. A. HUMPHREYS,
Major-General and Chief of Staff.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
May 27, 1864, 7.10 P.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUMPHREYS:

I have two divisions in camp, the third coming up, and the artillery and trains following. We camp on Dowell's Creek, about two miles from Mangohick Church. My headquarters are about two miles from the church, at a house called Turk's. My flag is on the road. The march has been very severe on men and animals. I have moved as fast and far as I could to clear the road for General Burnside. If he be camped five miles behind me he can start at the same hour, and not be delayed.

Respectfully,
G. K. WARREN,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 27, 1864, 8.30 P.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL WARREN, *Commanding Fifth Corps:*

The major-general commanding directs that you move to-morrow to Hanovertown, crossing the river, and take position in advance, with your left resting on the Totopotomoy and your right extending toward Crump's Creek. The map indicates this position to be beyond Mrs. Via's house. General Burnside will form on your right; Hancock next, and Wright on the right, holding the crossing of Crump's Creek. Upon crossing the river you will relieve General Russell's division, which will then rejoin its corps.

A. A. HUMPHREYS,
Major-General and Chief of Staff.

Saturday, May 28. Marched at 4 P.M., passing army headquarters at Mangohick Church. There was hope for us all while headquarters were near a church. We were now marching through what was known as the Brandywine country, and a beautiful country it is, as it ought to be, with such a name. Crossed the Pamunkey River, not far from Hanovertown, about noon. The Pamunkey River is formed by the union of the North and South Anna Rivers. We found the Sixth Corps resting on the meadows as we reached this point. Crossing a small stream called

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1864. Herring Creek, that flowed over the road, we moved to the ridge beyond, where we formed in line and built earthworks. Severe cavalry fighting in front of us. For two days — being the only ones since we crossed the Rappahannock — we had not exchanged a shot with the enemy.

As General Grant and his staff was passing he noticed one of the boys of Company D with his tin cup filled with water. The cup was old, battered, and greasy, black with constant use in making coffee, and about as uninviting a piece of tinware as ever was seen. General Grant halted and asked, "Have you any good water there, my man?"

"Yes, sir; I can recommend the water if I can't the cup."

"Oh, that is all right," said Grant, "the water is just as good;" and he raised the old black coffee cup to his lips and drank as heartily as though it were a silver goblet.

All doubts of Grant's capacity as a general had disappeared with the steady onward movement of the army.

Sunday, May 29. Called up at daylight to move, but didn't get away until noon, when we advanced our line about two miles. At 6.30 P.M. we marched to the eastward about three miles, halting at the junction of the White House and Richmond Roads, where the brigade proceeded to throw up earthworks to cover the cross-roads, working all night. We were cautioned about making noise or building fires. On our way to this point we passed through the small hamlet of "Howells' Store." As one of the boys remarked, "Howells must be a h—l of a man to have a store named after him."

Some of the boys having discovered a house, a short distance away, paid it a visit to see what they could find. Having secured a young pig they were making tracks for the regiment, when they ran plump into General Wheelock, of the Ninety-seventh New York, who couldn't speak in a low tone if he tried, and who yelled, "Don't you know it's against orders to make such d—d noise?" So they clapped their hands on poor piggy's throat and informed him they belonged to the Eleventh Pennsylvania, which wasn't true, of course, and then disappeared.

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1864. Monday, May 30. Our division, which was broken up and the brigades temporarily distributed among other divisions when General Robinson was wounded, was reorganized under General Lockwood. It was a welcome sight to again see our old division flag at the head of our column.

About 8 o'clock in the morning we returned to the place we left yesterday, and laid quiet until 4 P.M., when we moved forward and formed line in a ploughed field, on the opposite side of which was a piece of woods. General Warren made his appearance and immediately gave an order for the brigade to move forward through the woods. He seemed to think the urgency of the occasion great, as he called on "Helen Damnation" as if she could render assistance were she so disposed. You might call on "Father Mars" until the cows came home without inspiring soldiers to fight; but the moment Helen's name was heard things began to move. Helen was a first-class goddess, and had much to do with the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac.

We moved as ordered, through the woods, and connected our line with that of the Pennsylvania Reserves on our right, and built earthworks during the night.

Tuesday, May 31. Remained in earthworks all day. Heavy firing heard on the right in the forenoon, and on the left in the afternoon, at Cold Harbor, between Sheridan's cavalry and the enemy.

Our brigade was now on the left flank of the army.

We were in a sandy country, where the sand was so light that it seemed impossible to keep it out of our shoes or haversacks.

The following itinerary from the report of General Warren shows the doings of the Fifth Corps from the time it crossed the Rapidan to May 31st:

May 4. — Corps left Culpeper at midnight; crossed the Rapidan at Germanna Ford, and bivouacked near Wilderness Tavern.

May 5. — Attacked Ewell's corps with Griffin's, Wadsworth's, and part of Crawford's divisions; afterward attacked Hill's corps with Wadsworth's division; fought until dark.

May 6. — Commenced fighting again at 4.30 A.M.; fought all

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1864. day; General Wadsworth killed and General Baxter wounded.

May 7.—Took the advance at dark; marched all night toward Spottsylvania Court-House.

May 8. — Met Longstreet's corps in the morning near that place; fought all the rest of the day, encountering part of Ewell's corps just at dark; General Robinson severely wounded.

May 9. — Drove the enemy into his intrenched line.

May 10. — Vigorously assaulted enemy's position in conjunction with Second Corps.

May 12. — Repeated assault on enemy alone at the same place as on the 10th. General Ayres marched to left to support Second Corps in afternoon; marched back during the night in the rain.

May 13. — Constructed line of breastworks to contract our lines; worked all day; marched all night in the rain around the rear of our army to attack the enemy at daybreak on the 14th. Remained in front of the enemy at Spottsylvania Court-House, skirmishing daily until May 21, part of the corps taking an important part in the battle of May 17.

May 21. — Left enemy's front at noon; crossed the Po River at Guiney's Bridge; the advance crossed the Ta River at Madison's Ordinary.

May 22. — Followed along the Telegraph Road, fighting his cavalry: bivouacked at Dr. Flippo's.

May 23. — Crossed North Anna at Jericho Mills, and fought Hill's corps on south side.

May 24. — Pushed out to the Virginia Central Railroad, and down the river to connect with the Ninth Corps.

May 25. — Drove the enemy into his intrenched lines, developing their location.

May 26. — At dark recrossed the North Anna at Quarles' Mills in the rain; marched all night.

May 27. — Marched all day, proceeding via Mount Carmel Church and St. Paul's Church, bivouacking two miles from Mangohick Church.

May 28. — Crossed the Pamunkey at Hanovertown, and encamped near Brockenbrough's house.

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1864. *May 29.* — Moved to Norman's house.

May 30. — Moved to Via's house, south of Totopotomoy Creek, and had a skirmish with enemy.

May 31. — Was engaged with the enemy at and near Bethesda Church, on the Mechanicsville Road to Richmond.

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CHAPTER XVII.

1864. TWENTY-SEVEN days had passed since we crossed the Rapidan under the leadership of General Grant. During this time we had received a new experience in warfare. The ordinary duties of camp life, such as drilling, guard-mounting, etc., had disappeared, and in their place were marching, digging, and fighting, getting sleep as best we could. It seemed a grand hustle to see which army would get to Richmond first, keeping us busy all the time. Yet, to some of us, it didn't seem so hard a campaign as either Manassas or Gettysburg, or even Chancellorsville. The rations were issued regularly; our marches were not, as a rule, long; we had earthworks to fall back into, and were well supported by other troops, and our position in battle frequently changed. No matter how hard the fighting, or doubtful the result, we moved onward as resistless as the car of Juggernaut. The Army of the Potomac having been unaccustomed to the sunshine of victory, rejoiced at the change and became buoyant with hope. The discouragement that hitherto attended us vanished as our confidence in Grant increased. Fears for the safety of Washington — the skeleton that, hitherto, haunted the closet of our army — seemed to have been eliminated from Grant's plan. There was one drawback to our confidence in General Grant, and that was his occasional appearance on the skirmish line at times when it was very dangerous. It was running too great a risk, and our apprehensions were often very much excited at his apparent insensibility to the peril of his position.

Now that we had only forty-seven days more to serve we found it a good deal harder to respond when the order was given to "charge," and were glad enough when a day passed without our being called upon for that disagreeable duty.

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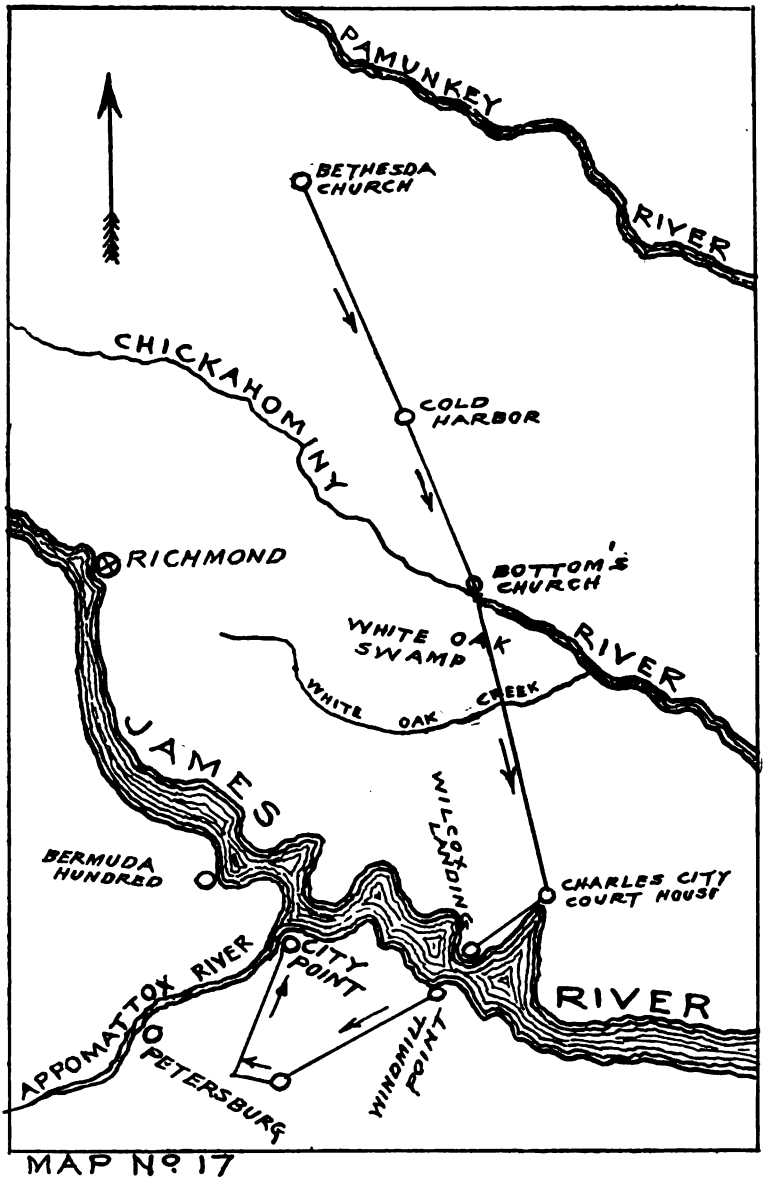

MAP No. 17

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1864. Wednesday, June 1. About 8 A.M. we left the earthworks, advancing our line about a mile, swinging forward the left of our division across the road leading to Bethesda Church, during which operation we were vigorously shelled by the enemy. We had two men wounded, one fatally.

At dusk, just as we had completed our earthworks, our division was moved to the left, connecting with the Eighteenth Corps which had been fighting all the afternoon. Began another line of earthworks which took us nearly all night to complete. As we were in a very exposed position, we had to work as silently as possible.

Some of the boys, with irrepressible curiosity, stepped into a house near the church, to learn the cause of the excitement that seemed to prevail inside. It was indeed a sight to see. When the rebels retreated the occupants, having no faith in the chivalry of the North, followed suit. What furniture they couldn't take with them, they destroyed. Fine mirrors lay shattered on the floor, carpets torn up, dishes, chairs, and other articles of furniture were smashed and lying about in bewildering confusion. Notwithstanding its remoteness from the water, the occupant appeared to have been a mariner of some sort by the sails and seines which were found in the basement, while in the parlor, as if to confirm the impression, hung a marine painting showing a schooner under sail flying the stars and stripes.

While the boys were taking notice of this scene of destruction they observed a soldier pulling down one of the painted curtains, and upon inquiry as to what purpose it could be used, he remarked that having no rubber blanket the curtain would "just be a bully thing."

Thursday, June 2. At daylight we were saluted with a shower of bullets from the rebel skirmish line, which was very near. Our earthworks afforded us excellent protection, while we remained in them. The skirmishers soon advanced and drove the enemy from their trenches, and hot work it was for a short time.

About noon we vacated the earthworks, which were at once occupied by artillery. The regiment was then moved to the left, form-

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1864. ing on the left of Du Shane's Maryland Brigade, to protect a gap in the line.

General Lockwood, our division commander, was relieved by General Crawford to-day.

We were well ducked by heavy showers during the afternoon and night.

The following extracts from the War Records will be very interesting reading to the Thirteenth:

JUNE 1, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE:

General Griffin repulsed the attack on him to-night, which was no more than a strong feeler. The Cold Harbor Road is not open, and I have been able to make no impression on the enemy. A very large field intervenes just beyond the forks of the road commanded by the enemy's batteries. I directed General Lockwood to extend well to the left with a line of skirmishers, and to prepare his whole division for an attack in conjunction with Wright and Smith. I thinned my line down to the least possible amount to get two brigades in reserve to support him, but in some unaccountable way he took his whole division, without my knowing it, away from the left of the line of battle, and turned up at dark two miles in my rear, and I have not yet got him back. All this time the firing should have guided him at least. He is too incompetent, and too high rank leaves no subordinate place for him. I earnestly beg that he may be at once relieved from duty with this army. Major Roebling has not yet returned.

Respectfully,

G. K. WARREN,
Major-General.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 26. HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, BETHESDA CHURCH, VA., June 2, 1864.

1. Brig.-Gen. H. H. Lockwood is hereby relieved from duty with the Fifth Corps, Army of the Potomac, and will proceed to Baltimore, Md., and await further orders, reporting by letter to the Adjutant-General of the Army.

By command of Lieutenant-General Grant,

T. S. BOWERS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

BALTIMORE, MD., June 10, 1864.

BRIG.-GEN. S. WILLIAMS, *Army of the Potomac:*

DEAR SIR: A certain penny-a-liner of the "New York Herald," writing from the headquarters of the Fifth Army Corps, having recently said that my removal from the Army of the Potomac arose from an error on my part in opening the lines, and thus exposing my division to capture, and the whole line to loss, I feel it a duty to myself to let you and my friends near you into the facts of the case. You

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1864. must pardon me this letter, which shall be as short as possible, and which I address to you because you expressed concern at my abrupt and most unjust removal. On the afternoon of the 1st instant my division occupied the extreme left of the main line, neither Smith nor Wright connecting with me. General Warren ordered a strong line of skirmishers to be extended from my left some one-third or one-half mile. This was done. Afterward he ordered that these skirmishers, together with those in my front, should feel the enemy by advancing the left, turning on the right as a pivot. Some delay took place in effecting this. To hasten this, and to be able to report its successful execution, I went in person at 4 P.M. toward the left of this extended line of skirmishers. During my absence an order came from General Warren to my flag, in these words, which I beg of you to note as having an important bearing on this unfortunate issue, unfortunate at least to me:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
June 1, 1864, 5 P.M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LOCKWOOD, *Commanding Second Division:*

Wright is engaging the enemy on your left up the Cold Harbor Road. Advance your entire command along this road, and take part in the action if opportunity offers. A division will support you.

G. K. WARREN,
Major-General.

I arrived at my flag at 6 P.M., when this note was handed to me by one of my aides-de-camp, who remarked that General Warren had been over in person; was very impatient and very angry, and had used some harsh language respecting me. I immediately mounted my horse, led my reserve up to the main line, put the whole in motion by the left flank, sending one brigade, which was bent somewhat to the rear, by a nearer route to join me up the road a half mile distant, the road here running nearly parallel to the line, distant two hundred yards. I led the rest of the division up, and, as I interpreted it, "along" the Cold Harbor Road, at great peril to myself and officers, and reached the desired point in the direction of the action then raging between Wright and the enemy about sunset. The detached brigade was there before me. Here I met Major Roebling, of Warren's staff, with some four hundred of my men, who had been reconnoitering the ground. He said he had an admirable position for my left beyond the road, and had already posted the four hundred men and a portion of the detached brigade upon it, and would advise my filling out the line by another brigade, leaving one brigade in the road, whose left would reach to the left of my former position. I acceded to this and posted my men accordingly, by directing them to keep quiet and intrench. Feeling sure that the enemy had not observed us or our change of position, skirmishers were thrown out and a double line sent to occupy or cover our former position.

Supperless and blanketless I laid down on the ground at the angle made by

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1864. those in the field with those in the road and passed the night. The contest with Wright had now well-nigh ceased, the firing being confined to pickets apparently beyond my left. Rising at daybreak I found my line well covered, and myself saluted by a shower of balls from sharpshooters in a thicket near my front. These my skirmishers soon dispersed, gaining possession of the thicket. Regarding my position a good one and safe, my left secured by the issue of Wright's contest, as well as by a swamp near it on which it rested, and which I had covered by a double line of skirmishers, connecting my right with Cutler's left, I retired to a small house two hundred yards up the road and raised my flag. Soon after this Major Roebling again came up and agreed with me as to the advantages of my position, claiming for himself the merit of selecting it. I remarked that I was sorry to inform him that General Warren differed from us as to its merits; that one of my staff missing me passed a portion of the night at General Warren's headquarters; that the general denounced the movement as not contemplated by his orders, declared we would be captured or cut to pieces and bring on a general engagement; and further, that he had made use of very harsh and damning language respecting me personally.

I said further to the major that this must cease, as I would not permit General Warren or any other general to abuse me in the presence of my staff. The major replied that if I had anything to say of General Warren I should say it to General Warren himself. I replied that I certainly would call on General Warren and say as much or more to him. The major then left, and I presume returned to corps headquarters. One hour later I received an order relieving me from the command, with orders to report to General Grant, and later in the day an order from General Grant directing me to proceed to Baltimore, there await further orders, and report to the Adjutant-General United States Army. Now, general, what I have related is the sum and substance of this difficulty, and the facts herein given can be sworn to by a multitude of witnesses. The order was seen and read by Colonel Bates, commanding brigade, and by some of my own and Warren's staff. We all agreed that by the words "move along the Cold Harbor Road and take part in the action" was intended that we should move up that road toward the point where Wright was engaged.

Had I done otherwise I would have laid myself open to the imputation of fearing to meet the enemy with my five thousand men and as many more at my [command] to support them. Knowing that General Warren had a spare force near him, I took it for granted that he would look out for that unlucky gap. But to avoid all difficulty I took the precaution of covering it with a double line of skirmishers advantageously posted, and connecting my right with Cutler's left. I innocently believed that I was faithfully carrying out Warren's orders, had successfully flanked a battery, would be commended by my chief, and perhaps get another star. But alas, how foolish are the imaginations of man! how vain his expectations! I declare I never was more astonished than when I heard from an officer, who had passed part of the night at corps headquarters, that General Warren disapproved the proceedings, and meant, when he wrote I should "move

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1864. along the road," that I should move up the road, remaining parallel to and abreast of my former position.

Of course this removal damages me in public opinion, and its effects on my future career are irreparable, as no other corps commander will care to have a division commander sent to him whom so skilful and able a corps commander as Major-General Warren had rejected for exceeding his orders, endangering his own men, and almost bringing on a general engagement without orders. I see no remedy. The public press is closed to me both by general orders and by my own sense of propriety. As a good patriot I must suffer, but I am desirous that you, General Meade, Major Michler, and some others whom I have regarded as my friends, ready to hear reason, should know the truth and be thereby enabled to form a just appreciation of this case.

I have the honor to be, general, very truly, and respectfully, your obedient and obliging servant,

HENRY H. LOCKWOOD,
Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

Rainy; built a line of earthworks with traverses.

Friday, June 3. Shelling continued during the day.

Out of twenty-one men detailed from the regiment for duty on the skirmish line, we had one man killed, an officer and five men wounded, and two taken prisoners.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
BETHESDA CHURCH, June 3, 1864, 9 A.M.

GENERAL MEADE:

We have forced the enemy back still farther on the road to Shady Grove, but I have all my troops in one line. I cannot maintain the battle this way all day without reënforcements. Can I withdraw them, if necessary, from my own left without jeopardizing the operations to the left of me? I have no way of judging of the force of the enemy except by the extent of his front, which is very great, and by the prisoners we have taken, which are from all three of Lee's old corps. They probably have not all the force this last would indicate. The right of my corps is now over on the Shady Grove Road, and General Burnside is preparing to move down the road toward Mechanicsville, toward the position he left yesterday.

Respectfully,
G. K. WARREN,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
June 3, 1864, 9.30 A.M.

GENERAL MEADE:

I have written you every little while, and sent to you the substance of General Burnside's and my operations. We have been fighting hard on our right, and are

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1864. getting the enemy back, which will eventually shorten our lines and make more troops available for assault. While we attacked from our right, the enemy assaulted my right centre, but were repulsed. I am not waiting for anybody, but putting in whenever I can judiciously.

Respectfully,

G. K. WARREN,
Major-General.

NEAR COLD HARBOR, June 3, 1864, 7 A.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE, *Commanding Army of the Potomac:*

The moment it becomes certain that an assault cannot succeed, suspend the offensive; but when one does succeed push it vigorously, and if necessary pile in troops at the successful point from wherever they can be taken. I shall go to where you are in the course of an hour.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

COLD HARBOR, June 3, 1864, 12.30 P.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE, *Commanding Army of the Potomac:*

The opinion of corps commanders not being sanguine of success in case an assault is ordered, you may direct a suspension of farther advance for the present. Hold our most advanced positions, and strengthen them. Whilst on the defensive, our line may be contracted from the right, if practicable. Reconnaissances should be made in front of every corps, and advances made to advantageous positions by regular approaches. To aid the expedition under General Hunter it is necessary that we should detain all the army now with Lee until the former gets well on his way to Lynchburg. To do this effectually it will be better to keep the enemy out of the intrenchments of Richmond than to have them go back there. Wright and Hancock should be ready to assault in case the enemy should break through General Smith's lines, and all should be ready to resist an assault.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

Saturday, June 4. A hot day until about 4 P.M. when it began to rain and continued all night.

About noon we left our earthworks and rejoined our brigade which we found held in reserve. Skirmish firing all along the line at night.

We had a whiskey ration issued to us to-day. "Down with rum!"

One man wounded to-day.

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1864. Sunday, June 5. Rained until noon. About 3 A.M. we were turned out to take possession of the earthworks vacated by part of the second brigade of our division. Laid still all day with no fighting except on the skirmish line.

About 8 P.M. we were cautiously and very quietly withdrawn from the earthworks and made a rapid march to Cold Harbor, leaving our skirmish line in position for three or four hours after we left. The march was about five miles. Bivouacked at 1 A.M. in the rear of the Second Corps.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
COLD HARBOR, VA., June 5, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, *Chief of Staff of the Army, Washington, D.C.:*

GENERAL: A full survey of all the ground satisfies me that it would not be practicable to hold a line north-east of Richmond that would protect the Fredericksburg Railroad, to enable us to use it for supplying the army. To do so would give us a long vulnerable line of road to protect, exhausting much of our strength in guarding it, and would leave open to the enemy all of his lines of communication on the south side of the James. My idea from the start has been to beat Lee's army, if possible, north of Richmond; then, after destroying his lines of communication north of the James River, to transfer the army to the south side and besiege Lee in Richmond, or follow him south if he should retreat. I now find, after more than thirty days of trial, that the enemy deems it of the first importance to run no risks with the armies they now have. They act purely on the defensive, behind breastworks, or feebly on the offensive immediately in front of them, and where in case of repulse they can instantly retire behind them. Without a greater sacrifice of human life than I am willing to make, all cannot be accomplished that I had designed outside of the city. I have, therefore, resolved upon the following plan: I will continue to hold substantially the ground now occupied by the Army of the Potomac, taking advantage of any favorable circumstance that may present itself, until the cavalry can be sent west to destroy the Virginia Central Railroad from about Beaver Dam for some twenty-five or thirty miles west. When this is effected, I will move the army to the south side of James River, either by crossing the Chickahominy and marching near to City Point, or by going to the mouth of the Chickahominy on the north side and crossing there. To provide for this last and most probable contingency six or more ferry-boats of the largest class ought to be immediately provided. Once on the south side of the James River I can cut off all sources of supply to the enemy, except what is furnished by the canal. If Hunter succeeds in reaching Lynchburgh that will be lost to him also. Should Hunter not succeed I will still make the effort to destroy the canal by sending cavalry up the south side of the river with a pontoon train to cross wherever they can. The feeling of the two armies

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1864. now seems to be that the rebels can protect themselves only by strong intrenchments, while our army is not only confident of protecting itself without intrenchments, but that it can beat and drive the enemy wherever and whenever he can be found without this protection.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

Monday, June 6. Our position, we found at daylight, to be on the top of a hill half a mile in the rear of the earthworks at Cold Harbor, where fighting still continued. Our corps was held in reserve. Clothing, shoes, etc., were issued to us, all of which articles we were in much need of. Have been under fire every day but two since May 4th. During this time the army had acquired, as already stated, a well-established faith in General Grant. No matter what happened we moved forward. No backward steps were taken, — an experience to which the Army of the Potomac had, heretofore, been unused to. The consequence was that the "Old Man" (as General Grant was called) was always greeted with genuine enthusiasm, though he didn't seem to care much for it. In his old blouse and hat he appeard like the rest of us — ragged and dirty. Once, when we passed him, he sat on a platform-car gnawing away on an old ham bone; as the boys cheered him he merely gave the bone a flourish for a second, and then went on gnawing it as though we were miles away. It was wonderful how thoroughly this retiring, undemonstrative man had gained the confidence of the army. In spite of the hard work we had been having, the men were in good spirits, pleased that we were at last accomplishing something.

Our wagons reached us to-day, affording the officers an opportunity to pitch their tents, which they had not done since the 3d of May. The books and papers of the regiment were overhauled and records made of our work during their absence.

We received an order transferring our regiment from the Second to the Third Division of the Fifth Corps.

For the ten companies of the regiment we had only four line officers on duty.

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1864. We remained in camp at this place, within eight miles of Richmond, until June 11th. Artillery firing was kept up most of the time, and on one occasion all night. A soldier becomes so accustomed to this thing that he is rarely disturbed.

LEARY'S HOUSE, June 6, 1864, 4.30 A.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUMPHREYS:

The head of my last division is just coming into camp. We have been in the rear of the column on the road all night, and I stayed there to see what would be done by the enemy. They made a considerable demonstration by yelling and firing about 9.30 P.M., and disconcerted us a little. It is almost useless, I think, to attempt marching these dark nights, unless it is for the mere object of safely retiring from a position. It was 3 A.M. before the rear of my column got on the way, and it was so on all our previous efforts. The road was good, but narrow and through forests. The men being unacquainted with the roads, on all descents step out just as one does in a strange house when they go down-stairs. It is unavoidable, the inclination to feel before planting the foot, and the frequent tumbles they get off of banks and other places makes them do it in spite of every effort of their officers; then, too, in the night an officer cannot be distinguished, nor those who disobey him, so that practically an army on one of these dark nights marches a little better than the crowd that walks the streets, as far as organization is concerned. The men never march well except on a retreat, when they are all hurried forward with the common instinct of fear. The consequence, besides, of this is that the men are unfitted to-day to do the work they may be called upon. I find shoes have arrived and will be issued this morning. They are greatly needed.

G. K. WARREN,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
June 6, 1864, 10 A.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUMPHREYS, *Chief of Staff:*

GENERAL: I believe if I should remain here to-night I could get up the baggage wagons of the corps, sort out that of the killed and wounded officers, let those remaining change their clothes, and dispense with half our baggage wagons for use in other ways. Will I be here long enough to effect this?

G. K. WARREN,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
June 6, 1864, 10 A.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL WARREN, *Commanding Fifth Corps:*

I am unable to say authoritatively whether you will remain here to-day and

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1864. to-night or not, but I am under the impression you will, and that it would be worth while to undertake what you mention.

A. A. HUMPHREYS,
Major-General and Chief of Staff.

Thursday, June 9. In a communication received from corps headquarters respecting the order of march, etc., appears the following paragraph:

Great detention of the whole column, especially on night marches, has arisen from the indisposition of the troops to cross small streams and the shallow swamps with which the country abounds, except in single file. No stream or like obstruction, that does not wet their cartridge-boxes, must detain the soldiers of this corps for a moment. Brigade commanders will station a staff officer at such points, who will see that each regiment marches without halting.

We may have acquired a great fondness for the external use of water, but we found it difficult to overcome our natural prejudice against wet feet; hence this order to prevent men hesitating when coming to a stream.

Friday, June 10. The rest and sleep allowed the men since the 6th did good service. On the 7th our old friends of the Ninth New York (Eighty-third Volunteers) started for home, their term of enlistment having expired. We had been together a long time and their departure was like the separation of old friends. In bidding "good-by" we couldn't repress the feeling of gladness we felt for them at their good luck and the hope that we might soon meet again, as our own time of return was drawing nigh and already near enough for us to begin counting the days. This excellent regiment took back only one hundred and fifty men.

Yesterday we were treated to a new experience. A correspondent of the "Philadelphia Inquirer," who had written some libellous letters against General Meade, was escorted through the army by a Provost Marshal's guard, his back ornamented with a board on which was plainly printed, "LIBELLER OF THE PRESS." His appearance afforded us a good deal of amusement, in spite of the probable misery of his feelings.

On June 10, 1864, an order was received that no bass drums

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1864. would longer be tolerated, and brigade inspectors were instructed to see that they were properly disposed of. Exit bass drum.

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,"

saith the poet. There were no tears shed in the army at this deprivation. As long as rations were issued regularly, with an occasional noggin of whiskey, we could spare all the drums.

Saturday, June 11. Marched at 5 A.M. to Bottom Church, otherwise called "Shokoe Hill Church," a distance of eight miles. This place is about three miles from Bottom Bridge on the Chickahominy River. We camped on the ground occupied by McClellan's troops in 1862, — a fine grassy spot with splendid water. Some of McClellan's old tent poles were still to be seen lying about.

It will be seen by the following communications that the "rebs" were getting nervous. Their affairs did not appear to be running with the same smoothness they did before Grant took command. They were beginning to realize that to fight a man who has "no strategy" and who is only a "butcher" requires more intelligence than they hitherto had suspected:

JUNE 11, 1864.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD, *Commanding:*

GENERAL: I am so much disturbed about our condition, but especially about our relations to Petersburg, that you must excuse me for a suggestion. It seems to me that there is but one way to save the country and bring the authorities to their senses, and that is to say, "I cannot guard Bermuda Hundred and Petersburg both, with my present forces. I have decided that Petersburg is the important point, and will withdraw my whole command to that place to-night." It is arrant nonsense for Lee to say that Grant can't make a night march without his knowing it. Has not Grant slipped around him four times already? Did not Burnside retire from Fredericksburg, and Hooker from the Wilderness, without his knowing it? Grant can get ten thousand or twenty thousand men to Westover and Lee know nothing of it. What, then, is to become of Petersburg? Its loss surely involves that of Richmond, perhaps of the Confederacy. An earnest appeal is called for now, else a terrible disaster may, and I think will, befall us.

Very respectfully,

D. H. HILL,
Major-General and Aide-de-Camp.

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1864. [Indorsement.]

SWIFT CREEK, VA., June 12, 1864.

GENERAL HILL:

I fully concur in the above views, which have been already communicated to the Government in substance if not in words. I consider it useless again to do so, as it would produce no good results, and my records are already "all right." I shall continue to hold "the lines" as long as there is the slightest hope of being able to do so with success and without endangering Petersburg.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
COLD HARBOR, VA., June 11, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. B. F. BUTLER, *Comdg. Dept. of Virginia and North Carolina:*

GENERAL: The movement to transfer this army to the south side of James River will commence after dark to-morrow night. Colonel Comstock, of my staff, was sent specially to ascertain what was necessary to make your position secure in the interval, during which the enemy might use most of his force against you, and also to ascertain what point on the river we should reach to effect a crossing, if it should not be practicable to reach this side of the river at Bermuda Hundred. Colonel Comstock has not yet returned, so that I cannot make instructions as definite as I would wish, but the time between this and Sunday night being so short in which to get word to you, I must do the best I can.

Colonel Dent goes to make arrangements for gun-boats and transportation to send up the Chickahominy to take to you the Eighteenth Corps. This corps will leave its position in the trenches as early in the evening to-morrow as possible, and make a forced march to Cole's Landing or Ferry, where it should reach by 10 A.M. the following morning. This corps numbers now fifteen thousand three hundred men. They take with them neither wagons nor artillery, these latter marching with the balance of the army to the James River. The remainder of the army will cross the Chickahominy at Long Bridge and at Jones' and strike the river at the most practicable crossing below City Point. I directed several days ago that all reënforcements for the army should be sent to you. I am not advised of the number that may have gone, but suppose you have received from six thousand to ten thousand. General Smith will also reach you as soon as the enemy could going by the way of Richmond. The balance of the force will not be more than one day behind, unless detained by the whole of Lee's army, in which case you will be strong enough.

I wish you to direct the proper staff officers, your chief engineer and chief quartermaster, to commence at once the collection of all the means in their reach for crossing the army on its arrival. If there is a point below City Point where a pontoon bridge can be thrown, have it laid. Expecting the arrival of the Eighteenth Corps by Monday night, if you deem it practicable from the force you now have to seize and hold Petersburg, you may prepare to start on arrival of troops

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1864. to hold your present lines. I do not want Petersburg visited, however, unless it is held, nor an attempt to take it unless you feel a reasonable degree of confidence of success. If you should go there, I think troops should take nothing with them except what they carry, depending upon supplies being sent after the place is secured. If Colonel Dent should not succeed in securing the requisite amount of transportation for the Eighteenth Corps before reaching you, please have the balance supplied.

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

P.S. — On reflection, I will send the Eighteenth Corps by way of White House. The distance which they will have to march will be enough shorter to enable them to reach you about the same time, and the uncertainty of navigation on the Chickahominy will be avoided.

U. S. G.

Sunday, June 12. Remained undisturbed until 5 P.M., when the whole army was put in motion. With frequent delays we marched to the Chickahominy, where we waited for two hours until a pontoon bridge across the river was completed. At 3 A.M. we crossed the river behind Wilson's cavalry, continuing the march.

Our base of supplies had been changed to the Chickahominy.

A pontoon boat that was in use by the army at this time was a more substantial affair than might be supposed by a person who had never seen one. It was strong and serviceable, often very heavy, and was carted along on wheels. On arriving at a river it was slid off into the water, rowed out to its position, and made stationary by anchors and ropes attached to either end. Timbers were then laid from boat to boat, with the planks on top firmly lashed together with ropes. When used as a permanent crossing, where it was of considerable length, signals were adopted in the night to prevent the confusion that might arise if two teams met while crossing, as there was room for only a single file. A box containing a lantern was placed at each end of the bridge to signal the sentry at the opposite end before a team was allowed to cross. When pursued by the enemy, without time to remove it altogether, the anchors were taken up and one end of the bridge detached from the shore, when the remainder would swing

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1864. round with the current to the opposite side of the bank, where it could be taken up at leisure.

Monday, June 13. After crossing the river this morning we marched up stream about three miles, and then halted for awhile. The cavalry becoming engaged, our division advanced to their support. The place where they were fighting was White Oak Swamp, the same ground on which McClellan fought the battle of that name in 1862. The *débris* of the old battle still remained scattered about the field.

It was not intended to bring on a battle at this point, but only to cover and protect the roads. The skirmishers of our division suffered severely, though we escaped with the loss of one man who was wounded.

In the afternoon we changed front to the left, and in company with the Thirty-ninth threw up earthworks on the left of the second brigade, subsequently putting out skirmishers.

Two rebel skirmishers strayed from their lines up to ours, asking where their line was. One of our boys answered them, and in they came, supposing we were their own troops. They proved to be North Carolina men of Hill's corps which was in front of us.

We became warmly engaged with the enemy until darkness put a stop to the firing. About 9 P.M. we were withdrawn and marched to St. Mary's Church, passing the "Iron Brigade," which was resting on the side of the road near the church. We took the right-hand road, and after marching an hour or so we found ourselves again passing the same brigade in the same position near the church, where, this time, we met "Helen Damnation." We were too tired to appreciate the explanation of this movement, but passed along, taking the left-hand road, this time proceeding on to Charles City Court-House, where we halted at 3 A.M., having caught up with our division.

Tuesday, June 14. At half-past five o'clock we started again, marching about six miles across swamps and fields, and again halted about a mile from Charles City Court-House, where was located the army headquarters.

The movements of the Fifth Corps during the last three days, we subsequently learned, were a feint intended to deceive the enemy

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1864. into believing that the army was advancing on Richmond, while in fact it was marching to the James River, where it crossed, and which was about four miles from our present position.

Wednesday, June 15. We remained quiet all day. Drew rations, which were brought to us via the James River, our new base of supplies.

We were treated to a genuine surprise to-day. When we left Boston we had as fine a set of twenty-five wagons as could be found, all labelled "Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment." From time to time reductions were made, until the number was reduced to our present allowance of one wagon. When we saw these wagons of ours, now engaged in hauling some general's baggage, it grieved us to see them put to such a use, instead of the more noble one of carrying the effects of the rank and file.

Thursday, June 16. At 3 A.M. we marched to the James River, passing through Charles City Court-House, now only a town of chimney-stacks, the houses having been destroyed during McClellan's campaign of 1862.

When our eyes beheld the James River, it seemed to many of us as though we had never seen a picture of greater beauty. Nature was in her loveliest garb. Vessels were moving about in the calm, blue water of the river, while on either side of the two pontoon bridges, two thousand two hundred feet in length, were stationed gunboats in close proximity, anchored for protection. On the bluffs overlooking the river could be seen the stately colonial mansions of wealthy planters, commanding noble views up and down the river. If one was to pick out a spot on which to dwell, where could be found a place of such surpassing loveliness?

We crossed the river from Wilcox Ferry to Windmill Point, on the steamer "Thomas Powell." After crossing, we halted for a couple of hours on the bank of the river. There was a beautiful beach at this point of the river, affording an excellent opportunity for bathing, which the whole corps took advantage of. In our three years' service, we ran across no place like that for a swim, and we made the most of it, and a mighty fine time we had too.

About 3 o'clock we resumed the march towards Petersburg,

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1864. halting at 11 P.M. Distance for the day was fifteen miles. The roads were crooked and narrow, winding over hills and across swamps, now fragrant with the perfume of the wild magnolias, and resounding with the incessant piping of hundreds of frogs.

Friday, June 17. At 1 o'clock this morning, having had two hours' rest, we resumed our march, passing through Prince George's Court-House in the darkness to a point about three miles from Petersburg, and bivouacked.

At 8 A.M. we moved to the rear of the outer line of the Petersburg intrenchments, where we remained until dusk, in support of the Ninth Corps. Laid in the earthworks, under a desultory firing of the enemy, which was kept up nearly all night.

We passed on our march to-day the Fifty-ninth Massachusetts, which regiment had several officers formerly members of the Thirteenth, and we found their canteens contained something besides water.

This day being the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, one of the boys thought some notice ought to be taken of that historic event. It so happened that during the day our division was required to make a charge on the enemy's works, an almost daily event, by the way, during which several men of the division were killed or wounded, as generally happens on such occasions. Now the guns of these men were seen lying out in front, a suggestive and tempting sight to his scheme. A detail was made to go out after dark and bring them into the works. The guns were then loaded with the ramrods and fired into the enemy's works. The whizzing noise that ensued as these ramrods left the guns was too funny for anything, and must have produced a sensation in the rebel camp. They would have been a good deal more astonished if they had found themselves, by this means, pinned together as chickens' livers are prepared for cooking. The racket that this deviltry made started a firing all along the line of both armies, and might have ended seriously, though we believe it didn't.

Saturday, June 18. Advanced at daybreak and found the rebels had abandoned their line of last night; our brigade, which was in the first line, passing over the dead bodies of both armies that laid in our path, driving the enemy's skirmishers about

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1864. a mile, when we came in sight of the rebel earthworks. We then halted and threw up works for our own protection.

We soon made another advance across a field toward the railroad. A deep cut, dug out for the railroad, passed through the hill about one hundred and fifty yards in front of us, to gain which we had to run the gauntlet of musketry and artillery from the enemy intrenched on a hill the other side of the railroad. Word was passed along that a dash was to be made, under fire, directly into this cut, and it was done. As the men in the front line reached the edge of the cut, fifteen feet high, they jumped over the edge into the soft yielding sand, followed by the men in the rear lines, who came tumbling on top of the first line, before the men could extricate themselves from their uncomfortable predicament, rolling over each other clear to the bottom. A more ludicrous sight could hardly be imagined in spite of the seriousness of the occasion. The lines were reformed in the cut. The Thirteenth was then deployed as skirmishers and marched out of the cut by the right flank partially protected by scattering woods and a ravine, then faced to the front and advanced up the side of the hill where the enemy was intrenched, and where we halted and worked all night throwing up breastworks. The enemy could be distinctly heard doing the same thing on the top of the hill.

A gully made by heavy rains was soon found in this ploughed field extending from the bank of the river to the upper line of the earthworks. This we deepened and extended so as to form a sunken way that could be safely traversed.

This hill was afterwards known as " Fort Crater."

We were expecting to make a charge at half-past seven o'clock on the works in front of us, but it was abandoned.

We had six men wounded. In building our works, we utilized the dead bodies of the rebels by burying them in the earth which we threw up from the trenches, serving the double purpose of burial and increasing the size of the breastworks.

Sunday, June 19. At daylight we found ourselves within a hundred and fifty yards of a rebel fort, high above us on the crest of the hill, with guns staring us in the face. The rebels were unable to depress their artillery sufficiently to trouble the

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1864. skirmish line so near them, but the infantry made it lively for us. Any portion of a human body exposed above the earthworks was sure to draw a perfect shower of bullets.

That they might waste as much ammunition as possible, we frequently tried that old gag, so often told, of raising a cap above the works by means of a ramrod to attract their fire. Collecting the guns of the men who had been killed or wounded, we extracted the ramrods and fired them over into the enemy's works. The enemy soon discovered what made the peculiar noise and returned the compliment, until both sides became tired of the novelty. We had five men wounded during the day.

While here, ammunition and rations were brought to us through the sunken way already described.

We were relieved at midnight.

Monday, June 20. The regiment returned to the brigade, taking position in the earthworks. Musketry and sharpshooting all day. Two men wounded. One of the wounded men was the color-sergeant, who made more fuss about losing his haversack than he did about being shot.

At night we were detached from the brigade and sent to the left to fill a gap occasioned by the withdrawal of Griffin's brigade for some special service.

Rations of potatoes and cabbage issued.

George Washington called on us to-day. He began his military career as an officer's servant, in the Thirteenth. Having access to his employer's canteen he imbibed some of the spirit of "'76" which led him to enlist in the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry, and now he was a "bloody hero" like the rest of us. There's lots of patriotic spirit in a canteen after it has been to the commissary.

Tuesday, June 21. The earthworks were separated from those of the enemy by a distance of only four hundred yards and exposed to the full rays of the sun. To-day it was very warm without a breath of air stirring. The moment anything appeared above the works it was sure to be saluted with a dozen bullets. Great caution had therefore to be exercised in our movements. A trench was dug from the works to the rear like the

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1864. one at the "crater" which made a passageway for the boys in procuring rations, ammunition, etc. As it connected with an ice-house, we had all the ice we wanted.

A little later the two hills now occupied by the opposing armies were strongly intrenched and called Forts Hell and Damnation. Thereafter when a man spoke those words it was supposed he alluded to the forts.

Our situation at this point was said to be the most dangerous as well as the most disagreeable, notwithstanding we had only one man wounded to-day. We were provided with a ration of fresh beef.

Wednesday, June 22. The regiment remained in earthworks, detached from the brigade. Our earthworks were on the top of a hill, while those of the "rebs" were on the next hill beyond, which was higher than ours. It was the most exposed place for a long distance. Being farther advanced than the troops on our right, no skirmishers were out during the day, but, instead, men were detailed to keep watch and to fire occasionally. At night some pits in front were occupied.

About 4 A.M., while few of the regiment but the alarm guard were awake, one of the boys crawled from his blanket and began chatting with two or three others, when he remarked that he was going to try one or two shots; whereupon he stepped to the embankment, and just as he sighted his gun was struck in the neck. His posture was such that the bullet entered his body and he fell back and died in a few moments, without speaking. During the past month this man had been counting the days and even hours when he would see his wife and child again. "One day less" was his salutation each morning. On this particular morning it was "only twenty-four days more, boys!" Few of us had wives or children to be anxious about, and his death excited moer than the usual pity for his hard luck.

We had another man killed in the afternoon. He was a conscript and came to us with that batch of reprobates about which we have written so much. He was an Irishman, and when assigned to his company, no one wanted him. No one knew his history until later, when we learned that he was a drafted man. Supposing him to be like the others, he was shunned by all. As he stood apart from the rest, the

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1864. tears were seen to roll down the poor fellow's cheeks. Whereupon one of the boys, whose sympathy was excited at the sight, stepped up to him and with kind words told him to come and tent with him and his chum, and with these two boys he stayed until he was killed. The feelings of this man must have been terrible; drafted and sent to the front in companionship with the vilest ruffians, to stand friendless and forsaken in the midst of an army. This man when drafted was unable to convince the examining surgeon that he was disqualified from performing the duties of a soldier by reason of an old injury to his shoulder which prevented him from carrying a gun. He persisted that he could not do so, and threw away every musket that was given him, so that he was useless as a fighting man. Upon being taken as a messmate by the two boys, he conceived a great fondness for them and was very useful in many ways. As a forager he had no equal, so the boys lived very well, even when rations were short. When the regiment went into battle, armed with a spade he kept close to his messmates, insisting upon keeping with them, even against their remonstrances, saying, "Surely, if one of ye's is kilt, I'll be handy by with the spade to kiver ye up." At one place where we had thrown up earthworks, water was only procured by running the gauntlet of the rebel fire, where each man in a company must load himself with canteens and take his turn, with its chances, or show his weakness. One day this conscript succeeded in collecting the canteens, and insisted upon doing this service for one of his chums whose turn it was. He was expostulated with, but before he could be stopped, was half way to the spring, saying, "It's meself has no frinds!" On the way back he was knocked over by a bullet which struck one of the canteens, and feeling the water run down his leg, supposed it was blood. "I'm kilt, I'm kilt!" he hollered, and the boys rushed out and brought him in, to find that it was only the canteen that was "kilt," the concussion of which knocked him over. He continued to serve his comrades faithfully, standing by their side in every hour of danger, until to-day, when a bullet struck him and he fell dead beside them. It was a hard case, as it was a very singular one. The boys took him to the rear and buried him beside his other comrade who was killed in the morning.

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1864. One of the boys who assisted at these burials was wounded on his way back to the trenches.

Thursday, June 23. Remained in the earthworks. One man wounded. The boys were getting more cautious. Heretofore they had been rather reckless. As compared to the rest of our brigade our regiment had been fortunate in the number of killed and wounded.

Friday, June 24. We were relieved about 7 A.M. and moved to the left about a mile, where we joined our division, and by noon were established in position in the first line, under a brisk fire, on the left of the Jerusalem Road, at a point where the heavy fighting was done on the twenty-second. We began at once to throw up earthworks.

During the night an alarm was sounded from the skirmish line, but nothing came from it.

We were now on the ground where Fort Warren (subsequently called Fort Davis) was built.

One of the boys who, being a drummer, had more liberty than the rest of us, took advantage of his opportunities to learn what he could of the country about and the position of other troops in our vicinity; all of which was interesting to those of us who were confined within the narrow limits of earthworks. He was an observing chap, this boy of ours, and what he saw during his peregrinations he related on his return, to our great amusement and edification. To-day he returned with a startling piece of information. We guessed all sorts of things we thought he might have seen, from General Washington's body servant to a "straight flush," until at last, in despair we demanded to know, without any more nonsense, what it was. "A NEW RAIL FENCE!" — "Sam, you are a d—d liar," was the response that was made. To appreciate what a miracle this was, one should have been with the army.

Saturday, June 25. The Twelfth Massachusetts started for home to-day, turning over their recruits to the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts. Our turn next. The Twelfth Massachusetts was one of the finest regiments sent out by the State of Massachusetts, and had a record of which it was justly proud. We bade

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1864. the boys good-by, after an association together of more than two years, with the kindest feelings of regard.

Tuesday, June 28. In company with the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts we moved to the front about half a mile and built earthworks under cover of the night. These works were at right angles with those in the rear.

Thursday, June 30. Completed the works which we had been laboring on since the night of the twenty-eighth.

The regiment was complimented in orders from General Crawford, for our efficiency in building earthworks. It was about the last chance for compliments, as in sixteen days more we should "Lay down the shovel and the hoe, hoe, hoe."

Pickets mutually agreed to desist from sharpshooting. We wished they might desist from all shooting until after our departure for home on the 16th of July. It seemed as if that joyous day would never come.

Friday, July 1. We learned that time drags mighty slowly when you are waiting for it to pass.

It was a "red letter" day with us to-day, being the first time we had drawn rations from any source except the government's larder. The Sanitary Commission issued to us, canned turkey and chicken, canned mutton and tomatoes, condensed milk, loaves of bread and lemons, besides other things. As one of the boys wittily remarked, "They always fat a pig just before they kill him, so let us not eat too much." If we could have struck some "commissary" we might have made good use of the lemons.

Thursday, July 7. While some of the boys were crowded together about sundown on a little rise at the edge of the woods, watching a "reb" double-quick up and down the line as punishment for exchanging papers on picket, a shell was thrown among his comrades, killing one and wounding two men.

Monday, July 11. The enemy taking advantage of the quiet which prevailed to-day, and the carelessness that occurs on such occasions, suddenly opened fire with artillery. For a few minutes the scene was very lively. Nobody of our regiment was hurt, though the colonel of the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts was killed.

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1864. At night the regiment was moved back to assist in building Fort Warren, afterward Fort Davis, in honor of the colonel of the Thirty-ninth.

Wednesday, July 13. Still at work on the fort, which was laid out so as to be, when completed, four hundred feet square. It was hard work and continued night and day, the men being relieved every two hours for rest. It took eight men to get one shovelful of dirt from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the work, the men standing on little niches cut in the side and passing the earth from one to another.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 69.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS, July 13, 1864.

[Extract.]

4. The officers and enlisted men of the Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers whose term of service expires on the 16th instant will proceed on that date to Massachusetts and report to the General Superintendent of recruiting service for that State for muster-out and discharge.

The Assistant Commissionary of Muster of the Third Division will accompany the command to the place of embarkation and see that no officers or enlisted men leave the army except those entitled to discharge by reason of expiration of time.

5. The enlisted men of the Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers whose term of service does not expire on the 16th instant will be transferred to the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers. Their late officers will not be permitted to leave the army until they have furnished the descriptive lists and necessary transfer papers of the men so transferred.

. . . . . .

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL WARREN.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

1864. Thursday, July 14. THE happiest day we had experienced for many a long month had now arrived. We were to turn our faces homeward, having received orders to go to the rear and make out the necessary papers for our departure, turning over to the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts Regiment all enlisted men whose term of service had not expired.

No more marching, no more skirmish or picket duty, no more fighting, and no more digging. It was hard to realize that in a few days we should be beyond the sound of the "long roll;" that we would soon be sitting in our arm-chairs at home criticising the movements of the army and its generals, like a disgruntled tax-payer, without the risk of insubordination. "Put down those rails!" might, in our dreams, disturb our slumber; we might occasionally be startled by an imaginary order to "Turn out the guard!" but on waking we could say, "Never mind the guard!" and turn over to sleep again. Already we were thinking of the joy in store for us in the meeting of old friends, and wondering if our old comrades were as anxious to see us as we were them.

While our papers were being prepared we made and received calls from our acquaintances in other organizations, with whom we had been long associated, bidding them "good-by," until 6.30 P.M., when we took up the line of march to City Point. The boys were in high spirits, singing the old songs with a joy that hadn't been felt for months. The rear of a great army, with its wagon-trains loaded with food and ammunition, which we met on the road, was a curiosity even to us. The soil on the roads was so ground to powder, almost knee-deep, that in the bright moonlight the atmosphere looked like a fog.

We marched six miles, and then halted. During one of our halts

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1864. some of the boys discovered posts driven into the ground in such a way as to excite their curiosity to know the purpose. A match was lighted and examination made, when there was seen tacked to one of these posts a paper containing the information that a soldier would be hanged there the next day for some offence not stated. This was not a pleasant reminder of a soldier's life.

We came to a final halt about 1 A.M. within a short distance of the James River.

Friday, July 15. At daylight we were on the way again and marched to the river, halting at City Point, five miles, where we waited for the steamer. Off went our clothes and into the river we plunged for a frolic and a swim, and great was the fun we had.

At 4 P.M. we boarded the steamer "City of Bath," and were soon on our way. It was a glorious sail until sunset, when we anchored near Jamestown.

Saturday, July 16. Three years to-day since we were mustered into the United States service. We continued our sail down the river, around Fortress Monroe, and anchored near the mouth of the Potomac at 8 P.M. Some of the boys paid tribute to old Neptune, and were so unhappy that they would have reënlisted for twenty years to have escaped their present misery.

Sunday, July 17. After a beautiful sail up the Potomac we landed at Seventh-street wharf, and marched down Pennsylvania avenue to the "Soldier's Rest," where we were quartered for the night.

One of the boys, who was wounded a few days since, and whom we were bringing home, died on the way up the river.

Monday, July 18. Left Washington at 8 P.M. for Baltimore, where we arrived at 2 A.M., and proceeded to another "Soldier's Rest," where we received refreshments, and then went to sleep on the sidewalk.

Tuesday, July 19. Left Baltimore at 10 P.M. and proceeded as far as Philadelphia, being on the road all night. This was not a "fast train."

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1864 Wednesday, July 20. Arrived in Philadelphia at 6 A.M. and marched to the "Cooper-shop" where we had breakfast. What changes had taken place with us since our last entertainment at this place! yet the same kindly hospitality existed as at our previous visit. We were treated with great kindness by the people of Philadelphia, who flocked to see us and who showed us as much attention as though we belonged there. Our story is nearly ended, and we have written so much that we have left ourselves too little space in which to express what we all felt toward the people of that great city; but we shall always remember the interest they took in us, and their kindly greetings. At 8 A.M. we bade them all good-by and took the train for New York, which city we reached at 3 o'clock, marching up Broadway to the Park barracks, where refreshments were supplied to those who wished them. The officers were handsomely entertained at dinner by the proprietors of the Astor House, while many of the boys found old and new friends in readiness to take them where hospitalities awaited. So much kindness and friendly interest was shown by everybody that we began to think possibly we *might* be heroes, though our appearance suggested tramps. How they laughed at us when we apologized for our ragged and dirty uniforms! We had a "bully" time until 8 o'clock, when we took the train for home, via the Boston & Albany Railroad.

[From the "New York World," July 21, 1864.]

The Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers arrived in the city yesterday from the front with ranks shattered and decimated, and covered with the smoke and dust of the battles they have passed through. It has participated in the battles under General McClellan's command and those of his successor, General Grant. The Thirteenth has recruited, since its departure, to fourteen hundred and forty men, and now return with but two hundred and sixty-five men and seventeen officers. The regiment, or what there is left of it, looks well and hearty. They left last evening for Springfield.

Thursday, July 21. Upon reaching Worcester at 6 A.M. we found delegations from the various towns, besides a large crowd of friends in Worcester, who greeted us with enthusiastic cordiality, after which we proceeded to Boston, where we were met by a committee of our old comrades who had made great

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1864. preparations to give us a royal welcome. As the band struck up our old Fort Independence song, "Corporal of the guard, post eight," it touched a tender chord in our memory, bringing back to our recollection the day when we marched away with one thousand and thirty-eight men. We marched to Boylston Hall, on the corner of Washington and Boylston streets, where facilities had been provided for a good wash and a good drink. While we were busy with our toilet or shaking hands with old comrades and friends, who should walk into the hall but General Hartsuff, our old brigadier-general. Joining hands we formed a ring with the general in the centre. If he had any doubts of our fondness for him, they must have been removed at that moment, for such enthusiasm is rarely seen. We had not met him since he led us through the corn-field at Antietam, where he was wounded and where we separated. Cheer upon cheer was sent up in greeting to him, until we were hoarse with the effort. This was an unexpected pleasure to all. It seems that he happened in town that morning, and accidently hearing of our arrival, he came up to see us. He could hardly appreciate the gratification his presence afforded us, for no opportunity had been previously given us of testifying the admiration we felt for him as a soldier and a commander. After shaking hands with us all, and three more cheers for him, we marched to the United States Hotel, where we breakfasted, and the rest of our story is contained in the following account:

[From the "Boston Journal," July 21, 1864.]

THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT COMING HOME.

The veteran heroes of the Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment, or rather what remains of that gallant corps, after an active campaign of three years in the Army of the Potomac, left New York on their way homeward at 8 o'clock last evening.

It is well known that the nucleus of the Thirteenth was the Fourth Battalion of Rifles, and that it was composed chiefly of young men of this city and of the immediate vicinity.

The reception which the regiment will receive to-day will undoubtedly be one worthy of its distinguished services. In addition to the honors paid it by the city and State authorities, the Boston City Guards, Roxbury State Guard, Fourth Battalion of Rifles, and past members of the regiment, will unite in demonstrations of welcome, and the occasion will be an unusually interesting one.

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1864. [From the "Evening Transcript."]

ARRIVAL OF THE THIRTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

These war-worn veterans, owing to unavoidable delay, did not arrive until about 9 o'clock, when they were escorted to Boylston Hall, where their equipments were deposited. They then, under the escort of past members of the regiment and the old City Guard, commanded by Gen. John S. Tyler, proceeded to the United States Hotel, where their inner man was comforted by a hot breakfast, prepared in Mr. F. M. Pratt's well-known style.

The men looked hearty and happy. The regiment numbers eighteen officers and two hundred and fifty-six men. The losses in action have been heavy, and a large number have been commissioned in other regiments, and detailed for duties in the departments at Washington.

The following is the roster of the regiment:

Colonel, Samuel H. Leonard; Lieutenant-Colonel, Charles H. Hovey; Major, E. C. Pierce; Adjutant, David H. Bradlee; Quartermaster, George E. Craig; Surgeon, Allston W. Whitney; Assistant-Surgeon, Loyd W. Hixon.

Captains: O. F. Morse, O. C. Livermore, W. H. Cary, J. A. Howe, William B. Kimball, Morton Tower, David Whiston, H. N. Washburn, T. R. Wells, and W. S. Damrell.

Lieutenants: M. S. Smith, Edward F. Rollins, R. M. Armstrong, W. R. Warner, E. W. Cody, and F. Stowe.

(All these officers, however, were not present to-day.)

After breakfasting, the Thirteenth returned to Boylston Hall, where they were received by the escort, composed of the Independent Cadets, Major Jeffries (who were under orders to parade in the afternoon, but turned out this morning with but an hour's notice), accompanied by the band of the First United States Artillery, Captain Little's Heavy Artillery Company from Fort Warren, the Roxbury Reserve Guard, Capt. Edward Wyman, and the past members of the Thirteenth and old City Guard, under the lead of Gen. John S. Tyler, assisted by Major J. C. Park and Col. N. A. Thompson, preceded by the Germania Band.

The route of the procession was through Kneeland street, Harrison avenue, Chauncy, Summer, Winter, Tremont, Boylston (where a rest was taken for refreshments), Arlington, Beacon, Tremont, Court, and State streets, to Faneuil Hall. The scene along the entire route was one of great enthusiasm, giving proof of appreciation by the citizens of the arduous services of this Boston regiment.

The hall was elegantly decorated. The galleries were occupied at an early hour by the fair friends of the soldiers, and presented a view of compact animation.

A blessing was invoked by Rev. N. M. Gaylord, former chaplain of the regiment, at the close of which Mayor Lincoln invited the veterans and escort to partake of the rations before them, which they were ordered to do by Colonel Fellows, without regard to military precedent, as they were minus their haversacks.

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1864. After which the regiment was granted a furlough until August 1st, when it was to assemble for muster-out.

[From the "Boston Herald," July 22, 1864.]

ARRIVAL OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT.

The Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment, comprising two hundred and fifty-six men and seventeen officers, reached Boston over the Worcester Railroad at 9 o'clock this forenoon. A committee composed of past members of the Thirteenth and many members of the Old City Guard, of which Capt. James A. Fox was chairman, was present to meet the regiment. There were also present the usual crowd of personal acquaintances and relatives of the men comprising the regiment, who gathered around the train eager to embrace their long absent but now returned friends.

Line was immediately formed, and the regiment, headed by the Germania Band and a force of police, proceeded directly to Boylston Hall, where they disencumbered themselves of their equipments, and marched back to the United States Hotel, where they partook of a bountiful breakfast. Thence they returned to Boylston Hall, and from there they will be escorted and received by the authorities later in the day.

The Thirteenth Regiment left the front a week ago to-day, and came North by the land route, being the first to pass over the railroad between Washington and Baltimore, after its destruction by the recent rebel raiders, and accomplished the journey without accident.

During the present campaign the regiment has lost about eighty men, of which number the proportion of killed is comparatively small, being about fifteen — twelve privates and two or three officers. The men who had reënlisted were left behind, having been transferred to the Thirty-ninth Regiment; and one hundred and thirty-six men besides were left in the hospital, though not in those immediately connected with the army. Some half a dozen, not too feeble to be transported, also returned home. The men as a general thing look rugged, bronzed, and hearty, and manifest no little delight at being once more among their friends.

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Between 11 and 12 o'clock the escort arrived at Boylston Hall, and was formed in Washington street. It comprised the following-named bodies:

Independent Corps of Cadets, Lieutenant-Colonel Holmes; Capt. T. J. Little's company of heavy artillery, from Fort Warren; 75 men, with the band of the First United States Artillery, from Fort Independence; the Roxbury State Guard, 35 men, Capt. Edward Wyman, with drum corps; members of the Old City Guard and past members of the Thirteenth Regiment, with badges, and numbering about 150 men, with the Germania Band.

The escort was under the chief marshalship of General Tyler, assisted by Col. N. A. Thompson, John C. Park, Esq., and others as aids.

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1864. The procession having been formed, it moved through Kneeland street, Harrison avenue, Chauncy, Summer, Winter, Tremont, Boylston, Arlington, and Beacon streets, to the State House; thence through Beacon, Tremont, Court, State, Commercial, and Market streets, to Faneuil Hall, reaching the latter place at 1 o'clock.

The demonstrations on the route were quite numerous and enthusiastic, and the veterans heartily cheered. On Harrison avenue there was considerable bunting displayed, and the same was the case on Arlington and Beacon streets, where innumerable flags were thrown out.

At the residence of Colonel Thompson, on Boylston street, the regiment made a halt, and were furnished with copious libations of ice-water, lemonade, etc., and as they passed up Beacon street, by the Common, they were honored with a national salute fired by a section of the Boston Light Artillery, under Captain Cummings.

Faneuil Hall was decorated as heretofore on similar occasions, and the front gallery supported the words, "WELCOME, THIRTEENTH REGIMENT."

One-half of the galleries was densely filled with ladies, who threw numerous bouquets and kisses and waved their delicate kerchiefs at the noble veterans as they filed into the hall and took their places around the tables. The other gallery was filled with the members of the escort.

On the platform were His Honor Mayor Lincoln, and members of the reception committee of the City Government, the marshals, and the officers of the regiment.

After all had been seated, prayer was offered by Rev. Chaplain Gaylord, formerly of the Thirteenth Regiment. Subsequently the assembly, at the invitation of the Mayor, partook of the collation provided for them.

Subsequently the Mayor claimed the attention of the men and addressed them, extending a cordial welcome, and saying that our crowded streets, and the enthusiasm noticeable everywhere, was sufficient indication of how the people felt upon their arrival home. He said it was not for him to go into a history of all that they had done. For three years they had been defending the flag and all it represented. The members of the old State Militia who had turned out to-day, as well as the demonstrations of the rest of the citizens of Boston, seemed to him to indicate that they were proud of the renown which the Thirteenth had achieved.

Adjutant-General Schouler next spoke in behalf of the State, saying for the Governor that he was proud of the old Thirteenth Regiment for the history it had conferred upon the Commonwealth. In behalf of the State, whose citizens they were, in behalf of the great honor they had won for Massachusetts, he welcomed them back to their homes and their firesides.

Colonel Leonard responded, in behalf of the regiment, expressing his heartfelt thanks for the reception which had been extended them, and which he considered evidence that their services had been appreciated, and that the people thought they had done their duty.

The speaker then referred to the organization of the regiment and continued

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1864. giving a very minute and detailed account of its adventures since leaving the State, and claiming for it its full share of glory. He closed with a renewed expression of thanks for the hospitalities extended to-day.

General Hartsuff, who once commanded a brigade of which the Thirteenth formed a part, was now called up, and made a very brief but eloquent speech, saying that when he took command of the brigade alluded to, he knew not a man in it, they were all entire strangers to him. When he left it, he said it numbered three thousand men, and he trusted that in it he had three thousand friends. (Cheers.) The Thirteenth, he said, was one of the best regiments in his command, and he had found no better among the sixty which had since been under him. He thanked them very kindly for the greeting they had given him, and was glad to see the evidences of satisfaction with which their friends had regarded their course, for he thought it was deserved and sincere.

Rev. Chaplain Gaylord, who was formerly connected with the regiment, was next introduced and was warmly received. After some preliminary remarks, he said he had never been so happy in all his life as to-day. He had crowded into a few brief hours happiness enough for a lifetime, in witnessing the reception the city of Boston had given them. He said that he was in a position to tell all he knew about the Thirteenth, and he would do it in presence of that vast assembly and in the hearing of the reporters. There were those present whose hearts were swelling with the memories of three years, back to the time when they marched through our streets one thousand and twenty strong. Not a day had passed but their thoughts and prayers had gone forth for these noble and brave boys. The prayer of mother and wife, father and sister, was that God would bring them back as good men as they had gone forth.

Those prayers had been heard, and many of them had returned not only as good but better men. "Oh, I know them well," said the speaker, "they are a gay and festive crowd." (Laughter.) He had slept with them under the same fence corner and under the same blanket, and oftentimes had shared their hardtack; they were fond of fun, ready to joke, a brave, generous, noble-hearted body of New England young men. (Cheers.) They were celebrated wherever they went for their mirth and jollity. But this was not all: they were, when occasion demanded, sober and thoughtful; and they were intelligent.

He envied the man who had been through all their trials. He was proud of the reception they had this day received. To use the language of the old hymn, it was "the day for which all others were made." The speaker also gave them some advice, saying that they would go back into society and would meet more temptations than in camp. He conjured them to preserve their moral integrity, and cause no one to blush for any act of theirs. "Go back," said he, "and become, each of you, a healthy, moral influence in society.

"Frown down anything that looks like treason. Whenever you meet a sleepy, squalling half-patriot, shake him up, and make him to see things as they are. Tell them that your brave general has his grasp upon the throat of that rebel scoundrel, Lee, and that he will throttle him before many months. (Cheers.) That the

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1864. army is hopeful, that there is no going back, and no rest, until the rebellion is completely crushed and subdued." (Cheers.) He closed by expressing his thanks for the kindness which they had always shown him.

John C. Parke, Esq., spoke in behalf of the City Guard, and the men were then furloughed and dismissed.

On the first day of August we assembled on Boston Common and were mustered out of the United States service in due form. Among the persons present at the ceremony was our old division commander, General Robinson, who lost a leg at Spottsylvania, whom we had not seen since that day so unfortunate to him. His presence, therefore, afforded us an unqualified pleasure, which was demonstrated with an enthusiasm we honestly felt for him as a brave and gallant officer.

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LIST OF MEN KILLED IN BATTLE.

THE following list contains the names of men who were killed or who died of wounds received in battle, arranged according to battles:

Pritchard's Mills, Sept. 15, 1861.

John L. Spencer.

Thoroughfare Gap, Aug. 28, 1862.

Daniel R. Jackson.
Geo. Clarke.

Manassas, Aug. 30, 1862.

Paul E. Fiedler.
Albert S. Estes.
Henry A. Holden.
Wm. R. Porter.
Loring Bigelow.
Charles B. Mills.
Albert O. Curtis.
Jacob H. Littlefield.
Henry S. Sanborn.
Frederick A. Williams.
Chas. T. Linfield.
Warren A. Blanchard.
Elias H. Bennett.
Frederick A. Dickenson.
John E. Keith.
John Mitchell.
Chas. E. Page.
Wm. D. Dorsey.
John E. Dowling.
Albert Hazeltine.
John F. McNally.
Edwin F. Morris.
Chauncy L. Peck.
Ira Bowman.
Edwin N. Welch.
Hollis L. Johnson.
Washington I. Lothrop.
Wm. H. Baker.
Charles H. Coggins.
Geo. R. Markham.
Alfred G. Howe.
Franklin J. Wood.
Edward E. Bond.
Isaac B. Crowell.
Peter Flynn.
Wm. H. P. Christopher.
Thomas Copeland.
Hollis H. Fairbanks.

Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

Wm. F. Barry.
Thomas P. Bowker, Jr.

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Samuel S. Gould.
Chas. R. Nelson.
John P. Shelton.
Geo. F. Wakefield.
Isaac H. Stimpson.
Chas. A. Clement.
Joshua T. Lawrence.
David S. Thurber.
James T. E. Kendall.
Edward S. Danforth.
Thomas J. Oddy.
Chas. E. Perkins.
Geo. O. Berry.
John E. LaClair.
Chas. A. Whittier.
Daniel E. Reed.
Luther F. Favour.
Geo. W. Gale.
Adna P. Hall.
James N. Smith.
Thomas R. Gassett.
Hollis Holden.
Chas. A. Trask.
Chas. H. Wellington.

Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.

Geo. E. Bigelow.
Chas. Armstrong.
Chas. J. Taylor.
Edmond H. Kendall.

Fitzhugh Crossing, April 30, 1863.

George Bush.
William Cordwell.

Chancellorsville, May 4, 1863.

Samuel S. Carlton.

Gettysburg, July 1–4, 1863.

John F. Welden.
Edwin Field.
Chas. E. Leland.
Roland B. Morris.
John S. Fiske.
James H. Stetson.
Geo. S. Wise.
Edgar A. Fiske.
Edward Church.
Geo. A. Atkinson.
Herschel A. Sanborn.
John M. Brock.
Prince A. Dunton.
Wm. H. Gage.
Sylvester A. Hayes.
John M. Russell.
Chas. W. Andrews.
Chas. Stone.
Willard Wheeler.
Horatio A. Cutting.
John Flye.
Frank A. Gould.
Michael O'Laughlin.
Geo. E. Sprague.

Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

Jos. H. Stuart.
Edward A. Vorra.
Gilbert H. Greenwood.
Theodore H. Goodnough.

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Spottsylvania, May 8, 1864.

Selah B. Alden.
William Sanders.
John Schnell.
Chas. A. Williams.
Rolla Nicholas.
Thomas E. Bancroft.
Charles E. Colburn.
Chas. W. Whitcomb.
Charles W. Mosher.
John P. Peebles.
Wm. P. Farqueson.
Chas. F. Rice.

Bethesda Church, June 2, 1864.

Walter Humphreys.

Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

Daniel A. Lovering.
Myrick T. Wentworth.

Petersburg, July, 1864.

Edmund P. Hayes.
Thomas Casey.
William F. Brigham.
Joseph W. Mann.
Anton Otto.

RECAPITULATION.

Pritchard's Mills, Sept. 1, 1861	1
Thoroughfare Gap, Aug. 28, 1862	2
Manassas, Aug. 30, 1862	38
Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862	26
Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862	4
Fitzhugh Crossing, April 30, 1863	2
Chancellorsville, May 4, 1863	1
Gettysburg, July 1–4, 1863	24
Wilderness, May 5, 1864	4
Spottsylvania, May 8, 1864	12
Bethesda Church, June 2, 1864	1
Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864	2
Petersburg, July, 1864	5
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ROSTER.

THE following roster was transcribed from the books of the regiment, and each name carefully compared with the list on file at the Adjutant-General's office. As the company books were away from the regiment on several of the longer campaigns, it was difficult to keep an accurate account of the whereabouts of the men who were absent, as we all know. If any injustice has been done any man by this publication, it is due to his own neglect in not seeing that his service was correctly recorded at the State House, where clerks have been employed for more than thirty years in readiness to correct any and all mistakes that may have occurred.

For the information of those whose names are published as deserters, I have to say that they are so entered on the books of the regiment and the files at the State House. I am informed by the War Department that the State has been notified of each case where the charge of desertion has been removed. I am obliged, therefore, to take the record as I find it.

C. E. DAVIS, JR.

Abbreviations used in Roster.— V.R.C., Veteran Reserve Corps; Col., Colored; H.A., Heavy Artillery.

CHARLES F. ADAMS; age, 20; born, Dorchester, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Aug. 7, '64; wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, '63, and transferred to V. R. C.; residence, Boston, Mass.

HENRY P. ADAMS; age, 23; born, New Boston, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 11, '63.

WILLIAM D. ADAMS; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, March, '63; promoted to sergt., Nov. 1, '62; commissioned as 1st lieut. in the 79th U.S. colored troops, March, '63; residence, Orange, N.J.

GODLOVE AECHTLER; age, 18; born, Germany; burnisher; mustered in as corp., Co. E, July 16, '61; deserted, July 4, '62.

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DANIEL C. AIKEN; age, 20; born, Derry, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 21, '62; wounded, Aug. 30, '62.

EUGENE A. ALBEE; age, 24; born, Marlboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as corp., Co. I, July 16, '61; promoted to 2d lieut., 40th Mass. Inf., Aug. 23, '62; promoted to capt., 40th Mass. Inf., June 25, '63; mustered out, April 20, '64; died Oct., '93.

JOHN ALCOCK; age, 22; born, England; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 28, '63; deserted, Aug. 20, '63.

SELAH B. ALDEN; age, 28; born, Lynn, N.H.; cordwainer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 22, '61; died of wounds received, May 25, '64; promoted to corp., April 26, '64.

AUGUSTUS ALLEN; age, 25; born, Franklin, Mass.; machinist; mustered in as corp., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 5, '62; residence, Orange, Mass.

CHARLES H. ALLEN; age, 29; born, Kennebec, Me.; teacher; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 2, '61; mustered out, Feb. 6, '63; wounded, Sept. 17, '62.

EDWARD F. ALLEN; age, 28; born, Lancaster, N.H.; trader; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Brookline, Mass.

FRED W. ALLEN; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; deserted, Aug. 30, '62.

JOHN ALLEN; age, 28; born, Canada; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 27, '63; died Oct. 15, '63.

WILLIAM A. ALLEY; age, 19; born, Danvers, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 12, '63; sergt., Nov. 1, '62; sergt.-major, April 1, '63; 2d lieut., June 30, '63; wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, '63; residence, Brockton, Mass.

WILLIAM B. ALLYN; age, 20; born, Belfast, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; deserted, April 26, '62.

WALTER T. AMOS; age, 18; born, New York City; druggist; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 24, '61; mustered out, Dec. 23, '62.

JOHN ARNOTT; age, 22; born, Bathgate, Scotland; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; died Oct. 18, '62; wounded and taken prisoner.

ARCHIBALD ANDERSON; age, 25; born, Scotland; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '63; transferred to navy, April 22, '64.

GEORGE R. ANDERSON; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 24, '61; deserted, Sept. 13, '62.

WILLIAM J. ANDERSON; age, 20; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Aug. 22, '62; deserted, Sept. 13, '62.

CHARLES W. ANDREWS; age, 19; born, Claremont, N.H.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 28, '62; killed, July 1, '63.

THOMAS L. APPLETON; age, 19; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., Aug. 21, '65; commissioned in 54th Mass. Vols., Feb. 19, '63; residence, Chelsea.

EDWARD ARCHIBALD; age, 23; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Montreal, P.Q.

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CHARLES ARMSTRONG; age, 22; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Aug. 6, '62; killed, Dec. 13, '62.

GEO. D. ARMSTRONG; age, 20; born, St. Stephens, N.B.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 17, '62; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Lewiston, Me.

ROBERT M. ARMSTRONG; age, 21; born, Albany, N.Y.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to 1st lieut., April 16, '64; residence, San Francisco, Cal.

SAMUEL B. ARNOLD; age 23; born, Roxbury, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64.

GEORGE M. ASH; age, 21; born, Bangor, Me.; auctioneer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 29, '61; mustered out, Dec. 30, '62.

EDWIN H. ATKINS; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 22, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Gardner, Me.

GEORGE A. ATKINSON; age, 25; born, Amherst, N.S.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; killed, July 1, '63.

ALGERNON S. AULD; age, 21; born, Boothbay, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, 236 Princeton street, East Boston.

ORLOW AUSTIN; age, 20; born, Salem, N.H.; bleacher; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded at Petersburg, June 19, '64; detailed for duty as guard at General Newton's headquarters.

J. H. AYER; age, 18; born, Boston; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July, 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 1, '62.

MICHAEL G. AYERS; age, 20; born, Boston; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 31, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Philadephia.

ALONZO P. BACON; age, 21; born, Winchester, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 9, '63, for promotion; detailed as clerk at headquarters, June, '62; appointed capt., Ulman's brigade Colored Troops, March 9, '63; resigned, July, '63; residence, San Francisco, Cal.

HENRY BACON; age, 21; born, Haverhill, Mass.; artist; mustered in as corp., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 19, '62, on account of wounds received at second Bull Run; was special artist with French Army in the Franco-Prussian war; residence, Paris, France.

JAMES BACON; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '61; mustered out, Nov. 15, '62; address, B. & A. R.R., Boston.

JOSIAH S. BACON; age, 26; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as sergt., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out as 1st sergeant, Jan. 8, '63; wounded, Aug. 30, '62, at Manassas; residence, Natick, Mass.

WILLIAM B. BACON; age, 19; mustered in as 1st lieut., July 16, '61; resigned, July 25, '62, to accept appointment as capt. in 34th Mass. Vols.

CHARLES BADGER; age, 27; born, Natick, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, March 24, '62; mustered out, Aug. 17, '63.

WILLIAM A. BAIL; age, 19; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 8, '62; died, Jan. 11, '63.

GEORGE H. BAILEY; age, 19; born, Sterling, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F., July, 16, '61; mustered out, April 22, '63.

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ALPHONSO BAKER; age, 23; born, Portsmouth, N.H.; bookbinder; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston.

FRANK O. BAKER; age, 20; born, Lancaster, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 22, '62.

JOHN BAKER; age, 21; born, Germany; baker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 23, '63.

WILLIAM BAKER; age, 34; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded Aug. 30, '62; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

WILLIAM H. BAKER; age, 20; born, Weymouth, Mass.; student; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 5, '62; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

HENRY C. BALCH; age, 18; born, Frescott, Me.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 23, '63.

CHARLES BALDWIN; age, 44; born, Westmoreland, N.H.; stonecutter; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 21, '62; appointed fifer, Co. K, Feb., '62; died, Feb. 11, '79.

PETER BAMBOUR; age, 18; born, Boston; moulder; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; deserted, July 4, '62.

MARCUS M. BANCROFT; age, 19; born, Wilmington, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

THOMAS E. BANCROFT; age, 22; born, Reading, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 12, '62; missing after May 8, '64; supposed to have been killed.

CYRUS E. BARKER; age, 23; born, Acton, Mass.; powder-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out, Jan. 30, '63.

THOMAS BARKLEY; age, 21; born, New Brunswick; plumber; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 24, '63; deserted, Aug. 16, '63.

EDWARD BARNARD; age, 23; born, Boston; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 6, '63.

WILLIAM BARNES; age, 38; born, Marlboro', Mass.; hotel-keeper; mustered in as sergt., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out as orderly sergt., April 23, '63; wounded, Aug. 30, '62, at Manassas; promoted to 1st sergt., Oct. 6, '61; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

WILLIAM B. BARNES; age, 24; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

WILLIAM D. BARRON; age, 22; born, Wrentham, Mass.; bleacher; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 25, '62.

THOMAS BARRY; age, 19; born, Nova Scotia; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 24, '61; mustered out, June 26, '62.

WILLIAM F. BARRY; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 4, '62; killed, Sept. 17, '62.

SIDNEY BARSTOW; age, 19; born, Hanover, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 27, '63; residence, Lynn, Mass.

DARWIN F. BARTLETT; age, 27; born, Boston; whitener and colorer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston, Mass.

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ALEXANDER BASSETT; age, 18; born, Bassilboro', Me.; wood-turner; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; deserted, July 25, '62.

DANIEL K. BATCHELDER; age, 46; born, Landgrove, Vt.; gilder; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 20, '63; detached on recruiting service in Boston; died, May 26, '91, at Reading, Mass.

N. WALTER BATCHELDER; mustered in as lieut.-col., July 16, '61; resigned as lieut.-col., April 15, '64; deceased.

GEORGE E. BATES; age, 19; born, Weymouth, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 18, '62; transferred to 39th Mass.; reënlisted in 13th, Jan. 4, '62.

HENRY BATES; age, 21; born, Milford, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Milford, Mass.

JOHN F. BATES; age, 26; born, Weymouth, Mass.; shoecutter; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; taken prisoner Dec. 13, '62; again at Gettysburg; residence, Weymouth, Mass.

HENRY S. BATTLES; age, 24; born, Sudbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; deserted, Sept. 14, '62.

FRANCIS J. BAXTER; age, 30; born, Boston; finisher; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16,' 61; mustered out, Dec. 9, '62; died, '92.

SAVILLIAN E. BAZIN; age, 24; born, Dover, N.H.; paper-hanger; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston.

JOSIAH H. BEALES; age, 29; born, Liverpool, Eng.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 7, '62; wounded at Rappahannock Station, Aug., '62.

JOHN E. BEAN; age, 18; born, Freedom, Me.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 22, '62.

SAMUEL A. BEAN; age, 27; born, Mt. Vernon, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out as sergt., for promotion, July 1, '63.

W. A. S. BEAN, JR.; age, 24; born, Portland, Me.; confectioner; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; mustered out, Dec. 23, '62.

WALTER P. BEAUMONT; age, 20; born, Dexter, Me.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., April 24, '63; appointed 1st lieut., 8th Unattached Co. H. A., Aug. 11, '63; capt., Co. G, 3d Regt. H. A., Jan. 17, '65; wounded, Aug. 30, '62, at Manassas; also wounded at Battle of Washington; deceased.

JAMES BEGLEY; age, 25; born, England; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 29, '63; mustered out, April 22, '64; transferred to the navy.

CLARENCE H. BELL; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 28, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed for duty at division headquarters, Jan. 28, '63; residence, Boston, Mass.

LOUIS BELOND; age, 25; born, Belgium; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 28, '63; deserted, Aug. 17, '63.

JAMES H. BELSER; age, 29; born, Inverness, Can.; carpenter; mustered in as corp., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out for promotion, March 7, '63; promoted to 2d lieut. 9th Regt. Colored Troops, March 7, '63; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

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JOHN BELSER; age 22; born, Bakersfield, Vt.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 27, '61; mustered out, Oct. 10, '62, for promotion in another regiment.

JOHN P. BEMIS; age 20; born, Lincoln, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 24, '61; deserted, Sept. 24, '61.

CHARLES S. BENNETT; age, 30; born, Stowe, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 25, '62.

ELIAS H. BENNETT; age, 20; born, Brighton, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

JOHN A. BENNETT; age, 21; born, N. Rochester, Mass.; salesman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 20, '63.

EBENEZER BENSON; age, 24; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 25, '63; deserted, Aug. 16, '63.

HERBERT BENT; age, 21; born, Suffolk, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston.

GEORGE O. BERRY; age, 22; born, Tamworth, N.H.; currier; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; killed, Sept. 17, '62.

JOHN F. BERRY; age, 21; born, Tamworth, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 27, '63; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

NATHANIEL F. BERRY; age, 28; born, Gosport, N.H.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, '63.

SAMUEL BERRY, JR.; age, 24; born, Bangor, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

THOMAS BERRY; age, 22; born, Boston; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; deserted, Aug. 27, '62.

CHARLES BERTSCH; age, 21; born, Germany; painter; mustered in as corp., Co. E, July 16, '61; transferred to Co. C, 22d V.R.C., March 3, '64; residence, Paul Gore street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

SETH BESSEY; age, 36; born, Bethel, Me.; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 3, '62; residence, Reading, Mass.

JOHN BEST; age, 25; born, Boston; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., May 1, '63; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; at Gettysburg July 1, '63, and at the Wilderness, May, '64; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

ABRAHAM BIGELOW; age, 21; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Wellesley, Mass.

CHESTER A. BIGELOW; age, 18; born, Sherburne, Mass.; musician; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Feb. 24, '62; transferred to 39th Mass., July 13, '64; taken prisoner at Gettysburg; mustered out, Feb. 24, '65; residence, Wellesley, Mass.

CHARLES C. BIGELOW; age, 20; born, Phillipston, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 20, '61; detached on division supply train, Dec. 2, '62; deserted, July 20, '63; arrested and returned to duty on supply train, June 1, '64; desertion removed, Aug. 1, '64.

DANIEL R. BIGELOW; age, 25; born, Hanover, N.H.; mason; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 2, '63.

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FRANK W. BIGELOW; age, 28; born, Weston, Mass.; attorney-at-law; mustered in as sergt., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out for promotion, Jan. 29, '63, as capt. in the 4th N.Y. Cavalry; residence, Weston, Mass.

GEORGE E. BIGELOW; age, 22; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 5, '62; died of wounds, Dec. 19, '62.

LORING BIGELOW; age, 22; born, Quincy, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as corporal, Co. B, July 16, '61; died of wounds, Oct. 18, '62.

CHARLES H. BINGHAM; age, 23; born, Belfast, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, Oct. 1, '62; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; detailed, Dec., '62, at medical director's office, Washington, subsequently at adjt.-gen.'s office, Washington; residence, Boston.

JABEZ A. BLACKMER; age, 18; born, Mansfield, Conn.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; ~~mustered out as capt.~~, Nov. 18, '63.

WILLIAM P. BLACKMER; age, 31; clergyman; mustered in as capt., Co. K, July 16, '61; resigned, Nov. 5, '61.

EDWARD BLAKE; age, 33; born, West Brookfield, Mass.; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

GEORGE A. BLAKE; age, 27; born, Dover, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Wellesley, Mass.

JEREMIAH P. BLAKE; age, 28; born, Wakefield, N.H.; whitener; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; wounded twice; promoted to sergt., March 1, '63; residence, 10 North ave., Boston.

BRAINARD P. BLANCHARD; age, 18; born, Baltimore, Md.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 13, '62; mustered out as 1st lieut., Aug. 7, '67; commissioned as 1st lieut. U.S. Col. Inf., July 21, '64; wounded at Spottsylvania C.-H., May 11, '64; brev.-capt. U.S. Vols., March 13, '65.

JOHN E. BLANCHARD; age, 22; born, Holderness, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 13, '62.

WARREN A. BLANCHARD; age, 23; born, Hallowell, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

WILLIAM F. BLANCHARD; age, 23; born, Boston; tailor; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; transferred to 39th Mass., July, '64; appointed 2d lieut. 27th U.S. Colored Troops, Aug. 31, '64; 1st lieut., April 6, '65; brev.-capt., March 13, '65; wounded, Nov. 28, '61, Aug. 30, '62, Dec. 13, '62, Oct. 27, '64; taken prisoner, July 1, '63; recaptured, May 8, '64.

JOHN J. BLEULER; age, 28; born, Switzerland; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 28, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '63; wounded.

REUBEN BLODGETT; age, 36; born, Tolland, Conn.; soap manufacterer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 29, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

EDWIN A. BLONDE; age, 27; born, Boston; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; died at Boston, July 28, '91.

CHARLES BLUCHER; substitute; age, 20; born, Prussia; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 3, '63; deserted, Sept. 19, '63.

EDWARD E. BOND; age, 17; born, Marlboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 17, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

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NATHANIEL BOSWORTH; age, 29; born, Boston; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; served at brigade headquarters the last two years of the service; residence, Boston.

JOHN A. BOWDWIN; age, 21; born, Boston; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 20, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64.

GEORGE H. BOWEN; age, 25; born, Hopkinton, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 23, '63.

THEODORE P. BOWKER, JR.; age, 20; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; died of wounds, Nov. 12, '62.

IRA BOWMAN; age, 32; born, Littleton, N.H.; silversmith; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Aug. 22, '62; died of wounds, Oct. 6, '62.

GEORGE B. BOYCE; age, 36; born, Londonderry, N.H.; cabinetmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 29, '62.

EDWARD A. BOYD; age, 25; born, Newton, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

GEORGE B. BOYLE; age, 25; born, England; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 28, '63; deserted, Sept. 17, '63.

JOHN BOYLE; age, 22; born, England; boatman; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 28, '63; deserted, Aug. 16, '63.

JOHN BRACKETT; age, 24; born, Ireland; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 22, '63; deserted, Aug. 21, '63.

FRANCIS A. BRADBURY; age, 24; born, Newburyport, Mass.; grocer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; transferred, Nov. 15, '63, to V.R.C.

JAMES E. BRADFORD; age, 23; born, South Kingston, R.I.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; reported deserted, March 2, '63; not returning from furlough; served as company musician.

DAVID H. BRADLEE; age, 34; mustered in as adjt., July 16, '61; mustered out as adjt., Aug. 1, '61; deceased.

THOMAS BRAITHWAITE; age, 27; born, England; chemist; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 3, '63; transferred 39th Mass., July 14, '64.

BARTLETT M. BRAMHALL; age, 19; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 16, '63; detailed for duty at War Department, Nov. 20, '63.

DAVID BRAND; age, 27; born, Scotland; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. E., July 28, '63; transferred to navy, April 22, '64.

GEORGE N. BRIDGEWATER; age, 27; born, England; seaman; mustered in as corp., Co. F, July 16, '61; Nov. 16, '63, promoted to 1st lieut. U.S. Colored Troops.

JOHN G. BRIGGS; age, 34; born, Dedham, Mass.; engineer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 22, '62; transferred to the navy as engineer steamer signal "Western Flotilla."

WILLIAM H. BRIGGS; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 24, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; address, Chickering's factory, Boston.

WILLIAM R. BRIGGS; age, 21; born, Woburn, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 3, '63.

WILLIAM W. BRIGGS; age, 41; born, Westmoreland, N.H.; mason; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

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ALFRED W. BRIGHAM; age 22; born, Southboro', Mass.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 22, '62; wounded twice, Sept. 17, '62; commissioned 1st lieut. 7th Unattached Co., Mass. H.A., Aug. 11, '63; capt., Co. C, 3d Regt. Mass. H.A., Oct. 13, '64; mustered out, Sept. 18, '65; residence, 6 Berwick park, Boston.

AUSTIN D. BRIGHAM; age, 25; born, Marlboro', Mass.; dentist; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

CHARLES R. BRIGHAM; age, 19; born, Boston; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 23, '62; died, Dec. 15, '86, at Waupon, Wis.

CHARLES L. BRIGHAM; age, 23; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 19, '62; residence, Baltimore.

EDWIN H. BRIGHAM; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 20, '61; mustered out, Feb. 24, '64; appointed hospital steward, U.S.A., Feb. 24, '64, and reënlisted as such for three years from Feb. 24, '67; residence, 19 Boylston place, Boston, Mass.

FRANCIS A. BRIGHAM; age, 22; born, Westboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 2, '62; afterwards served in 51st Regt.; residence, Westboro', Mass.

GEORGE T. BRIGHAM; age, 17; born, Southboro', Mass.; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Union, N.H.

HARRISON M. BRIGHAM; age, 23; born, Grafton, Mass.; mechanic; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; transferred, Feb. 15, '64, to V.R.C.; on detached duty since July 4, '62; residence, Westboro', Mass.

HENRY J. BRIGHAM; age 25; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; died, Aug., '65.

SIDNEY A. BRIGHAM; age, 20; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 14, '63; taken prisoner, Aug. 30, '62, but parolled in three days.

WILLIAM F. BRIGHAM; age, 19; born, West Acton, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; died of wounds, July 18, '64; promoted to corp.

JOHN W. BRIGHTWELL; age, 18; born, Washington, D.C.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 11, '62; mustered out as color corp., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Washington, D.C.

JOHN M. BROCK; age, 21; born, Mexico, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; killed, July 1, '63.

ORVILLA L. BROCK; age, 22; born, Bufield, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out, May 21, '62.

AMOS H. BRONSDON; age, 38; born, Milton, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 6, '62; died, Jan. 20, '63.

ALBERT F. BROOKS; age, 26; born, Boston; bookkeeper; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 29, '61; transferred, July 14, '64, to 39th Inf.; residence, Washington, D.C.

THOMAS BROPHY; age, 21; born, New York City; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 27, '63; sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, General Order 86, First Army Corps, '63.

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JAMES H. BROUGHTON; age, 24; born, Conway, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

ABRAHAM BROWN; age, 35; born, England; spinner; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 27, '63; mustered out, Jan. 7, '64.

DAVID BROWN; age, 29; born, Milford, Mass.; teamster; mustered in as teamster, July 16, '61; mustered out as teamster, Aug. 1, '64; detailed for special duty in the quartermaster's department; residence, Milford, Mass.

CHARLES D. BROWNE; age, 22; born, Hinsdale, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as private, Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 18, '61; promoted to 2d lieut. in the 29th Mass.

CYRUS H. BROWN; age, 22; born, Stowe, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., July 15, '64; promoted to corp., Sept. 1, '62; transferred to V.R.C., Dec. 2, '63; residence, Hudson, Mass.

DAVID BROWN; age, 29; born, Milford, Mass.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; on duty in quartermaster's department during service; residence, Milford, Mass.

DAVID L. BROWN; age, 34; carpenter; mustered in as 2d lieut., Co. I, July 16, '61; resigned, March 13, '64; promotions: 1st lieut., July 25, '62; capt., March 13, '64.

FRANCIS BROWN; age, 24; born, Ireland; lather; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 25, '63; deserted, Aug. 16, '63.

FRANCIS H. BROWN; age, 19; born, Sudbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 16, '63.

FRANK BROWN; age, 23; born, Nova Scotia; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 28, '63; transferred to navy, April 23, '64.

FRANK P. BROWN; age, 23; born, Manchester, Conn.; telegraph operator; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 25, '63; transferred, July 14, '64, to 39th Inf.

GEORGE BROWN; age, 27; born, New Brunswick; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 27, '63; transferred, July 14, '64, to 39th Inf.

GEORGE BROWN; age, 23; born, Portland, Me.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; reënlisted, Jan. 4, '64, and transferred to 39th Mass.; wounded at Harper's Ferry, Sept., '62; wounded at Petersburg, Va., June, '64; deceased.

JOHN BROWN; age, 22; born, New Jersey; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 27, '63; deserted, Nov. 26, '63.

JOHN BROWN; age, 29; born, Marlboro', Mass.; mustered in as musician, July 16, '61; mustered out as musician, Sept., '62.

JOSEPH BROWN; age, 21; born, England; stonecutter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 27, '63; deserted, Aug. 19, '63.

LYMAN W. BROWN; age, 18; born, Marlboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out, April 15, '63.

WILLIAM BROWN; age, 35; born, Scotland; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 27, '63; mustered out, April 22, '64; transferred to the navy.

WILLIAM H. BROWN; age, 26; born, Framingham, Mass; shoemaker; mustered in as 1st sergt., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out of 13th in order to accept commission, Aug. 11, '62; appointed 2d lieut., 39th Mass., Aug 19, '62, 1st lieut., Sept. 8, '64; residence, Natick, Mass.

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WARREN E. BRUCE; age, 23; born, Marlboro', Vt.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; on duty in quartermaster's deptartment after March 13, '63.

ALBERT H. BRYANT; age, 24; born, Natick, Mass.; physician; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out, May 20, '62.

SOLON A. BRYANT; age, 23; born, Stoneham, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 24, '63; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; appointed 3d asst. engineer, U.S. Navy, Aug. 17, '63; mustered out, Dec. 3, '65.

STILLMAN F. BRYANT; age, 21; born, Westboro', Mass; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 31, '62; deceased.

WALTER C. BRYANT; age, 22; born, Tamworth, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as private, Co. A, July 20, '61; mustered out, Nov. 27, '62; wounded, 2d Bull Run; residence, Hyde Park, Mass.

ALEXANDER W. BRYER; age, 22; born, Boston; rigger; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed for duty in hospital department.

WILLIAM BUCK; age, 27; born, Canada; hostler; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 25, '63; deserted, Aug. 20, '63.

WILLIAM M. BUCKMAN; age, 20; born, Woburn, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., March 6, '63; promoted to capt. in 80th U.S. Colored Troops; died at New Orleans, La., Sept. 27, '63.

THOMAS J. BUFFUM; age, 20; born, No. Berwick, Me.; dry-goods dealer; mustered in as priv., Aug. 8, '62; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., June, '64; residence, Boston.

CHARLES F. BULFINCH; age, 19; born, Dahlonega, Ga.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; deserted, Jan. 20, '63; promoted to corp., before desertion.

GEORGE A. BULL; age, 19; born, Hartford, Conn.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 24, '62.

SILAS B. BULL; age, 24; mustered in as musician, July 26, '61; mustered out, Aug. 31, '62.

EMORY BULLARD; age, 37; born, Westboro', Mass.; joiner; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 10, '62; residence, Boston, Mass.

SAMUEL M. BULLARD; age, 42; born, Franklin, Mass.; piano-forte maker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 27, '61; mustered out, June 20, '62.

WILLIAM H. BURDICK; age, 33; born, Danvers, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 31, '61; mustered out, Jan. 29, '63.

JOHN W. BURDITT; age, 30; born, So. Reading, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Wakefield, Mass.

WALTER H. BURGESS; age, 23; born, Providence, R.I.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. F, Sept. 1, '62; mustered out, March 19, '63.

JOHN BURKE; age, 25; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; deserted, July 26, '61.

CHRISTOPHER BURKE; age, 27; born, Boston; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 28, '63; transferred, July 14, '64, to 39th Inf.

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JOHN S. BURNAP; age, 21; born, Westboro', Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; died, Dec. 10, '61.

GEORGE BURNS; age, 21; born, Ireland; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 28, '63; died, Dec., '63, Belle Isle, while a prisoner of war.

JOHN BURNS; age, 21; born, Ireland; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; deserted, Aug. 23, '61.

THOMAS BURNS; age, 19; born, South Boston; milkman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 4, '62; deceased.

ALFRED M. BURTON; age, 18; born, Wilton, N.H.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Sept. 10, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; taken prisoner at Gettysburg and paroled.

GEORGE BUSH; age, 30; mustered in as 2d lieut., Co. A, July 1, '61; killed, April 30, '63; promotions: 1st lieut., Jan. 31, '62; capt., Feb. 27, '63.

EDWIN P. BUSWELL; age, 24; born, Concord, N.H.; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Oct. 7, '63; wounded, July 1, '63.

ALONZO A. BUTLER; age, 27; born, Vermont; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 28, '63; mustered out, Jan. 21, '64.

JOSEPH E. BUTMAN; age, 18; born, Framingham, Mass.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; transferred to V.R.C., Sept. 22, '63; residence, Situate, Mass.

WILLIAM H. BUTTERFIELD; age, 21; born, Wayland, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '62; mustered out, Feb. 18, '63.

CHARLES H. BUTTERS; age, 22; born, Waltham, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 17, '62.

W. B. BUTTERS; age, 18; born, Wilmington, Mass.; farrier; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Dec. 28, '63; transferred to 39th Mass.

CHARLES CAILLOUX; age, 27; born, Canada; tradesman; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 24, '63; deserted, Aug. 21, '63.

JOHN CALLAGHAN; age, 18; born, Boston; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 18, '63; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.

HENRY J. CALLAHAN; age, 23; born, Boston; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; deserted, April 23, '63.

JOHN CALLAHAN; age, 18; born, Boston; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 29, '62; transferred to V.R.C., Sept. 1, '63.

JOHN CALLAHAN; age, 18; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 19, '63.

WALTER CALLENDAR; age, 26; born, Sterling, Scotland; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

HUGH C. CAMPBELL; age, 22; born, King's Co., P.E.I.; currier; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 28, '63.

EDWARD CARBEAU; age, 30; born, Newfoundland; lumberman; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '63; deserted, Dec. 20, '63.

SAMUEL S. CARLETON; age, 21; born, Claremont, N.H.; pattern-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 2, '64; died, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, May 4, '63.

JOHN W. CARROLL; age, 21; born, Sanford, Me.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 12, '63; address, Roxbury, Mass.

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CALVIN H. CARTER; age, 24; born, Berlin, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as sergt., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 14, '62; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; declined commission; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

GEORGE CARTIZE; age, 23; born, Corsica; ship-carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 27, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

JOSEPH S. CARY; age, 29; born, Wayne, Me.; merchant tailor; mustered in as capt., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 28, '63; deceased.

SAMUEL E. CARY; age, 21; born, Wayne, Me.; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut.; promoted to Co. F, 2d lieut., Feb. 27, '63; promoted to 1st lieut., Oct. 23, '63; residence, New York City.

WILLIAM HOWARD CARY; age, 31; born, Ware, Mass; druggist; mustered in as 2d lieut., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., Co. G, Aug. 1, '64; promoted to 1st lieut., Feb. 7, '62, capt., Dec. 30, '62; residence, Boston.

JOHN CASEY; age, 22; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 29, '63; deserted, Aug. 20, '63.

THOMAS CASEY; age, 22; born, Ireland; currier; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 10, '63; killed, June 22, '64.

JOHN R. CASWELL; age, 25; born, Elliott, Me.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; deserted, Aug. 30, '62.

JAMES W. CHAFFIN; age, 21; born, Palmer, Mass.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. I, March 27, '62; July 14, '64, transferred to 39th Mass.

A. E. CHAMBERLAIN; age, 24; born, Southboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 7, '63; wounded at Antietam; residence, Holliston, Mass.; postmaster.

DEXTER A. CHAMBERLAIN; age, 25; born, Southboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Holliston, Mass.

PERRY D. CHAMBERLAIN; age, 27; tanner; mustered in as 1st lieut., Co. H, July 16, '61; resigned, Feb. 6, '62.

SPENCER CHAMBERLAIN; age, 34; born, No. Woodstock, Conn.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

WILLIAM R. CHAMPNEY; age, 26; born, Boston; brass-finisher; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., May 7, '63, on account of wounds received at Antietam; residence, Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass.

JOSEPH CHANDLER; age, 32; born, Lexington, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 24, '61; mustered out, Jan. 17, '63.

LORENZO A. CHAPMAN; age, 34; born, Princeton, Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 14, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

HENRY CHASE; age, 25; born, Canada; pedler; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 25, '63; mustered out, Oct. 29, '63.

WILLIAM CHASE; age, 21; born, Albany, N.Y.; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 27, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

DAVID CHENERY, JR.; age, 23; born, Watertown, Mass.; yeoman; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 27, '63; wounded at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, '62, while carrying the colors; residence, Belmont, Mass.

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GEORGE S. CHENEY; age, 35; born, Roxbury, Mass.; tinsmith; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 25, '63; wounded at Sir John's Run, Md.

EZEKIEL W. CHOATE; age, 25; born, Newburyport, Mass.; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 7, '62, Washington, D.C.

ROBERT CHOATE; age, 33; born, Riverdelieu, Can.; hatter; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 17, '63; deceased.

OLIVER L. CHILD; age, 47; born, Cambridge, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed at headquarters of brigade, July 6, '62.

JOHN F. CHILDS; age, 21; born, Chesterville, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, March 11, '62; July 14, '64, transferred to 39th Mass.; wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, '63; residence, Natick, Mass.

JOHN CHRISTOPHER; age, 43; born, New York City; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. E, Aug. 1, '61; transferred to navy, Feb. 14, '62.

WILLIAM H. P. CHRISTOPHER; age, 19; born, Brookfield, N.S.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 21, '62; died, Sept. 18, '62, from wounds received at Bull Run.

EDWARD CHURCH; age, 28; born, Derby, Conn.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; killed, July 3, '63.

JOSEPH CHURCH; age, 25; born, Little Compton, R.I.; druggist; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 28, '62; mustered out, April 16, '63; promoted to 1st lieut., 6th Rhode Island.

WM. W. CLAFLIN; surgeon; mustered in as asst. surg., April 29, '62; resigned, Dec. 1, '62.

JAMES C. CLAPP; age, 20; born, Dorchester, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; died, Jan. 4, '64.

GEORGE CLARK; age, 18; born, Oakdale, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 28, '62.

JOHN C. CLARK; age, 21; born, Roxbury, Mass.; plumber; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 29, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, 373 Dudley street, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM L. G. CLARK; age, 24; born, Wayne, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 25, '63; deceased.

WILLIAM L. CLARK; age, 34; merchant; mustered in as capt., Co. H, July 16, '61; resigned, July 24, '62; deceased.

WILLIAM T. CLARK; age, 19; born, Lowell, Mass.; student; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 27, '64; after battle of Antietam was detailed for duty as clerk at various headquarters until discharged, and then appointed as a clerk in adjt.-gen.'s office, Washington; died, April 4, '88.

PATRICK H. CLEARY; age, 20; born, Ireland (Drogheda); sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; died, April 2, '62, at Manassas.

JAMES CLEMENS; age, 20; born, Ireland; boatman; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 28, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

CHARLES A. CLEMENT; age, 21; born, Andover, Mass.; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; died of wounds, Sept. 30, '63; wounded at Gettysburg.

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GEORGE W. CLIFFORD; age, 18; born, Derby Centre, Vt.; farmer's boy; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 16, '62; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; wounded, May 8, '64; residence, West Gardner, Mass.

JAMES M. CLOUGH; age, 25; born, Bristol, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 28, '63.

LOUIS F. CLOUGH; age, 19; born, Exeter, N.H.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 24, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, '63.

EDWARD W. CODY; age, 24; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston.

JAMES CODY; age, 32; born, Waterford, Ireland; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 29, '62; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62.

CHARLES E. COFFIN; age, 24; born, Berwick, Me.; manufacturer and farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 19, '62; residence, Berwick, Me.

DAVID B. COFFIN; age, 21; born, Manchester, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Winchester, Mass.

HENRY C. COFFIN; age, 29; born, Shapleigh, Me.; cutter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 2, '63; residence, Boston.

CHARLES H. COGGINS; age, 26; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

CHARLES E. COLBURN; age, 18; born, Dedham, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; killed, May 8, '64.

JOSEPH COLBURN; age, 29; merchant; mustered in as 1st lieut., July 16, '61; promoted to capt., Feb. 3, '63; major, 59th Mass., Oct. 23, '63.

JOSEPH W. COLCORD; age, 18; born, Honolulu, S. I.; student; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; transferred to V.R.C., Jan. 15, '64.

SETH L. COLE; age, 26; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed at headquarters 1st Corps and at General Grant's headquarters; residence, Gloucester, Mass.

EDWARD COLEMAN; age, 21; born, England; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 25, '63; transferred to navy, April 22, '64.

EUGENE B. COLEMAN; age, 19; born, Boston; mustered in, July 16, '61; deserted, Aug. 16, '61.

CHARLES H. COLLINS; age, 18; born, Southboro', Mass.; provision dealer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; deceased.

JOHN COLLINS; age, 18; born, Southboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, March 19, '62; mustered out, Sept. 25, '65, Albany; transferred to 18th Co., 2d Batt., V.R.C.; residence, Holliston, Mass.

JOHN C. COLLINS; age, 25; born, Ireland; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 29, '63; deserted, Nov. 26, '63.

JOHN M. COLLINS; age, 21; born, Boston; telegrapher; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

LOWELL T. COLLINS; age, 29; born, Southboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Feb. 6, '62; mustered out, Feb. 17, '64; residence, Southboro', Mass.

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LUKE COLLINS; age, 44; born, Southboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 11, '63; died, June 1, '88. D

CHARLES COLLIS; age, 20; born, Boston; music clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed at headquarters of the Provost Marshal General, Army of the Potomac; residence, 26 Broadway, N.Y.

CHARLES W. COMSTOCK; age, 18; born, Westboro', Mass.; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Upton, Mass.

ALBERT CONANT; age, 22; born, Stowe, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; deserted, Aug. 9, '61.

C. H. CONANT; age, 20; born, Stoneham, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., June 1, '64; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

DANIEL S. CONDON; age, 24; born, Ireland; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 24, '63; transferred, March 6, '64, to V.R.C.

WILLIAM CONNELL; age, 23; born, New York City; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

CHARLES W. COOK; age, 24; born, Portsmouth, N.H.; mustered in as priv., July 16, '61; mustered out, May 29, '63. Was sent from Front Royal, Va., with typhoid fever to Carver hospital, from which place he was furloughed to Boston, where he was discharged.

FREEMAN J. COOK; age, 19; born, Boston; carpenter; mustered in as sergt., July 17, '61; mustered out as 1st sergt., Aug. 1, '64; died, Feb. 28, '68. D

GEORGE F. COOK; age, 15; born, Reading, Mass.; musician; mustered in as musician, Co. G, Aug. 11, '62; mustered out, Sept. 25, '62.

HENRY E. COOK; age, 26; born, Newton, Mass; wood-carver; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61. Sent to hospital sick in Dec., '61. All traces of him lost since that time. No further record.

JOHN E. COOK; age, 23; born, Roxbury, Mass.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

JOHN F. COOK; age, 18; born, Reading, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, '63.

FRANK COOLIDGE; age, 25; born, Sherborne, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., March 18, '63; residence, Riverside, Cal. D 1901

LEDRA A. COOLIDGE; age, 24; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as principal musician, Feb., '63.

SILAS A. COOLIDGE; age, 20; born, Bolton, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 11, '62; reënlisted, Co. D, 59th Mass., Feb. 9, '64, and died July 1, '64. D

SAMUEL A. COOMBS; age, 22; born, Boston; pump-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 23, '63; residence, Somerville, Mass.

WILLIAM M. COOMBS; age, 20; born, Salem, Mass.; draughtsman; mustered in as corp., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to sergt., Nov., '63; 1st sergt., June, '64; in charge of brigade

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cattle guard from June, '62, to Oct., '63; residence, 16 Paris st., East Boston.

THOMAS COOPER; age, 20; born, New York City; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 28, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64.

JOHN COPELAND; age, 20; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 7, '63; afterwards enlisted in 57th Mass. and killed at Wilderness, May, '64.

THOMAS COPELAND; age, 18; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62, at Bull Run.

WILLIAM CORDWELL; age, 31; born, Boston; boot-finisher; mustered in as 2d sergt., Co. K, July 16, '61; promoted 2d lieut., Feb. 14, '63; killed opposite Fredericksburg, April 30, '63.

BENJAMIN CORLISS; age, 27; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker, mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; name was stricken from the roll by Capt. Clarke, Aug. 12, '61; was sent home sick by Col. Leonard from Perth Amboy, July 31, '61.

JOHN COSTIN; age, 22; born, Prince Edward Island; saddler; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; deserted, May 6, '63.

CHARLES H. COTTING; age, 20; born, Bedford, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as sergt., Co. I, July 16, '61; promoted to 2d lieut., 59th Mass. Inf., Dec. 16, '63; residence, Lynn, Mass.

ROBERT COWIE; age, 26; born, Scotland; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; promoted to corp.; transferred, March 10, '64, to V.R.C.

SETH W. COWING; age, 34; born, Dighton, Mass.; mariner; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Sept. 5, '62; mustered out, Nov. 6, '62; commissioned lieut. in the 11th R.I. Vols., Nov. 6, '62.

GEORGE E. CRAIG; age, 28; mustered in as quartermaster, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Walpole, Mass.

SILAS P. CRANE; age, 27; born, Boston; grocer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 23, '63; wounded, Aug. 30, '62.

ANDREW T. CRAWLEY; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 6, '62.

WILLIAM H. CRAWLEY; age, 19; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 26, '62.

HORACE L. CROCKER; age, 19; born, Barnstable, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; died, March 18, '62, at Centerville, Va., of fever.

JOHN H. CROCKER; age, 20; born, Charlestown, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 30, '62; residence, San Francisco, Cal.

GEORGE L. CROSBY; age, 28; born, Marlboro', Mass.; artist; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Nov. 20, '62; afterwards 1st lieut. 5th Mass. (100 days) regiment; residence, Washington, D.C.

J. Q. CROSBY; age, 29; born, Manchester, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Washington, D.C.

ROBERT CROSBY; age, 20; born, Boston; shoe-finisher; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

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GEORGE L. W. CROSS; age, 19; born, Hanover, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; dropped from the rolls, Feb. 1, '62; reënlisted, Feb. 17, '62, in Co. G, 15th Mass., and was killed at Gettysburg, July 2, '63; left the 13th in January, '62, on a furlough; wrote to Captain Whitcomb for money to return, and was refused, whereupon he enlisted in the 15th.

CHARLES H. CROUCH; age, 26; born, Reading, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 29, '63.

WILLIAM L. CROWE; age, 31; born, Halifax, N.S.; cabinet-maker; mustered in as corp., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 7, '63; residence, Reading, Mass.

ISAAC B. CROWELL; age, 20; born, Yarmouth, Mass.; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

JOHN H. CROWLEY; age, 21; born, East Boston, Mass.; lastmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; dropped from the rolls, Aug. 16, '63.

DAVID CROWTHER; age, 24; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Feb. 12, '62; mustered out, Jan. 19, '63; wounded, Aug. 30, '62.

JAMES CULLEN; age, 21; born, Saxonville, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 29, '61; mustered out, Jan. 29, '63.

WILLIAM H. CUNDY; age, 28; printer; mustered in as corp., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 11, '65, Elmira, N.Y.; promotions: 1st lieut. 41st Mass. Vols., Aug. 30, '62; capt. in 40th Mass. Vols., Jan. 16, '63; transferred to V.R.C., Oct. 20, '63; residence, Boston.

CHARLES N. W. CUNNINGHAM; age, 18; born, Cleveland, O.; druggist; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 5, '63; commissioned in the regular army, and became a captain by promotion; died in Texas, March 9, '93.

JAMES CURRIE; age, 21; born, Ireland; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. E, Aug. 3, '63; deserted, Aug. 17, '63.

GEORGE CURRIER; age, 21; born, Readfield, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, March 6, '62; mustered out, May 26, '62.

HORACE P. CURRIER; age, 30; born, South Reading, Mass.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wagon and forage master, 2d Div., 1st Corps; residence, Chelsea, Mass.

JAMES CURRIER; age, 18; born, Readfield, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

SAMUEL CURRIER; age, 29; born, Readfield, Me.; leather-cutter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 18, '62; wounded, Sept. 17, '62.

ALBERT O. CURTIS; age, 19; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 24, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

ELIJAH J. CURTIS; age, 20; born, Roxbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., July 28, '61; mustered out, April 24, '63.

GEORGE H. CURTIS; age, 18; born, Worcester, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, '63.

JOHN B. CURTIS; age, 19; born, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64.

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CHAS. B. CUSHING; age, 19; born, Boston; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; drowned in Shenandoah river, June 6, '62.

FRANCIS L. CUSHING; age, 26; born, Boston; driver; mustered in as priv., Co. E, Aug. 9, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

SETH K. CUSHING; age, 18; born, Blue Hill, Me.; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston, Mass.

JAMES CUSHMAN; age, 21; born, Montreal; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 27, '63; deserted, Dec. 1, '63.

WILLIAM W. CUSHMAN; age, 20; born, Phillips, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., March 23, '63; wounded at Bull Run; residence, Lawrence, Mass.

GEORGE M. CUTHBERT; age, 37; born, England; ambrotypist; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, Bethesda Church, Va.; wounded at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

WILLIAM A. CUTLER; age, 26; born, Litchfield, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Feb. 23, '64; wounded at Gettysburg; residence, Natick, Mass.

HORATIO A. CUTTING; age, 44; born, Attleboro', Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 1, '62; died of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 22, '63.

JAMES H. CUTTING; age, 18; born, Boylston, Mass.; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; transferred, Dec. 9, '62, to 18th U.S. Regulars; wounded at Antietam; killed in Wilderness, '63.

MICHAEL J. DAGNEY; age, 23; born, Boston; moulder; mustered in as sergt., July 1, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., March 7, '64; promotions: 2d lieut., Feb. 2, '63; 1st lieut., Dec. 8, '63; residence, Boston.

EBENEZER W. DAILY; age, 40; born, Canada; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. F, Jan. 2, '64; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Mass.

CHARLES R. DALE; age, 19; born, Matagorda, Tex.; currier; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 3, '63; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

JAMES DAMMERS; age, 32; born, Boston; mariner; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 12, '62; mustered out, Nov. 10, '62; wounded at Antietam; residence, Chelsea, Mass.

WILLIAM S. DAMRELL; age, 23; born, Boston; printer; mustered in as corp., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt.; promotions: sergt., Aug. 30, '62; 2d lieut., March 6, '63; taken prisoner at Spottsylvania, and remained so till after regiment was mustered out; died at Springfield, Mass.

ISAAC D. DANA; age, 27; born, Brighton, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 2, '62, on account of wounds received at Antietam; residence, Boston.

EDWARD S. DANFORTH; age, 20; born, Roxbury, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; killed, Sept. 17, '62.

ALFRED DAVENPORT; age, 20; born, Dorchester, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 7, '64.

MELVIN A. DAVENPORT; age, 21; born, Upton, Mass.; bonnet-presser; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Feb. 17, '63; wounded at Antietam; residence, Park Hotel, Attleboro', Mass.

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ALBERT DAVIDSON; age, 26; born, Groton, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 28, '61; mustered out, Feb. 23, '64.

CHARLES E. DAVIS, JR.; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 19, '63; wounded and taken prisoner, Aug. 30, '62, at Manassas; P.O. address, 12 Beacon street, Boston.

EDSON C. DAVIS; age, 25; born, Walpole, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Cochituate, Mass. D Jan 29. 1900

EDWIN L. DAVIS; age, 22; born, Nelson, N.H.; sashmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 29, '61; mustered out as corporal; transferred to 6th Regt. V.R.C.; deceased. D

FRANCIS DAVIS; age, 30; born, Southboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, March 6, '62; mustered out, Sept. 30, '62; died, Dec. 9, '72. D

JOHN F. DAVIS; age, 24; born, Methuen, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

WILLIAM DAVIS; age, 28; born, Salisbury, N.H.; baggage-master; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

WILLIAM W. DAVIS; age, 20; born, Reading, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 12, '62; mustered out, Aug. 22, '63; wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, '63, and taken prisoner; appointed 1st lieut. 59th Mass.; wounded at Petersburg, '64; lost an arm; residence, Reading, Mass.

AMBROSE DAWES; age, 19; born, Quincy, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; residence, New York City.

WARREN W. DAY; born, Hill, N.H.; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; deserted, Aug. 16, '63, from hospital in Washington, D.C.

HENRY DEADMAN; age, 39; born, South Reading, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 12, '62; mustered out, Dec. 23, '63. D 1899

GEORGE E. DEAN; age, 19; born, Taunton, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; deserted, Aug. 13, '61.

CHARLES O. DEMERITT; age, 22; born, Ossipee, N.H.; machinist; mustered in as sergt., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 25, '63; wounded, Aug. 30, '62, at Manassas; deceased. D

JOSEPH P. DEXTER, JR.; age, 25; born, Boston; painter; mustered in as musician, July 20, '61; mustered out, June 20, '62; residence, North Underhill, Vt. D. May 2/97

ELBRIDGE L. DEXTER; age, 26; born, Boston; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 20, '61; mustered out, Dec. 6, '62; Aug. 2, '63, enlisted in the navy for one year. Died Aug 27/89

GEORGE T. DICKEY; age, 35; born, Weston, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; died March 4, '62, at Williamsport, Md.

FREDERICK A. DICKINSON; age, 23; born, Deerfield, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62. D

EDWIN C. DOCKHAM; age, 23; born, Oxford, N.H.; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, May 8, '64; residence, Worcester, Mass. 118 Piedmont St

CHARLES B. DODGE; age, 24; born, Haverhill, Mass.; silversmith; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 9, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, '63; died, July 27, '85. D

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MOSES G. DODGE; age, 53; born, Greenfield, N.H.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct., '64; transferred to Andrews Sharpshooters, Oct. 1, '61, discharged from same, Dec., '62; reënlisted in H.A. (3d Regt.), Nov., '63.

MICHAEL B. DOHERTY; age, 24; born, Boston; druggist; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 24, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

GEORGE F. DONLEY; age, 16; born, Chicopee, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 7, '63.

JOSEPH DONNELL; age, 19; born, Roxbury, Mass.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded June 13, '64; residence, Dayton, O.

1901 D DENNIS J. DONOVAN; age 19; born, Boston; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, '63.

33 IRA L. DONOVAN; age, 22; born, Hookset, N.H.; laborer; mustered in as wagoner, Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, South Framingham, Mass.

JAMES W. DONOVAN; age, 21; born, Boston; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. I, Feb. 27, '62; mustered out, May 8, '62.

HENRY P. DORMAN; age, 21; born, Bridgeton, Me.; baker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 8, '63; residence, Auburn, Me.

LEVI L. DORR; age, 21; born, No. Bridgewater, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 6, '61; transferred, May 5, to V.R.C.; residence, San Francisco, Cal.

JAMES H. DOREY; age, 23; born, New York City; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, Jan. 31, '63; wounded at 2d Bull Run, and died of wounds, Oct. 2, '62, at Philadelphia.

HENRY DOTEY; age, 20; born, Piermont, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 24, '62.

D GEORGE R. DOUGLAS; age, 20; born, New York City; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 29, '63; afterwards served eleven months quartermaster sergeant, Co. E, 4th H.A., M.V.M.; died April 28, '72.

D HENRY DOVE; age, 23; born, Roxbury, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, '63; mustered out as 1st lieut., Aug. 1, '64; deceased.

ANDREW J. DOW; age, 33; born, Warner, N.H.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 19, '63; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

D JOHN E. DOWLING; age, 22; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; missing since Aug. 30, '62; probably killed.

THOMAS I. DOWNEY; age, 22; born, Roxbury, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 24, '61; transferred, March 30, '64, to V.R.C.; residence, Roxbury, Mass.

CHARLES DRAYTON; age, 18; born, North Bridgewater, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., March 30, '63; afterwards served as lieut. 37th U.S. Colored Regiment; residence, Wesboro', Mass.

OTIS DRAYTON; age, 18; born, North Bridgewater, Mass.; clerk; mustered

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in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 17, '62; never rejoined regiment after being ordered to it, from hospital; deserted Nov. 19, '63.

CHARLES A. DREW; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 20, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Northfield, Minn.

CHARLES F. DREW; age, 24; born, Holderness, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64.

NICHOLAS B. DREW; age, 38; born, Fort Edward, N.Y.; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 23, '63.

CORNELIUS F. DRISCOLL; age, 20; born, Cork, Ireland; plumber; mustered in as corp., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., H.A., Sept. 17, '65; 2d lieut., 7th Co. H.A., Aug. 11, '63; 1st lieut., Oct. 1, '63; capt., 16th Co., Aug. 31, '64; wounded and taken prisoner, Aug. 30, '62; discharged from 13th, Oct. 31, '62; residence, Michigan avenue, Boston.

CHARLES H. DRURY; age, 23; born, Fort Edward, N.Y.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out, July 18, '64, Washington; served in regimental hospital, field hospital, and then transferred to Carver Hospital, Washington, D.C.

CHARLES E. DULEY; age, 18; born, Lowell, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 30, '63.

LEVI E. DUDLEY; age, 19; born, Troy, Vt.; apothecary; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 3, '63, to receive promotion; residence, Boston, Mass.

JAMES B. DUNN; age, 18; born, W. Cambridge, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 25, '61; died, Williamsport, Md.; April 12, '62.

THEODORE L. DUNN; age, 21; born, Boston; civil engineer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Feb. 25, '62; mustered out, Dec. 18, '62.

PRINCE A. DUNTON; age, 20; born, Hope, Me.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; died of wounds received, July 1, '63.

FREEMAN H. DUREN; age, 23; born, Portland, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., Oct. 18, '62, and sergt., May 1, '63; detailed as sergt. headquarters guard, May 9, '63; residence, Chelsea, Mass.

DANA F. DUTTON; age, 29; born, Sudbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as sergt., Co. H, July 16, '61; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64; was away from regiment from Aug. 2, '61, to Oct. 8, '63.

ALBERT W. DYER; age, 18; born, Medford, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64.

N. MAYO DYER; age, 22; born, Provincetown, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; appointed master's mate, April 4, '62; was promoted through various grades until March 12, '68, when he was appointed to the regular navy. Took part in the passage of the forts on the Mississippi river, and the capture of the rebel fleet. In Dec., '68, was commissioned lieut.-com. Subsequently was the recipient of a medal, and publicly thanked by Com. W. R. Taylor for jumping overboard in a heavy sea and rescuing a man who had fallen overboard while the vessel was under headway.

CHARLES EARLE; age, 28; born, Prussia; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 29, '63; deserted, Nov. 16, '63.

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EDMUND G. EASTMAN; age, 18; born, Madison, N.H.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 11, '62; mustered out, Jan. 13, '63.

OTIS M. EASTMAN; age, 27; born, Holderness, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out as drum-major, Feb. 17, '63; died, April 27, '67; promoted to drum-major, June 1, '62; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

THOMAS B. EATON; age, 18; born, Worcester, Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; died, June 1, '62.

CHARLES H. ECKENROTH; age, 21; born, Pennsylvania; brakeman; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 28, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

GEORGE EDLER; age, 28; born, Germany; tailor; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 29, '63; deserted, Oct. 23, '63.

WILLIAM H. EDMANDS; age, 25; born, Taunton, Mass.; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 14, '62; mustered out, June 11, '63; residence, Westboro', Mass.

JOHN W. EDSON; age, 38; born, Boston; moulder; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 19, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; reënlisted, Co. K, 4th Mass. H.A.

JOHN EISHMAN; age, 26; born, Prussia; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 2, '63; transferred, July 14, '64, to 39th Inf.

JOHN F. ELMS; age, 20; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 26, '61; mustered out at Washington, D.C., July, '64; detailed as clerk in adjt.-gen.'s office, Washington, D.C.

GEORGE N. EMERSON; age, 18; born, Waltham, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 24, '61; mustered out as corp., March 4, '63; residence, New York City.

GEORGE F. EMERY; age, 19; born, Kendall Mills, Me.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., July 1, '64; residence, Arriba, Cal.

ABRAM T. ENGLISH; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed as a clerk at brigade commissary department; deceased.

HENRY EPPLE; age, 24; born, Germany; upholsterer; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Beech street, Roslindale, Mass.

LOUIS ERBACK; age, 24; born, Germany; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 29, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

ALBERT S. ESTES; age, 24; born, Gorham, Me.; mechanic; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 20, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

DANA ESTES; age, 22; born, Gorham, Me.; bookseller; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 12, '62; wounded, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Boston, Mass.

JOHN E. EVANS; age, 22; born, England; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 25, '63; transferred to navy, April 22, '64.

ROBERT D. EVANS; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 11, '63; wounded, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM EVANS; age, 25; born, Concord, Mass.; brass moulder; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 22, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 13, '64.

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JAMES H. EVERETT; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 17, '63; residence, Cambridge, Mass.

N. STANLEY EVERETT; age, 19; born, Milton, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 4, '62; died, Sept. 21, '62.

SHEPARD S. EVERETT; age, 20; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

WILLIAM F. EWELL; age, 22; born, Brighton, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 24, '62; wounded, Sept. 17, '62.

HENRY EXLEY; age, 24; born, Windham, N.H.; machinist; mustered in as sergt., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 16, '64; wounded, Aug. 30, '62; transferred to V.R.C., Aug., '63; residence, Franklin, Mass.

THOMAS M. EXLEY; age, 25; born, Windham, N.H.; carpenter; mustered in as corp., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 6, '63; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Washington, D.C.

JAMES L. FADEN; age, 22; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Aug. 4, '62; mustered out, Jan. 24, '63.

EUGENE L. FAIRBANKS; age, 21; born, Lincoln, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 11, '63.

HENRY A. FAIRBANKS; age, 18; born, Shrewsbury, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 23, '63; wounded at Antietam; afterwards served ninety days in 6th Unattached Co. Militia; residence, Waltham, Mass.

HOLLIS H. FAIRBANKS; age, 18; born, Shrewsbury, Mass., bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62, at Bull Run.

JOSEPH H. FAIRBANKS; age, 18; born, Winchester, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

JOSEPH H. FAIRBANKS; age, 55; born, Shrewsbury, Mass.; sleigh-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Warrenton Junction, May 10, '62; died, June 16, '75.

SANFORD FAIRBANKS; age, 33; born, Waltham, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 28, '61; deserted, Aug. 23, '61.

WILLIAM P. FARQUERSON; age, 18; born, Boston; cooper; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; killed, May 8, '64.

GEORGE A. FARRAR; age, 21; born, Boston; letter-carrier; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 29, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

LUTHER F. FAVOUR; age, 23; born, Natick, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; died of wounds received, Sept. 17, '62.

CHARLES M. FAY; age, 17; born, Montague, Mass.; laborer; mustered in as priv., July 16, '61; wounded accidentally at Harper's Ferry, Sept., '61; wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, '63; taken prisoner, Spottsylvania Court-House, May 21, '64, and held until Nov. 25, '64; afterwards reënlisted in Hancock's V.R.C. for one year; residence, Westboro', Mass.

JOHN S. FAY; age, 21; born, Marlboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergeant, Sept. 9, '63; lost right arm and right leg, April 30, '63; taken prisoner, June 15, '63, and sent to Libby prison, July 1, '63; released, July 17, '63; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

WILLIAM W. FAY; age, 25; born, Bernardstown, Mass.; bootmaker; mus-

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tered in as sergt., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 18, '62; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; appointed 2d lieut., three months' troops, May 4, '64; appointed 2d lieut., Co. E, 4th H.A.; mustered out, June, '65; died November, '93.

IRA H. FELCH; age, 18; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, March 7, '62; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64; residence, Natick, Mass.

LEON FELINSKI; age, 27; born, Poland; watchmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, Aug. 5, '63; transferred, July 14th, to 39th Inf.

NAPOLEON B. FELLOWS; age, 38; born, Hanover, H.N.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 25, '62; mustered out, Feb. 13, '65.

JOHN S. FELTON; age 20; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as musician, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 17, '62.

SIMEON B. FENDERSON; age, 29; born, Parsonfield, Me.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 2, '62; deceased.

CHARLES H. FERNALD; age, 18; born, Houlton, Me.; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; deserted, July 24, '62.

PAUL E. FIEDLER; age, 24; born, Annaberg, Germany; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. A, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62, Bull Run.

EDWIN FIELD; age, 20; born, Chelsea, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; killed, July 1, '63.

THOMAS C. FIELD; age, 18; born, Lisbon, Me.; student; mustered in as corp., Co. G, July 16, '61; died, Dec. 13, '62.

WILLIAM A. FIELD; age, 26; born, Quincy, Mass.; quarryman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 25, '62.

JOHN FINK; age, 26; born, Poland; bartender; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 24, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

HUGH FINNEGAN; age, 22; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; deserted.

CHARLES FISCHER; age, 26; born, Germany; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. F, Aug. 5, '63; deserted, Nov. 5, '63.

JAMES F. FISH; age, 28; born, Sudbury, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 24, '61; dropped from the rolls Sept. 1, '62, his whereabouts being unknown.

ANDREW J. FISHER; age, 22; born, Island of St. Helena; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 27, '63; transferred, July 14, '64, to 39th Inf.

DAVID F. FISKE; age, 25; born, Dedham, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as corp., Co. H, July 20, '61; mustered out, Feb. 3, '63.

EBEN W. FISKE; age, 38; dentist; mustered in as capt., Co. G, July 16, '61; resigned, Dec. 29, '62.

EDGAR A. FISKE; age, 25; born, Millbury, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as corp., Co. E, July 16, '61; promoted to sergeant; killed, July, '63.

EUGENE A. FISKE; age, 18; born, Hooksett, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 12, '64.

JOHN S. FISKE; age, 23; born, Lowell, Mass.; trader; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 6, '62; killed, July 1, '63.

JOSEPH FISKE; age, 34; born, Johnston, R.I.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

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JOSHUA W. FISKE; age, 26; born, Newton, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 24, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Hollis-ton, Mass.

MICHAEL A. FITZGERALD; age, 21; born, Middletown, Ireland; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, April 4, '62; transferred, July 14, '64, 39th Inf.; residence, Pittsfield, Mass.

MICHAEL FITZPATRICK; age, 21; born, Canada; spinner; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 25, '63; deserted, Aug. 17, '63.

JOHN FITZSIMMONS; age, 22; born, Boston; carriage-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 25, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, May 8, '64.

HENRY L. FLAGG; age, 31; born, Ashland, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, March 5, '62; mustered out, Feb. 20, '63.

EDWARD S. FLETCHER; age, 20; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 7, '62; mustered out, Dec. 11, '63.

JOHN FLYE; age, 29; born, New Portland, Me.; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; died of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 26, '63.

PETER FLYNN; age, 26; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

JOHN H. FOLEY; age, 23; mustered in as 2d lieut., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 29, '63; promoted to 1st lieut., July 26, '62; wounded Dec. 13, '62; afterwards served as 2d lieut. in Mass. H.A.

JOHN FOLEY; age, 26; born, Ireland; stereotyper; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as musician, Nov. 4, '62; wounded, Sept. 17, '62.

JAMES L. FORBES; age, 21; born, Dublin, Ire.; theatre; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; was discharged by War Department in '63.

GEORGE FRED. FORD; age, 19; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 16, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; was detailed as clerk at headquarters; residence, Carson City, Nevada.

JOHN C. FORD; age, 25; born, Litchfield, Me.; cabinet-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 5, '62, on account of wounds received at Thoroughfare Gap, Aug. 28, '62.

GEORGE FORKE; age, 25; born, Germany; waiter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 28, '63; deserted, Aug. 19, '63.

CHARLES FORREST; age, 21; born, New Brunswick; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 28, '63; deserted, Oct. 22, '63.

HENRY M. FOSS; age, 19; born, Reading, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 26, '63; wounded, Sept. 17, '62.

EUGENE FOSTER; age, 23; born, Winthrop, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 15, '64; transferred to Co. D, 22d Regt., V.R.C.; residence, Boston, Mass.

HENRY FOSTER; age, 21; born, Scotland; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 24, '63; transferred, July 14, '64, to 39th Inf.

OLIVER M. FOSTER; age, 41; born, Boston; conductor; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 24, '63.

WILLIAM E. FOSTER; age, 31; born, Bristol, Me.; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

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WALTER S. FOWLER; age, 19; born, Dedham, Mass.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 6, '62; mustered out, Sept. 15, '63; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; appointed 2d lieut., Co. F, 5th Mass. Regt.; detailed from 5th to command garrison at Fort Canal, Md.; residence, New York City.

CHARLES BARNARD FOX; age, 28; born, Newburyport, Mass.; freight agent; mustered in as 2d lieut., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., Dec., '62; promoted to 1st lieut., Aug. 16, '62; appointed 1st lieut., 2d Mass. Cavalry, Dec. 1, '62; maj., 55th Mass., June 1, '63; lieut.-col., Dec. 1, '63; brev. col., U.S. Vols., March 13, '65; residence, Boston.

JAMES A. FOX; age, 34; lawyer; mustered in as capt., July 16, '61; resigned, Aug. 14, '62; residence, Cambridge, Mass.

THOMAS FOX; age, 24; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 27, '63; mustered out, Nov. 27, '63.

JOHN FRANCIS; age, 25; born, Azore Islands; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 28, '63; mustered out, April 18, '64, to enlist in navy.

WARREN H. FREEMAN; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, at Williamsport, Md., Dec. 1, '61; mustered out as sergt., Sept. 15, '64; promoted corp., March 1, '63; sergt., July 1, '64; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64; residence, 580 Congress street, Chicago.

ALFRED FRENCH; age, 36; born, Boston; cook; mustered in as priv., Co. F, Sept. 5, '62; transferred, Dec. 2, '63, to V.R.C.

WILLIAM H. FRETTS; age, 27; born, Hebron, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

EDWIN R. FROST; age, 24; salesman; mustered in as 2d lieut., July 16, '61, mustered out as 2d lieut., July 22, '62; residence, Boston.

JOSEPH D. FROST; age, 31; born, Framingham, Mass; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Feb. 12, '62; mustered out, June 18, '63.

SYLVESTER FROST; age, 18; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Natick, Mass.

WILLIAM S. FROST; age, 20; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 20, '61; mustered out, Dec. 1, '62; wounded at 2d Bull Run; residence, Lynn, Mass.

JAMES B. FULLER; age, 20; mustered in as musician, July 26, '61; mustered out, Aug. 31, '62.

JOHN T. FULLER; age, 22; born, Waldo Co., Me.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; drowned in Shenandoah river, June 6, '62.

SAMUEL E. FULLER; age, 22; born, Sunderland, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed as nurse in hospital from Sept., '61; taken prisoner June 30, '63.

WILLIAM H. FURBUSH; age, 18; born, Westboro', Mass.; sleigh-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; transferred to regular army, Jan., '63; died, Jan. 18, '81.

JOSEPH A. GAGE; age, 22; born, Pelham, N.H.; hatter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out, July 19, '64; transferred to Co. H, 24th Regt., V.R.C. from King-street hospital, Alexandria, Aug., '62.

WILLIAM H. GAGE; age, 21; born, Pelham, N.H.; hatter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; died at Baltimore, of wounds received July 1, '63.

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GEORGE W. GALE; age, 24; born, Bristol, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; died of wounds received at Antietam.

LYMAN H. GALE; age, 29; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 31, '62; taken prisoner, Aug. 30, '62; deceased.

GEORGE E. GARDINER; age, 21; born, Lynn, N.H.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. C, March 1, '62; mustered out as corp., Dec. 5, '62.

CHARLES R. GARDNER; age, 23; born, Boston; pianoforte maker; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., Dec. 5, '62; residence, 60 Alpine street, Boston, Mass.

SAMUEL H. GARFIELD; age, 18; born, Sudbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 22, '62; died, May 20, '91.

PETER GARVEY; age, 19; born, South Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 3, '63.

FOSTER W. GASSETT; age, 28; mustered in as musician, July 20, '61; mustered out, Aug. 31, '62.

THOMAS R. GASSETT; age, 21; born, Hopkinton, Mass.; bootmaker; priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; killed, Sept. 17, '62, at Antietam.

WILLIAM H. GASSETT; age, 18; born, Hopkinton, Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 23, '63; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; residence, Hartford, Conn.

GEORGE H. GATES; age, 28; born, Cambridge, N.Y.; brewer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Brooklyn, N.Y.

I. G. GATES; age, 22; born, Shelburne, N.H.; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

ABRAHAM F. GAY; age, 34; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, March 17, '62; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

ALMER H. GAY; age, 27; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. F, July 17, '61; mustered out, May 21, '62, Carver Hospital; residence, Washington, D.C.

JOHN GAY; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 26, '61; deserted, Aug. 23, '61.

NOAH M. GAYLORD; age, 37; clergyman; mustered in as chaplain, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 12, '63, to accept position of post-chaplain Campbell Hospital, Washington; deceased.

GERHART GENTNER; age, 33; born, Germany; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; deserted, Aug. 13, '61; deceased.

GEORGE GERING; age, 32; born, Baden, Ger.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 15, '63, Boston.

MARTIN GERITY; age, 26; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 29, '63; deserted, May 5, '64.

CHARLES E. GERROLD; age, 21; born, Gloucester, Mass.; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to sergt., April 27, '63.

MICHAEL J. GIBLIN; age, 21; born, England; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 20, '63; deserted, May 5, '64.

JAMES GIBSON; age, 24; born, Scotland; shoemaker; mustered in as sergt.,

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July 16, '61; resigned, Nov. 9, '63; promotions: 2d lieut., April 1, '63; 1st lieut., 59th Mass., Nov. 9, '63.

JOHN J. GIBSON; age, 30; born, Nova Scotia; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 24, '63; transferred to navy, April 23, '64.

WILLIAM P. GIFFORD; age, 39; born, Danvers, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 25, '63; deserted, Dec. 1, '63.

AUSTIN GILL; age, 19; born, Worcester, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 31, '61; mustered out, Nov. 28, '65; wounded, June 20, '64.

SAMUEL W. GILMAN; age, 26; born, Boston; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 12, '63.

Wm 8.1900 D WM. H. GIVEN; age, 32; born, Boston; mason; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 26, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

JOSEPH S. GLAZIER; age, 19; born, Cambridgeport, Mass.; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 12, '63; wounded, Aug. 30, '62.

JAMES M. GLEASON; age, 17; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as musician, Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

JOHN GLIDDEN; age, 22; born, Alton, N.H.; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

JOHN GOLDEN; age, 25; born, Germany; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 17, '63; deserted, April 25, '64.

SANFORD K. GOLDSMITH; age, 19; born, Milton, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 6, '64; commissioned 1st lieut., 59th Mass.; residence, Andover, Mass.

D THEODORE H. GOODNOW; age, 18; born, Stowe, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; died of wounds received May 5, '64.

JOHN Y. GOODRICH; age, 19; born, Ware, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; April '62, detailed as clerk at headquarters; taken prisoner, Oct., '63, and exchanged in March, '64, when returned to Fifth Corps headquarters as clerk.

ELLERY E. GOODWIN; age, 18; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

HENRY E. GORDON; age, 23; born, Lowell, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, Feb. 17, '63; residence, 3 Tremont street, Charlestown, Mass.

LEROY GOTT; age, 24; born, England; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 5, '63; mustered out, April 18, '64, to enlist in navy.

SAMUEL GOUGGENHEIMER; age, 21; born, France; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 29, '63; transferred, July 14, '64, to 39th Inf.

D FRANK A. GOULD; age, 20; born, Clinton, Mass.; mechanic; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; died of wounds received at Gettsyburg, July 1, '63.

D JACOB PARKER GOULD; age, 30; civil engineer; mustered in as major, July 16, '61; mustered out as col. 59th Regt., April 21, '64; died of wounds received in front of Petersburg while col. 59th Mass.

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ORATOR GOULD; age, 18; born, Stoneham, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

SAMUEL S. GOULD; age, 19; born, Boston; student; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 15, '62; killed, Sept. 17, '62.

ZIBEON HOOKER GOULD; age, 22; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Natick, Mass.

GEORGE O. GRADY; age, 23; born, Nantucket, Mass.; currier; mustered in as corp., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

LOUIS E. GRANGER; age, 20; born, Hardwick, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 22, '63.

DANIEL B. GRAY; age, 23; born, Broomfield, Me.; powder merchant; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 31, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, Dec. 13, '62.

JOHN T. B. GREEN; age, 18; born, Boston; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 31, '62; reënlisted, Jan. 4, '64; wounded, June 20, '64; residence, Charlestown, Mass.

JOHN W. GREEN; age, 23; born, England; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '61; mustered out, March 14, '63.

MICHAEL J. GREEN; age, 30; born, Ireland; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; transferred to navy, Feb. 14, '62.

ORNE GREEN; age, 23; born, Melrose, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 12, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Reading, Mass.

SAMUEL L. GREEN; age, 21; born, Medford, Mass.; foreman Malden car stables; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Feb. 13, '62; mustered out, Dec. 19, '62; wounded, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Malden, Mass.

LEONARD F. GREENE; age, 29; born, Bedford, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 1, '62.

WILLIAM B. GREENE; age, 26; born, Manchester, Eng.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Natick, Mass.

AARON HOBART GREENWOOD; age, 20; born, Hubbardston, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 14, '63, on account of wounds received at Antietam.

ABNER R. GREENWOOD; age, 20; born, Ashland, Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as sergt., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 27, '63; badly wounded at Antietam; residence, Bedford, Ind.

ALFRED GREENWOOD; age, 20; born, Boston; dentist; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 1, '62.

GILBERT H. GREENWOOD; age, 22; born, Gardner, Mass.; chairmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; promoted to corp.; died of wounds received in the battle of the Wilderness.

WILLIAM A. GRIDLEY; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; deserted April 11, '63; residence, Boston, Mass.

SAMUEL H. GRIFFIN; age, 22; born, Poland, Me.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, '63.

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D. 1901 JOHN W. GRUBB; age, 29; born, Boston; upholsterer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 20, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Malden, Mass.

AMOS L. GUSHEE; age, 25; born, Appleton, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 3, '62.

GEORGE GUSTAVE; age, 22; born, Sweden; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 28, '63; mustered out, Jan. 4, '64.

HENRY M. HADLEY; age, 20; born, East Cambridge, Mass.; morocco-dresser; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

SAMUEL P. HADLEY, JR.; age, 18; born, East Cambridge, Mass.; morrocco-dresser; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, '63.

JOHN HAGGERTY; age, 22; born, England; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 24, '63; deserted, Aug. 16, '63.

D ADNA P. HALL; age, 24; born, Groton, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; killed, Sept. 17, '62.

GEO. W. HALL; age, 21; born, Boston; mariner; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 18, '62; transferred to 39th Mass., July, '64; taken prisoner, July 1, '63, Gettysburg; mustered out, June 30, '65.

JERE. M. HALL; age, 18; born, Somerville, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 19, '62; residence, Malden, Mass.

JOSEPH HALSTRICK, JR.; age, 19; born, Boston, Mass.; silversmith; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 23, '63; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; residence, 65 W. Canton street, Boston.

HENRY A. HAM; age, 28; born, England; porter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 27, '63; transferred, July 14, '64, to 39th Inf.

HENRY A. HAM; age, 26; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 20, '61; mustered out, June 9, '62.

ORREN A. HAMBLETT; age, 23; born, Dracut, Mass.; clothing manufacturer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 25, '62; residence, Mason, N.H.

D WILLIAM ALLEN HANSCOM; age, 27; born, Lewiston, Me.; dry-goods dealer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 7, '63; promoted to 1st lieut. in 79th U.S. Colored Troops; died while in the service.

JOHN HANSON; age, 21; born, Canada; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 27, '63; transferred, April 22, '64, to navy.

THOMAS HANSON; age, 27; born, Prussia; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 22, '63; deserted, Nov. 26, '63.

GEORGE HAPPLETON; age, 22; born, England; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 23, '63; April 14, '64, transferred to navy.

D GEORGE C. HARADEN; age, 18; born, Westboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; died, Dec. 22, '61.

JOHN HARDY; age, 22; born, France; cook; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 18, '63; deserted, Aug. 17, '63.

D AUGUSTINE HARLOW; age, 28; mustered in as capt., Co. D, July 16, '61; resigned, captain, Aug. 3, '63; deceased.

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AUGUSTUS HARPER; age, 23; born, Roxbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 16, '63.

JAMES L. HARRIMAN; age, 29; surgeon; mustered in as assistant surgeon, Aug. 1, '62; mustered out, Feb. 3, '63.

FRANK A. HARRINGTON; age, 18; born, Boston, Mass.; mechanic; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 20, '64; deceased.

GRANVILLE H. HARRIS; age, 20; born, Lancaster, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 26, '62, Trinity General Hospital, Washington, D.C.

HENRY A. HARRIS; age, 21; born, Haverhill, Mass.; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 23, '61; mustered out, March 7, '63; commissioned as 2d lieut., 82d U.S. Colored Troops, March 7, '63; 1st lieut., Jan. 29, '64; capt., Aug., '64; final muster out, Sept. 7, '66; residence, Lawrence, Mass.

JAMES HARRIS; age, 21; born, New York City; moulder; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 28, '63; deserted, Aug. 17, '63.

JOHN HART; age, 26; born, England; bookbinder; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 29, '63; deserted, Aug. 20, '63.

SIMON F. HARTFORD; age, 21; born, Lancaster, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., July 1, '64; detailed as clerk at headquarters, Oct. 21, '63, and served in that capacity the remainder of the term.

GEORGE E. HARTWELL; age, 17; born, Shirley, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 18, '62; deceased.

GEORGE E. HARTWELL; age, 38; born, West Boylston, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 14, '62; mustered out, Jan. 9, '63; badly wounded at Antietam; residence, Westboro', Mass.

LYMAN HASKELL; age, 23; born, Westboro', Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, May 5, '64; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

SETH G. HASKELL; age, 31; born, Marlboro', Mass.; trader; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Hudson, Mass.

ABEL B. HASTINGS; age, 18; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, Aug. 30, '62, and taken prisoner at Gettysburg; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

FRANCIS W. HASTINGS; age, 21; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; deserted, Sept. 28, '63.

FRANK B. HASTINGS; age, 18; born, Roxbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 20, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 3, '63; residence, in the State of Oregon.

GEORGE H. HASTINGS; age, 19; born, Roxbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 22, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES HAWKINS; age, 29; born, Scotland; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 24, '63; deserted, Nov. 28, '63.

CHARLES HAYES; age, 21; born, Connecticut; gilder; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 25, '63; deserted, Nov. 28, '63.

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EDMUND P. HAYES, age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Feb. 24, '62; transferred, July 14, '64, to 39th Inf.; died of wounds received while in the 13th Mass.

EPHRAIM HAYES; age, 44; born, Milton, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 20, '63.

HENRY HAYES; age, 19; born, Farmington, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 24, '62.

SYLVESTER A. HAYES; age, 33; born, Milton, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; killed, July 1, '63.

CHARLES E. HAYNES; age, 24; born, Sudbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62, at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62, and at Spottsylvania, May, '64; residence, Sudbury, Mass.

LEANDER A. HAYNES; age, 27; born, Sudbury, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

SAMUEL M. HAYNES; age, 28; born, Wayland, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Jan. 6, '63, Philadelphia; promoted to corp., Aug. 17, '61; enlisted in the 59th Mass., Dec., '63; wounded, Sept. 30, '64; residence, Hudson, Mass.

ALBERT A. HAZELTINE; age, 24; born, Springfield, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Aug. 7, '62; died, Nov. 15, '62, of wounds received at Manassas.

GEORGE R. HEALY; age, 24; born, Weymouth, Mass.; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; died, Dec. 5, '62.

WARREN M. HEALY; age, 22; born, Weymouth, Mass.; carriage trim.; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 22, '62.

J. THEODORE HEARD; age, 25; born, Boston; physician; mustered in as asst.-surg., July 16, '61; mustered out as surg., Oct. 25, '65; promoted to surg., U.S. Vols., May 1, '62; brevetted lieut.-col., March 13, '65; May 1, '62, assigned as brig. surg., 1st Brig., 2d Div., 1st A.C. (then Duryea's brigade of McDowell's Corps); Oct. 28, '62, assigned as surg.-in-chief, 2d Div., 1st A.C.; Nov. 10, '62, assigned as medical director of the 1st Corp, Army of the Potomac, commanded by Gen. John F. Reynolds, remaining in that position until the 1st Corps was consolidated with the 5th Corps under Gen. Warren, March 23, '64; March 25, '64, assigned as surg.-in-chief of artillery reserve, Army of the Potomac; April 30, '64, assigned as medical director, 4th Corps, Army of the Cumberland; promoted to lieut.-col. by act of Congress (dated Feb. 25, '65), March 13, '65; residence, 20 Louisburg square, Boston.

WALTER S. C. HEATH; age, 29; born, Cornwall, Canada; watchmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 2, '62; reported deserter, March, '64.

HENRY J. A. HEBARD; age, 18; born, Norwich, Conn.; engineer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 29, '61; transferred as corp., July 14, '64, to 39th Inf.; wounded, July 1, '63; residence, Alameda, Cal.

ROBERT B. HENDERSON; age, 26; born, Portsmouth, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as sergt., July 20, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., Aug. 1, '64; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; taken prisoner while in hospital, and paroled by surgeon in charge; promoted to 2d lieut., Jan. 10, '63; to 1st lieut., Aug. 4, '63; acting adjutant of the regiment from April, '63, to March, '64, when he was ordered, on account of wounds, to report at draft

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rendezvous in Boston Harbor, serving there as asst.-quartermaster until mustered out; residence, 12 Beacon street, Boston.

WILLIAM HENDERSON; age, 24; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 25, '63; deserted, April 26, '64.

WILLIAM A. HENDERSON; age, 18; born, Boston; plumber; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; deserted, Aug. 23, '61.

WILLIAM HENSCHEL; age, 32; born, Prussia; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 4, '63; deserted, Nov. 26, '63.

ALBERT E. HENTZ; age, 20; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 4, '63; wounded, Aug. 30, '62, Manassas; residence, Boston.

MARTIN HICKEY; age, 22; born, New Brunswick; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 24, '63; mustered out, March 19, '64.

DAVID F. HICKS; age, 24; born, Roxbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. B, July 16, '61; promoted to 1st lieut., 2d U.S. Colored Troops, March 7, '63; resigned, Jan. 22, '64; residence, Lawton, Mich.

MARTIN HIGGINS; age, 21; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. E, Aug. 4, '63; deserted, Oct. 22, '63.

SAMUEL A. HILDRETH; age, 28; born, Newton, Mass; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES HILL; age, 25; born, New York; calker; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 28, '63; deserted, Sept. 17, '63.

GEO. H. HILL; age, 20; born, Portsmouth, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., July 16, '61; promoted to corp., '63; taken prisoner, May 1, '64, and sent to Andersonville; address, 79 Franklin street, Boston.

JOHN M. HILL; age, 32; born, Worcester, Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Feb. 17, '62; mustered out, 39th Mass., Feb. 20, '65; promoted to corp., Nov. 1, '63; surrendered warrant to accept detail at headquarters as mounted pioneer; transferred to 39th Mass.; mustered out, Feb. 17, '65; residence, Spencer, Mass.

EDWIN F. HILLMAN; age, 23; born, Livermore, Me.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 9, '62; deceased.

JAMES M. HILTON; age, 22; born, Newport, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 23, '62.

WILLIAM M. HILTON; age, 23; born, Wiscasset, Me.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Feb. 13, '62; transferred to 39th Mass., July 15, '64; residence, Medford, Mass.

SAMUEL S. HINCKLEY; age, 19; born, E. Bridgewater, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; transferred to V.R.C. as sergt.-major, July 1, '63; residence, San Francisco, Cal.

LLOYD W. HIXON; age, 34; born, Great Falls, N.H.; physician; mustered in as asst. surg., March 21, '63; mustered out as asst. surg., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Newburyport, Mass.

WILLIAM J. HOBBS; age, 28; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

ELIAS O. HODGE; age, 23; born, Marlow, N.H.; leather-cutter; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., April 5, '63; taken prisoner, July 1, '63; exchanged, May 1, '64; rejoined regiment, June 6, '64; residence, Detroit, Mich.

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HIRAM G. HODGKINS; age, 24; born, Waterville, Vt.; boot-treer; mustered in as corp., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed in Q.M. Dept. after Aug. 2, '62; residence, Leonie, Nebraska.

EDWARD HOLBROOK; age, 22; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; deserted, July 30, '61.

SILAS P. HOLBROOK; age, 28; born, Dorchester, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; clerk at headquarters, 1st and 5th A.C.; promoted to 2d lieut., 45th U.S. Colored Troops, Sept. 6, '64; mustered out as 2d lieut., 45th U.S. Colored Troops, April 25, '65; residence, Dorchester, Mass.

HENRY A. HOLDEN; age, 19; born, Quincy, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

HOLLIS HOLDEN; age, 44; born, Newfane, Vt.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 11, '62; killed, Sept. 17, '62, at Antietam.

CHARLES E. HOLDER; age, 18; born, Marlboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; deserted, June 12, '62.

LOUIS P. HOLLANDER; age, 20; born, New York City; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 2, '62; residence, Somerville, Mass.

ALBERT F. HOLMES; age, 22; born, Nantucket, Mass.; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded in the wilderness; deceased.

CHARLES A. HOLMES; age, 25; born, No. Auburn, Me.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 20, '62.

SOLON HOLMES; age, 23; born, Grafton, Vt.; salesman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 17, '62; deceased.

CHARLES W. HOLT; age, 25; born, Landgrove, Vt.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 28, '61; mustered out, Sept. 22, '62; appointed quartermaster in U.S. service; deceased.

JOHN M. HOLT; age, 25; born, Marlboro', Mass.; musician; mustered in as musician, July 16, '61; mustered out as musician, Sept. 2, '62.

EUGENE J. HOLYOKE; age, 19; born, Marlboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 17, '62; deceased.

HENRY A. HOLYOKE; age, 25; born, Marlboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed in ambulance corps; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

SAMUEL S. HOOD; age, 29; born, Salem, Mass.; leather-dresser; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 1, '62.

GEORGE H. HORN; age, 22; born, Dover, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 16, '62.

CHARLES E. HORNE; age, 21; born, Farmington, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as 4th sergt., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., Sept. 18, '64; promoted, 1st sergt., Jan., '63, to 2d lieut., July 1, '63, and 1st lieut., March, '64; wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, '63, and at Spottsylvania C.H., May 8, '64; at latter place lost right arm; was also taken prisoner and confined in Libby until Sept. 8, '64; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

ROLLINS T. HORTON; age, 17; born, Clarendon, Vt.; baker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64.

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THOMAS HORTON; age, 23; born, England; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 23, '63; deserted, May 5, '64.

JAMES L. HOSMER; age, 21; born, Acton, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 6, '62; dropped from rolls, Oct. 10, '62.

ALBERT R. HOVEY; age, 24; born, Portland, Me.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Lewiston, Me.

CHARLES H. HOVEY; age, 31; born, Boston, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as 1st lieut., Co. D, July 16, '61; promoted to capt., Co. K, Nov. 6, '61; to lieut.-col., April 16, '64; wounded, Sept. 17, '62, in face, at battle of Antietam, while in command of Co. K; wounded at Battle of Gettysburg, July 1, '63, and fell into the enemy's hands while acting as division inspector on General Robinson's staff; recaptured, July 4, '63; wounded at Gettysburg in right thigh near knee; detailed from regiment as brigade inspector on General Taylor's staff, 3d Brigade, 2d Div., 1st Corps, on Jan. 15, '63; on May 7, '63, on the retreat from Chancellorsville, promoted to division inspector on staff of General Robinson, commanding 2d Div., 1st Corps, and served in that capacity till wounded at Gettysburg; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; address, 39 Circuit street, Boston Highlands.

JOHN G. HOVEY; age, 33; mustered in as 1st lieut., Co. B, July 16, '61; resigned as capt., Jan. 7, '64; promoted to capt., Jan. 31, '62; residence, Philadelphia, Pa.

DAVIS P. HOWARD; age, 20; born, No. Bridgewater, Mass.; brakeman; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 1, '62; residence, So. Framingham, Mass.

EDWARD J. HOWARD; age, 19; born, Salem, Mass.; artist; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 25, '64, Washington; residence, Boston, Mass.

HENRY HOWARD; age, 21; born, Damariscotta, Me.; carriage-painter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, 1863; promoted to corp., Jan. 1, '63.

WILLIAM L. HOWARTH; age, 20; born, Boston; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. D., July 27, '61; entered the U.S. Navy, April 29, '63, as master's mate; promoted to ensign, Sept. 17, '64; to master, Oct. 27, '64; was taken prisoner at blowing up of the "Albemarle," and paroled Feb. 24, '65; commissioned as master in the regular service, March 12, '68; resigned April 2, '69; received prize money, $35,887.50.

ALFRED G. HOWE; age, 36; born, Marlboro', Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as sergt., Co. I, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

CHARLES A. HOWE; age, 24; born, Leominster, Mass.; trader; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 10, '63; wounded at Antietam; residence, Hudson, Mass.

CHARLES E. HOWE; age, 18; born, Gonic, N.H.; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 28, '61; transferred to Co. I, 19th V.R.C., Dec. 13, '63; mustered out, April 1, '64; residence, Lowell, Mass.

CRANSTON HOWE; age, 19; born, Shrewsbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 4, '63; wounded, Aug. 30, '62, Manassas; residence, Natick, Mass.

JACOB A. HOWE; age, 31; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., Aug. 1, '64; promotions: com.

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sergt., June 1, '62; 2d lieut., July 23, '62; 1st lieut., Jan. 10, '63; capt., Aug. 4, '63; residence, Malden, Mass.

JOHN H. HOWE; age, 23; born, Berlin, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 18, '62; reënlisted, Co. I, 5th Mass. (100 days); residence, Linden, Orange Co., Kan.

J. R. HOWE; age, 18; born, Orange, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 29, '62; mustered out, Feb. 9, '63.

RUFUS HOWE; age, 20; born, Boylston, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 14, '63; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; deceased.

STEPHEN A. HOWE; age, 19; mustered in as musician, July 16, '61; mustered out as musician, Sept. 1, '62.

W. H. H. HOWE; age, 20; born, Orange, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed at headquarters in commissary department; residence, Felton Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

WILLIAM G. HOWE; age, 25; musician; mustered in as member of band, July 16, '61; mustered out as member of band, Sept. 1, '62.

WILLIAM P. HOWE; age, 19; born, Stowe, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F., July 16, '61; mustered out, March 14, '63; wounded at Antietam; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

CHARLES C. HOWLAND; age, 27, born, Westport, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 20, '62; appointed 2d lieut., 38th Mass.; afterwards capt. in same regiment; residence, 650 Shawmut avenue, Boston.

DIXI C. HOYT; age, 27; born, Northfield, N.H.; physician; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; never left the State; in 1864 appointed asst.-surgeon, 2d Mass. H.A.; died in '64.

WILLIAM HUDSON; age, 25; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 27, '63; transferred to navy, April 18, '64.

JOHN HUGHES; age, 29; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 28, '63; mustered out, Jan. 17, '64.

ORRA H. HUMPHREY; age, 22; born, Hingham, Mass.; paper-hanger; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Cambridge, Mass.

WALTER HUMPHREYS; age, 20; born, Dorchester, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 7, '62; died of wounds received June 2, '64.

IRVING S. HUNT; age, 25; born, Charlestown, Mass.; leather-dealer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 4, '62; residence, 26 Coenties Slip, New York.

J. EDWIN HUNT; age, 22; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Jan. 19, '63; detailed as clerk at Convalescent Camp, Alexandria, Va.; address, City Hall, Boston.

SAMUEL E. HUNT, JR.; age, 21; born, Marlboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed to ambulance train soon after battle of Antietam; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

SAMUEL P. HUNT; age, 19; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 15, '64; detailed as librarian, Campbell Hospital, Washington, D.C.

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JOHN L. HUNTOON; age, 25; born, Loudon, N.H.; carriage-painter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, March 25, '63.

GEORGE S. HUTCHINGS; age, 26; born, Salem, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 28, '63; address, 23 Irvington street, Boston.

GEORGE W. HYDE; age, 20; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

ALBION L. JACKSON; age, 18; born, Boston; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; wounded and taken prisoner, Gettysburg, July 1, '63, and wounded at North Anna River, '64; residence, Green Harbor, Mass.

CHARLES F. JACKSON; age, 18; born, Watertown; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 18, '61; mustered out as corp., Nov. 25, '62; residence, Watertown, Mass.

DANIEL R. JACKSON; age, 21; born, Roxbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. E, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 28, '62.

WILLIAM H. JACKSON; age, 28; born, Watertown, Mass.; civil engineer; mustered in as 1st lieut., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., March 5, '63; address, 50 Bromfield street, Boston.

WILLIAM P. JACKSON; age, 21; born, Boston; grocer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Jan. 22, '63; residence, Boston, Mass.

ALBERT JENKINS; age, 26; born, Bradford, Vt.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. G, July 16, '61; reënlisted, Jan. 4, '64; transferred to 39th Mass.

WILLIAM JENKINS; age, 28; born, Boston; mason; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 14, '63; died, March 22, '92.

FRANCIS JENKS; age, 22; shoemaker; mustered in as 2d lieut., Co. H, July 16, '61; resigned, April 30, '62.

EDWIN R. JENNESS; age, 19; born, Roxbury, Mass.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; wounded, May 8, '63; residence, 764 Shawmut avenue, Boston.

GEORGE E. JEPSON; age, 20; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 29, '61; mustered out as priv., Aug. 1, '64; Jan., '63, detailed at headquarters, 1st and 5th Corps; residence, Watertown, Mass.

ALFRED JOHNSON; age, 19; born, Westminster, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

CHARLES A. JOHNSON; age, 28; born, Eastport, Me.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, Oct. 11, '62; died Dec. 12, '68.

HENRY JOHNSON; age, 33; born, Germany; mariner; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Jan. 14, '64; transferred to navy, April 21, '64.

HOLLIS L. JOHNSON; age, 23; born, Berlin, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; killed Aug. 30, '62.

JOHN H. JOHNSON; age, 24; born, Upton, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Upton, Mass.

JOHN N. P. JOHNSON; age, 42; born, Berlin, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 30, '62.

MORTIMER JOHNSON; age, 19; born, Sudbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in

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as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.; reenlisted, Feb. 19, '64; promoted to sergt.

ROBERT F. JOHNSON; age, 27; born, Roxbury, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; mustered out, Dec. 26, '62.

SETH W. JOHNSON; age, 20; born, Dover, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 11, '63.

WILLIAM JOHNSON; age, 23; born, Ireland; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '63; deserted, Nov. 21, '63.

WILLIAM JOHNSON; age, 28; born, New York City; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 25, '63; transferred, July 16, '64, to 39th Inf.

WILLIAM G. JOHNSON; age, 23; born, Eastport, Me.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, 746 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass.

WILLIAM H. JOHNSON; age, 24; born, Boston; marketman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 15, '64.

ALBERT V. JOHNSTON; age, 19; born, South Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 4, '63; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; residence, South Boston, Mass.

DAVID L. JONES; age, 18; born, Boston; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; reënlisted, Jan. 4, '64; transferred as sergt. to 39th Mass.; residence, Boston, Mass.

FLORENTINE A. JONES; age, 20; born, Rumney, N.H.; watchmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 24, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston, Mass.

FRANK JONES; age, 32; born, Springfield, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 25, '63; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

GEORGE F. JONES; age, 20; born, Roxbury, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, '63, and May 10, '64; residence, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

GEORGE F. JONES; age, 22; born, Charlestown, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 17, '62, Philadelphia.

GEORGE W. JONES; age, 22; born, Sudbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

HENRY H. JONES; age, 20; born, Wolfboro', N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., May, '63; residence, Melrose, Mass.

JOHN JONES; age, 25; born, Lebanon, Me.; carpenter; mustered in as corp., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 9, '63; afterwards 1st lieut., 6th Unattached Co., Mass. Vols., and 1st lieut., 4th H.A.; residence, Eldora, Hardin Co., Ia.

LEWELLYN JONES; age, 20; born, South Solon, Me.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; reënlisted, Jan. 4, '64; transferred to 39th Mass.; promoted to corp.

LYMAN A. JONES; age, 30; born, Sudbury, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 13, '62.

WILLIAM JONES; age, 28; born, Cleveland, O.; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 31, '61; mustered out, Nov. 16, '63, to enlist in the U.S. Navy.

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WILLIAM H. JONES; age, 22; mustered in as principal musician, July 26, '61; mustered out as principal musician, Aug. 31, '62.

WILLIAM H. JONES; age, 23; born, Lynn, Mass.; pattern-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 16, '64; residence, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM H. JONES; age, 23; born, England; harness-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 27, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

WILLIAM M. JONES; age, 32; born, Nantucket; mariner; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 24, '61; died, Aug. 26, '62.

SAMUEL JORDAN; age, 37; born, Bridgeton, Me.; wheelwright; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 10, '62; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; died, May 29, '93, at Worcester, Mass.; promoted to corp., July 1, '64; taken prisoner at Gettysburg.

WALTER H. JUDSON; age, 35; lawyer; mustered in as 2d lieut., Co. C, July 16, '61; dismissed, Nov. 22, '62.

JAMES KANE; age, 19; born, New York City; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; transferred Feb. 17, '62, to Western flotilla.

THOMAS R. KEENAN; age, 24; born, Ireland; conductor; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 20, '61; mustered out as priv., Co. A, Feb. 10, '62; commissioned in 17th Mass. Reg., and wounded or killed in action.

CHARLES W. KEETING; age, 22; born, Lowell, Mass.; student; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 13, '63.

JOSEPH A. KEETING; age, 19; born, Lowell, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., Nov., '63; carried the national colors from May 8, '64, to date of discharge.

MICHAEL KEETING; age, 22; born, Ireland; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 24, '63; transferred to navy, April 18, '64.

GEORGE KEITH; age, 29; born, Ireland; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 28, '63; transferred to navy, April 13, '64.

JOHN E. KEITH; age, 19; born, Brooklyn, N.Y.; draughtsman; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; Nov. 2, '62, died of wounds received at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62.

NELSON KEITH; age, 25; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

BALTHASEN KELLER; age, 24; born, Germany; clothier; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Nov. 5, '63; never reported for duty.

JOSEPH K. KELLEY; age, 20; born, Boothbay, Me.; mason; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 28, '61; mustered out as sergt.; died Sept. 18, '63, of fever, at Armory Hospital, Washington, D.C.

M. F. KELLEY; age, 18; born, Roxbury, Mass.; paper-carrier; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 29, '61; transferred to V.R.C., Dec. 13, '63.

HENRY KELLOGG, JR.; age, 19; born, Roxbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 23, '63; residence, Boston, Mass.

JAMES KELLY; age, 22; born, England; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 27, '63; transferred to navy, April 23, '64.

GEORGE V. KEMP; age, 22; born, Lyman, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

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EDMOND H. KENDALL; age, 30; born, Sterling, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Aug. 4, '62; killed Dec. 13, '62, at Fredericksburg.

EDWARD KENDALL; age, 17; born, Boston; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as musician, Feb. 19, '64; residence, Chelsea, Mass.

JAMES T. E. KENDALL; age, 25; born, Boston; chair-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; died of wounds received at battle of Antietam, Oct. 1, '62.

JAMES W. KENNAY; age, 24; born, London, Eng.; cabinet-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergeant, April 9, '64.

WILLIAM J. KERRIGAN; age, 22; born, Middleburg, Vt.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; deserted Aug. 1, '63.

THEOPHILUS KILBY; age, 20; born, Dennysville, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 20, '62.

CHARLES D. KIMBALL; age, 28; born, Bath, Me.; hatter; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 24, '65; taken prisoner at Gettysburg, July 1, '63; taken prisoner again at Cold Harbor, June 3, '64; exchanged, Nov. 29, '64; deceased.

GEORGE H. KIMBALL; age, 19; born, Middlesex, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as priv., Jan. 31, '63, to receive commission in a native Louisiana regiment; residence, Los Angeles, Cal.

WILLIAM B. KIMBALL; age, 28; born, Oakham, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as corp., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., Aug. 1, '64; promotions: 1st sergt., July 19, '61; commissary sergt., March 1, '62; 2d lieut., May 25, '62; 1st lieut., Feb. 27, '63; capt., Oct. 4, '63; residence, Enfield, Mass.

FRANCIS M. KIMMENS; age, 19; born, Bolton, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; reënlisted, Feb. 19, '64, and transferred to 39th Mass., as corp., July 14, '64.

GEORGE KING; age, 23; born, Canada; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 25, '63; deserted, Feb. 18, '64.

GEORGE L. KING; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; died, '93.

JAMES KING; age, 26; born, Ireland; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 23, '63; transferred to navy, April 22, '64.

JOHN W. KING; age, 18; born, Boston; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 26, '63.

ROBERT KING; age, 20; born, Boston, Mass.; ropemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 26, '63.

WILLIAM KING; age, 27; born, Plymouth, Mass.; mariner; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 21, '62; mustered out, Dec. 20, '62; never did duty with company.

JOHN W. KIRBY; age, 19; born, North Cambridge, Mass.; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

HENRY P. KITFIELD; age, 20; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 29, '62.

PAUL C. KITTREDGE; age, 50; born, Littleton, Mass.; physician; mustered in as priv., Co. H., July 16, '61; mustered out, May 24, '62.

LEWIS KITTRIDGE; age, 28; born, Germany; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; died, Nov. 23, '61, Baltimore.

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MINOT M. KITTRIDGE; age, 22; born, Nelson, N.H.; provision-dealer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 25, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, '63; residence, Boston.

JOHN F. KLENERT; age, 31; born, Wolfartsweier, Ger.; shoemaker; mustered in as private, Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., July 16, '64, New York; promoted to corp., Nov. 1, '62; sergt., June 24, '63; wounded at Gettysburg, July 1, '63; residence, Nashua, N.H.

CASPER KLING; age, 33; born, Germany; cigar-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 4, '63; transferred, July 13, '64.

FRANCIS W. KNAPP; age, 25; mustered in as musician, July 26, '61; mustered out as musician, Aug. 31, '62.

DANIEL E. KNOX; age, 22; born, Eastport, Me.; ambrotype; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 12, '63; wounded, Aug. 30, '62.

JULIUS F. KRAITZER; age, 20; born, Walpole, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

ANTON KRASINSKIR; age, 26; born, Russia; cabinet-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; mustered out, Dec. 5, '62; residence, Field's Corner, Dorchester.

CARL KREBS; age, 31; born, Hanover, Germany; tailor; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Feb. 25, '62; died, Sept. 17, '62.

JOHN KURTZ; trader; mustered in as capt., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, for promotion, as col. of the 23d Mass.; died, Nov. 10, '81.

JOHN LACKEY; age, 25; born, Hopkinton, Mass.; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as priv., Aug. 1, '64; served as teamster, Q.M. Dept.; residence, Oakham, Mass.

JOHN E. LA CLAIR; age, 28; born, Highgate, Vt.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; killed, Sept. 17, '62.

JOHN LAHEY; age, 21; mustered in Co. G, July 16, '61; deserted, July 30, '61.

H. O. LAMB; age, 24; born, Somerville, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; deserted, July 29, '61.

ELBRIDGE LANE; age, 47; mustered in as musician, July 26, '61; mustered out as musician, Aug. 31, '62.

CHARLES H. LANG; age, 33; born, Stratham, N.H.; cabinet-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Co. G, April 30, '64; promotions: corp., Sept. 1, '63; 2d lieut., 59th Mass., April 19, '64; 1st lieut., Aug. 20, '64; wounded, Sept. 17, '62; taken prisoner, Petersburg, July 30, '64, and released March 1, '65; residence, Reading, Mass.

SAMUEL A. LANGLEY; age, 18; born, Providence, R.I.; porter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, Oct. 21, '61; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64; residence, West Newton, Mass.

ALFRED LAPIERRE; age, 23; born, Canada; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 27, '63; transferred to 39th Mass.

GEORGE LARKIN; age, 30; born, Canada; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 24, '63; deserted, Aug. 20, '63.

AUSTIN B. LAWRENCE; age, 32; mustered in as musician, July 26, '61; mustered out as musician, Aug. 31, '62.

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JOSHUA T. LAWRENCE; age, 20; born, Roxbury, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 22, '61; killed, Sept. 17, '62, at Antietam.

WALTER LAWRENCE; age, 22; born, England; builder; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 24, '63; deserted, Nov. 14, '63.

ALONZO C. H. LAWS; age, 18; born, Boston; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Dorchester, Mass.

JAMES O. LEARY; age, 40; born, England; plumber; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 28, '63; deserted, Dec. 1, '63.

EDWARD LEE; age, 30; born, Ireland; tailor; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, May 9, '64.

HAYWARD LEE; age, 21; born, New York City; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 30, '62.

JAMES P. LEEDS; age, 20; born, Newport, R.I.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed on special service for the Treasury Department in '62; residence, Boston, Mass.

GEORGE LEHMAN; age, 19; born, Roxbury, Mass; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; transferred to V.R.C.; wounded, July 1, '63; residence, Lynn, Mass.

CHARLES E. LELAND; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; killed at Gettysburg, July 1, '63.

GEORGE S. LEMOYNE; age, 23; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. C, July 16, '61; transferred, July 1, '63, V.R.C.; wounded, Aug. 28, '62.

JOEL H. LEMOYNE; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, August 1, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '63.

ANDREW W. LEONARD; age, 19; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out for promotion, Aug. 18, '63; promoted, 2d lieut., 54th Mass., Aug. 18, '63; 1st lieut., Jan., '64; capt., 103d U.S. Col. Troops, May, '65; died in Illinois.

SAMUEL H. LEONARD; age, 36; born, Bolton; expressman; mustered in as col., July 16, '61; mustered out as col., Aug. 1, '64; by reason of his seniority in rank he acted as brigade commander, at different times, for a period of nearly two years; was in command of the brigade picket for the advance guard of the Army of the Potomac the winter of '63-'64; was wounded at Gettysburg; residence, West Newton, Mass.

GEORGE F. LESLIE; age, 20; born, Saxonville, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, March, '63, at Newark, N.J.; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; deceased.

MORRIS LEVINS; age, 26; born, Ireland; cook; mustered in as priv., Co. E, Jan. 6, '62; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64; was a sergt. in the Regular Army at the time of his death, '93.

EDWARD A. LEWIS; age, 21; born, Woburn, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

FRANK A. LEY; age, 28; born, Germany; pianoforte-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 28, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

FREDERICK A. LIBBEY; age, 18; born, South Boston; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out as drummer, Aug. 1, '64; appointed drummer, Co. E, Oct. 20, '61; residence, 88 Banks street, Cambridge, Mass.

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CHARLES T. LINFIELD; age, 21; born, South Weymouth, Mass.; conductor; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 8, '62; died, Oct. 30, '62, on account of wounds.

ALBERT M. LISCOM; age, 23; born, Worcester, Mass.; mechanic, pianoforte; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 30, '63; deceased.

ALVIN S. LITCHFIELD; age, 22; born, Lewiston, Me.; provision-dealer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; taken prisoner, Chambersburg, Pa., Sept., '62, by Stuart; address, 41 Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

BENJAMIN LITCHFIELD; age, 24; born, Lewiston, Me.; provision-dealer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 29, '62; served in commissary department eight months; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; taken prisoner at Chambersburg, Pa., while in hospital; residence, Lewiston, Me.

THOMAS J. LITTLE; age, 24; born, Portland, Me.; boot and shoe dealer; mustered in as sergt.-major, July 16, '61; promotions: 2d lieut., March 16, '62; 1st lieut., Nov. 29, '62; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; appointed 2d lieut., 5th Unattached H.A., March 29, '63; capt., June 4, '63; residence, Portland, Me.

JACOB H. LITTLEFIELD; age, 19; born, Boston; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 24, '61; died of wounds, Nov. 19, '62.

OLIVER C. LIVERMORE; age, 23; born, Waltham, Mass.; paper-dealer; mustered in as 1st sergt., July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., Aug. 1, '64; promotions: sergt.-major, April 1, '62; 2d lieut., Jan. 28, '62; 1st lieut., Dec. 30, '62; and capt., May 1, '63; detached from regiment as follows: Feb., '63, A.A., A.G., 3d Brig., 2d Div., 1st A.C.; May 20, '63, A.A., inspector, 1st Brig., 2d Div., 1st A.C.; March, '64, A.D.C. and A.A.A. Gen., 2d Div., 1st A.C.; May 10, '64, A.D.C., Staff 5th A.C.; June, '64, A.D.C. and chief of Construction Corps, 3d Div., 5th A.C.; as 2d lieut. assigned to Co. C.; as 1st lieut., assigned to Co. C; as capt., assigned to Co. A; served on staffs of Cols. Leonard and McCoy, commanding brigade; Brig.-gen. G. R. Paul, Brig.-com. Gen. J. C. Robinson, Div.-com. and Gen. G. K. Warren, 5th Corps, and Gen. Crawford, 2d Div., 5th A.C.; residence, Wellesley Hills, Mass

ANDREW J. LLOYD; age, 28; born, Gloucester, Mass.; watchmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston.

FRED D. LOCKE; age, 19; born, Chester, Vt.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; was a prisoner from July 1, '63, to May 5, '64; residence, Le Vegas, N.M.

FREDERICK J. LOCKE; age, 21; born, Natick, Mass.; accountant; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; deserted, Oct. 13, '62.

JOHN S. LOCKWOOD; age, 22; born, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 8, '62; mustered out, Aug. 8, '64, Washington; detailed as clerk at various headquarters from Oct. 26, '62; residence, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM S. LONG; age, 22; mustered in Co. C, July 16, '61; deserted, July 29, '61.

GEORGE A. LORD, JR.; age, 19; born, South Boston; draughtsman; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 30, '61.

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HENRY C. LORD; age, 26; born, Boston; leather; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 26, '62; wounded, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Malden, Mass.

ISAAC A. LORD; age, 22; born, Effingham, N.H.; binder; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, Jan. 2, '63; wounded; residence, Melrose, Mass. (?)

JOSEPH L. LORD; age, 21; born, Boston; silversmith; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

Feb 2. 1900 D WILLIAM H. LORD; age, 19; born, Boston; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Malden, Mass.

D WILLIAM H. LORD; age, 20; born, Lowell, Mass.; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 10, '63; died, '93.

HENRY LOREY; age, 24; born, Germany; cabinet-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 15, '63; wounded at Gettysburg.

FRANK W. LORING; age, 18; mustered in as musician, July 16, '61; mustered out as musician, Aug. 31, '62.

D WASHINGTON I. LOTHROP; age, 23; born, Weymouth, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

CHARLES T. LOVE; age, 19; born, Charlestown, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Clinton, Mass.

D 4/15/98 ALDEN LOVELL; age, 29; born, Worcester, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as priv., Feb. 14, '63; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Westboro', Mass.

D DANIEL A. LOVERING; age, 38; born, Sudbury, Mass.; powder-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 6, '62; killed, June 3, '64, Cold Harbor.

D JOHN G. LOVERING; age, 44; born, Exeter, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 22, '61; mustered out, June 14, '62; died in '91.

LYMAN H. LOW; age, 18; born, Boston; hardware; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 22, '64, Washington; detailed as clerk at Point Lookout; with Q.M. at Convalescent Camp; and Q.M. sergt. at Ayer General Hospital; residence, New York.

JAMES H. LOWELL; age, 19; born, Boston; lithographer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 1, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded at 2d Bull Run; residence, Holton, Kan.

STEPHEN LUFKIN; age, 48; born, Chester, N.H.; toolmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 12, '62; mustered out, Jan. 29, '63.

STEPHEN W. LUFKIN; age, 18; born, Woburn, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 8, '62; mustered out, May 20, '64; wounded at Gettysburg; residence, Wakefield, Mass.

HIRAM H. LUFLER; age, 21; born, Roxbury, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 15, '64; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

GEORGE A. LYFORD; age, 23; born, Boston; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., for wounds received at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, '62, Washington, Jan., '63; promoted to corp., July, '61; residence, Rouseville, Pa.

JOHN LYNCH; age, 21; born, Maine; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. I, Aug. 5, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64.

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MICHAEL LYNCH; age, 20; born, Ireland; bootfitter; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded before Petersburg, June 17, '64; deceased.

MICHAEL LYNCH; age, 21; born, Ireland; baker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 27, '63; deserted, Aug. 19, '63.

ALBERT LYNDE; age, 20; born, West Brookfield, Mass.; marketman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, June 20, '64.

JAMES MACEY; age, 20; born, Melrose, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, 34 Vine street, Lynn, Mass.

JOHN MACMAHON; age, 21; born, Youghal, Ireland; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 25, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; wounded, Aug. 30, '62; appointed acting asst.-paymaster U.S. Navy, Nov. 11, '64; asst.-paymaster, July 23, '66; past asst.-paymaster, Dec. 10, '67, and paymaster in '77; died, Sept., '93.

JOSEPH W. MACRAE; age, 17; born, London, Eng.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

CHAS. CHRISTOPHER MAGRAW; age, 22; born, Waterville, N.Y.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; died, Aug. 20, '84.

PATRICK MAHAN; age, 37; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 27, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64; wounded in the Wilderness; residence, East Boston, Mass.

THEODORE L. MAHAN; age, 29; born, Boston; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Marlborough, Mass.

THOMAS MAHONEY; age, 21; born, New Brunswick; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 24, '63; deserted, April 17, '64.

JACOB MAITZ; age, 35; born, Germany; brewer; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 27, '63; transferred to 39th Mass.

CHARLES MAKILL; age, 32; born, Germany; baker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 29, '63; transferred to 39th Mass.

GEORGE L. MANCHESTER; age, 27; born, King's County, N.B.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Feb. 22, '62; mustered out, Jan. 13, '64.

ANDREW J. MANN; age, 20; born, Oxford, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

FRANCIS H. MANN; age, 19; born, Milton, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 14, '62; residence, Randolph, Mass.

HORACE MANN; age, 21; born, Boston; currier; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 18, '64; wounded, July 1, '63.

JONATHAN P. MANN; born, Upton, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; deserted, Sept. 11, '62.

JOSEPH W. MANN; age, 24; born, New York City; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; killed, June 22, '64.

CHARLES W. MANNING; age, 18; born, Ashby, Mass.; hatter; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, 19 Berwick park, Boston.

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GEORGE F. MANSON; age, 29; born, Farmington, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 23, '62; was injured, Aug. 30, '62, by the explosion of an ammunition wagon which he drove; residence, Lyme, Marion Co., Florida.

GEORGE R. MARKHAM; age, 19; born, Boston; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Feb. 24, '62; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

DENNIS MARR; age, 19; born, Auburn, Me.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

E. P. MARSH; age, 24; born, Newfane, Vt.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as commissary sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to sergt., Nov. 1, '62; residence, Greenfield, Mass.

GEORGE W. MARSH; age, 37; born, Campton, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 16, '62; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

GEORGE E. MARSHALL; age, 22; born, Louisville, Ky.; conductor; mustered in as corp., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 15, '62.

JAMES MARTIN; age, 21; born, England; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 28, '63; transferred to navy, April 22, '64.

JOSEPH MARTIN; age, 26; born, Three Rivers, Can.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 27, '61; deserted, July 23, '62.

LUTHER MARTIN; age, 18; born, Cambridge, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

SAMUEL J. MARTIN; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. E, Aug. 11, '62; mustered out, March 2, '63.

GEORGE H. MASON; age, 26; born, No. Dennis; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; transferred to Mississippi flotilla, Feb. 17, '62.

MICHAEL MATTHEWS; age, 21; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 3, '63.

FRANK MAUVRIS; age, 27; born, Greece; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 28, '63; deserted, Aug. 22, '63; arrested and sent to Tortugas; dropped from rolls.

CHARLES MAY; age, 33; born, Westport, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 28, '62; transferred to V.R.C., March 7, '64.

CHARLES H. MAYNARD; age, 26; born, Stow, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; died Jan. 24, '64.

GEORGE H. MAYNARD; age, 25; born, Waltham, Mass.; watchmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 20, '61; mustered out, Feb. 17, '63; promoted to capt. and major in U.S. C.T.; residence, Waltham, Mass.

JONATHAN A. MAYNARD; age, 21; born, Sterling, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 22, '62.

CHARLES H. MAYO; age, 28; born, Roxbury, Mass.; conductor; mustered in as corp., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

ALEXANDER C. MCALPIN; age, 20; born, Scotland; chemist; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out dishonorably, Jan. 14, '65.

JAMES MCCARRON; age, 22; born, Portrush, Ire.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

JOSEPH F. MCCLUSKY; age, 25; born, Londonderry, Ire.; hatter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; deserted, Oct. 15, '62.

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JAMES L. McCOY; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64.

HENRY McCURDLE; age, 23; born, Ireland; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 28, '63; transferred, April 22, '64, to navy.

JOHN R. McCUTCHINS; age, 25; born, Portland, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out, March 16, '62; residence, Natick, Mass.

THOMAS McCUTCHINS; age, 32; born, Eastport, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '62; mustered out as hospital steward, Aug. 25, '65; discharged from 13th, Jan. 15, '63, by special order, and appointed hospital steward at Carver Hospital, Washington, D.C.; residence, Natick, Mass.

GEORGE F. McDONALD; age, 21; born, England; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 28, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Mass.

JOHN ANDREW McDONALD; age, 29; born, Prince Edward Island; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 25, '62.

JOHN McELROY; age, 24; born, Roxbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. E, July 16, '61; missing after Aug. 30, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

DANIEL McFARLAND; age, 28; born, Boston; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

GEORGE W. McFARLAND; age, 23; born, Maine; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 20, '63; deserted, Aug. 18, '63.

ALEXANDER McGILVARY; age, 20; born, Antingonish, N.S.; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; deserted, July 14, '62.

EDWARD McGRADY; age, 21; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 15, '62; wounded, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Lynn, Mass.

CHARLES McGUIRE; age, 27; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 12, '62.

JOHN McGUIRE; age, 21; born, New York; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 2, '63; transferred, July 14, '63, to 39th Mass.

SAMUEL F. McINTYRE; age, 18; born, Waterloo, N.Y.; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; transferred, Sept. 17, '63, to V.R.C.

GEORGE F. McKAY; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out as capt., 55th Mass., Sept. 25, '65; appointed 1st lieut., 55th Mass., Feb., '64; adjt., Jan. 1, '64; capt., Feb., '65; brev.-major, March 13, '65; wounded near Charlestown & Savannah R.R., Feb. 9, '65, while A.A.A.G. on Gen. Hallowell's staff; residence, Boston. D 1879

JAMES McKAY; age, 31; born, Halifax, N.S.; cabinet-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 12, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Reading, Mass.

MICHAEL McKENZIE; age, 24; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 25, '63; deserted, Sept. 21, '63.

EDWARD F. McLANE; age, 29; born, Appleton, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

CHARLES A. McLAUCHLAN; age, 22; born, Dennysville, Me.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Oct. 5, '63; promoted to corp., Dec., '62; wounded at Gettysburg.

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JOHN F. MCNALLY; age, 21; born, Boston; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Feb. 24, '62; killed, Aug. 30, '62, at Antietam.

GEORGE F. MEAD; age, 23; born, Walpole, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

GEORGE E. MECUEN; age, 19; born, Roxbury, Mass.; jeweller; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, 1083 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

HERMAN M. MENTZEL; age, 21; born, Germany; baker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 29, '63; transferred July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

JOSEPH O. MERRILL; age, 25; born, Farmington, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 22, '62.

SEWELL H. MERRILL; age, 24; born, Hampden, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 12, '62; taken prisoner at Manassas; residence, Berlin, Mass.

HARTLEY G. METCALF; age, 22; born, Wrentham, Mass.; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 19, '62; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

HENRY W. METCALF; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 8, '62; mustered out, July 16, '64; residence, Worcester, Mass.

ZEPHRIAM MIER; age, 27; born, Germany; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 25, '63; deserted, Aug. 19, '63.

JOSEPH O. MILES; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. D, July 1, '63; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; died in Boston the day after regiment arrived home, July 21, '64.

WILLIAM P. MILES; age, 18; born, Woburn, Mass.; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, 1 Walnut street, Providence, R.I.

JAMES MILLER; age, 24; born, Prussia; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 29, '63; deserted, Sept. 19, '63.

CHARLES B. MILLS; age, 18; born, Boston; provision-dealer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 24, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

NELSON C. MINARD; age, 21; born, Chelsea, Vt.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 1, '62; mustered out, March 31, '64; on detached duty in invalid corps; never with regt.

JOHN MITCHELL; age, 22; born, Edinburgh, Scot.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

RICHARD MONTAGUE; age, 22; born, Vernon; driver; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; deserted, July 21, '62; residence, Northboro', Mass.

ALPHEUS MONTGOMERY; age, 19; clerk; mustered in, July 16, '61; mustered out as Q.M. sergt., Aug. 1. '64; declined promotion as 2d lieut., Q.M. sergt., Dec. 1, '62; residence, New York.

CHARLES B. MOORE; age, 25; born, Framingham, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; transferred to V.R.C., April 13, '64; deceased.

GEORGE E. MOORE; age, 21; born, Roxbury, Mass.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; deserted, Aug. 1, '62.

GEORGE H. MOORE; age, 27; born, Framingham, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Dedham, Mass.

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HENRY F. MOORE; age, 21; born, Sudbury, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

JAMES E. MOORE; age, 23; born, Philadelphia, Penn.; upholsterer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; transferred, Nov. 15, '63, V.R.C.

JOHN H. MOORE; age, 21; born, Sudbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

RUFUS C. MOORE; age, 35; born, Manchester, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Feb. 12, '62; transferred to V.R.C., July 14, '64. P/901

CHARLES MORAN; age, 26; born, Canada; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 27, '63; deserted, Aug. 8, '63.

EDMUND J. MORETON; age, 22; born, Albany, N.Y.; currier; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; transferred to regimental band; mustered out, Aug. 31, '62; residence, Shrewsbury, Mass.

AMOS C. MORRILL; age, 25; born, Orange, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; deceased. D

JOSEPH M. MORRILL; age, 20; born, Peacham, Vt.; marketman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

EDWIN F. MORRIS; age, 19; born, Alden, N.Y.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62, at second Bull Run. D

ROLAND B. MORRIS; age, 22; born, Nantucket, Mass.; architect; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; killed, July 1, '63; color sergeant when killed. D

AUGUSTINE MORRISON; age, 26; born, Scotland; baker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 27, '63; transferred to navy, April 21, '64.

ALBERT E. MORSE; age, 20; born, Southbridge, Mass.; mechanic; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Co. B, Aug. 1, '64; wounded at Sandy Hook, Aug., '61, and Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; taken prisoner, July 1, '63, at Gettysburg; residence, Spencer, Mass.

AMOS MORSE; age, 33; born, Roxbury, Mass.; burnisher; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '61; mustered out, Dec. 27, '62; address, 23 Mt. Vernon street, Boston.

CHARLES C. MORSE; age, 23; born, Wolfboro', N.H.; whitener; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; mustered out, Nov. 18, '62.

CHAS. F. MORSE; age, 29; born, Marlboro', Mass.; mustered in as 2d lieut., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., May 10, '65; promoted to capt. and commissary of subsistence, Aug. 30, '62; served with the Army of the Potomac until April, '64; then at Chicago, as depot commissary of subsistence until March, '65, when returned to Army of Potomac as inspector of the commissary department of all the armies operating against Richmond; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

FRANCIS A. MORSE; age, 28; born, Peacham, Vt.; grocer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 18, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

FREDERICK H. MORSE; age, 26; born, Framingham, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 26, '63; clerk in commissary department; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

GEORGE J. MORSE; age, 20; born, New York City; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 22, '63; promoted to 2d lieut., 59th Mass.

GEORGE T. MORSE; age, 20; born, Roxbury, Mass.; currier; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

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JEDEDIAH MORSE; age, 33; born, Framingham, Mass.; harness-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

NEWTON MORSE; age, 29; born, Natick, Mass.; school-teacher; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 2, '63.

OSCAR F. MORSE; age, 29; born, Haverhill, Mass.; painter; mustered in as sergt., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., July 8, '64; promoted to 2d lieut., July 25, '62; promoted to 1st lieut., Feb. 2, '63; promoted to capt., Jan. 8, '64.

SIDNEY B. MORSE; age, 18; born, Charlestown, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; died, Sept. 15, '62.

WILLARD MORSE; age, 26; born, Natick, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 4, '63.

WILLIAM A. MORSE; age, 28; born, Livermore, Me.; provision-dealer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, April 15, '63.

EDWARD J. MORTON; age, 22; mustered in as musician, July 26, '61; mustered out as musician, Aug. 31, '62.

GEORGE MORTON; age, 30; born, Ireland; tailor; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 29, '63; mustered out, Dec. 14, '63.

CHARLES W. MOSHER; age, 18; born, Alburgh, Vt.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; killed, May 8, '64; promoted to corp., Feb. 1, '64.

EDWARD H. MOSHER; age, 21; born, Alburgh, Vt.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 15, '63; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; residence, Charlottesville, Can.

JOHN L. MOULTON; age, 20; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; deserted, June 18, '62.

CHARLES MULLER; age, 29; born, Germany; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 4, '63; deserted, Nov. 26, '63.

THOMAS J. MUNN; age, 24; born, New York City; watchcase-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; transferred, May 1, '64, to V.R.C.; wounded at Gettysburg; residence, Melrose Highlands, Mass.

JAMES MURPHY; age, 24; born, Ireland; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 24, '63; transferred to navy, April 18, '64.

MICHAEL MURPHY; age, 26; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded at Bethel Church, Va., '64.

MICHAEL MURPHY; age, 27; born, Ireland; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 28, '63; transferred, April 22, '64, to navy.

THOMAS MURPHY; age, 20; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, Aug. 5, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64.

GEORGE H. MURRAY; age, 24; born, Lowell, Mass.; cabinet-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 2, '62; reënlisted and transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64; wounded, June 18, '64; residence, Northboro', Mass.

JOHN L. MURRAY; age, 21; born, London, Eng.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 1, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Cincinnati, O.

THOMAS MURRAY; age, 22; born, Ireland; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. K. July 28, '63; deserted, Nov. 25, '63.

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CHARLES MYER; age, 29; born, Germany; locksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '61; deserted, Sept. 27, '62.

CHARLES L. NASH; age, 35; born, Boston; musician; mustered in as bugler, Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 13, '62.

DAVID A. NASON; age, 18; born, Portland, Me.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 18, '62.

SAMUEL N. NEAT; age, 33; clerk; mustered in as 1st lieut., Co. A, July 16, '61; resigned, capt., Feb. 1, '63; promoted to capt., June 28, '62.

DAVID NEILL; age, 32; born, Berlin, Scot.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 22, '63.

JOHN A. NEILL; age, 21; born, St. Johns, N.B.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 11, '62.

CHARLES R. NELSON; age, 29; born, Brooklyn, N.Y.; mariner; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 4, '62; killed, Sept. 17, '62.

DEXTER C. NELSON; age, 18; born, Shrewsbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 21, '62.

EDGAR F. NEWHALL; age, 21; born, Boston; watchmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; deserted, July 21, '62.

WILLIAM A. NEWHALL; age, 24; born, Lynn, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Hudson, Mass.

OSCEOLA V. NEWTON; age, 23; born, Southboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; died, May 30, '62, Washington, D.C.

ROLLA NICHOLAS; age, 24; born, New Ipswich, N.H.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, Nov. 1, '61; died of wounds, June 2, '64; wounded, May 8.

JOHN NICHOLSON; age, 22; born, Boston; plumber; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '61; mustered out, Nov. 30, '62.

JOSEPH W. NOBLE, JR.; age, 20; born, Stoneham, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 4, '63.

PETER NOLAN; age, 20; born, Carlow County, Ire.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 8, '63; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

BENJ. P. NORRIS; age, 30; born, Boston; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, Aug. 11, '62; transferred to V.R.C., March 31, '64; wounded, July 1, '63.

JAMES T. NORRIS; age, 24; born, Woburn, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 12, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Reading, Mass.

WILBUR F. NORRIS; age, 28; born, Windsor, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; transferred to 39th Mass.

HARRY F. NOWELL; age, 31; born, Cambridge, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; transferred to V.R.C., March 23, '64.

JOHN NOYES, JR.; age, 38; born, Greenwood, Me.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

JOHN B. NOYES; age, 23; born, Petersham, Mass.; student; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 1, '63; appointed 2d lieut., 28th Mass. Vols., April 6, '63; 1st lieut., May 12, '63; capt., May 6, '64;

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brevetted maj., lieut.-col., and col.; wounded, Aug. 30, '62, and Sept. 17, '62; residence, New York City.

SAMUEL NUTT; age, 21; born, Topsham, Vt.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. H, July 16, '61; deserted, Dec. 1, '62.

STEPHEN L. NUTTER; age, 22; born, Sandwich, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

EMANUEL NUTZE; age, 34; born, Philadelphia, Pa.; morocco-worker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 19, '63; wounded; residence, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN A. NYE; age, 22; born, Brooklyn, N.Y.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., for promotion; commissioned in another regiment (colored?); wounded at Antietam; residence, Soldiers' Home, Togus.

FRANK OAKLEY; age, 22; born, England; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 28, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64; wounded in the Wilderness.

THOMAS J. ODDY; age, 27; born, Lowell, Mass.; barber; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; killed, Sept. 17, '62.

GEORGE O'GRADY. See George O. Grady.

MICHAEL O'LAUGHLIN; age, 21; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; died of wounds received at Gettysburg, Oct. 8, '63.

MONTGOMERY OLMSTEAD; age, 18; born, Chelsea, Mass.; student; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 16, '62.

HENRY O'NEAL; age, 24; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 23, '63; deserted, Nov. 5, '63.

DEXTER D. ONTHANK; age, 29; born, Southboro', Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 21, '62; residence, Worcester, Mass. 4 Burnside Court

GEORGE E. ORROK; age, 20; born, Roxbury, Mass.; cabinet-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 14, '63; residence, 43 Sherman street, Roxbury, Mass.

WILLIAM ORTT; age, 24; born, Germany; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 28, '63; deserted, Aug. 19, '63.

GEORGE W. OSGOOD; age, 36; born, Haverhill, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 2, '63; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

ANTON OTTE; age, 37; born, Germany; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 29, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

CHARLES R. PACKARD; age, 19; born, Roxbury, Mass.; book-keeper; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out as priv., Aug. 1, '64; detailed as clerk at headquarters; reënlisted, April 8, '65, 6th U.S. Vet. Vols., and served at Gen. Hancock's headquarters until discharged; residence, Bridgewater, Mass.

CHARLES E. PAGE; age, 22; born, Norridgewock, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Feb. 12, '62; promoted to 2d lieut., 4th U.S. Colored Troops, March 5, '63; was captured at New Orleans, while on detached service, June 23, '63; wounded at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, '62.

CHARLES EDWARD PAGE; age, 29; born, Hallowell, Me.; pianoforte; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

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JOHN PAGE; age, 26; born, Sandwich, N.H.; tailor; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

OSTENELLO F. PAGE; age, 18; born, Norridgewock, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 11, '63.

GEORGE F. PAINE; age, 24; born, Uxbridge, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 14, '63; wounded; residence, Boston, Mass.

HERSEY G. PALFREY; age, 22; born, Grafton, Mass.; reporter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, March 31, '64; residence, 90 Oxford street, Cambridge, Mass.

JOSEPH PALMER; age, 25; born, Ireland; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 27, '63; deserted, Oct. 28, '63.

MOSES P. PALMER; age, 30; farmer; mustered in as 1st lieut., Co. I, July 1, '61; mustered out as capt., March 9, '64; promoted to capt., Aug. 15, '62; brevetted maj., March 15, '65; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62, and at Gettysburg, July 1, '63; residence, Groton, Mass.

BENJAMIN PARKER; age, 29; born, Boston; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 11, '64.

69 CHARLES F. PARKER; age, 37; born, Southboro', Mass.; shoe-click; mustered in as corp., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as priv., April 6, '63; also veteran of Mexican war; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

CHARLES S. PARKER; age, 16; born, Southboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as corp., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Nov. 15, '62; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; residence, Southboro', Mass.

EDGAR PARKER; born, Framingham, Mass.; physician; mustered in as asst.-surg., March 13, '63; mustered out as asst.-surg., Sept. 24, '63; died, '92; was discharged by reason of wound received at Gettysburg, July 1, '63.

ELMER PARKER; age, 29; born, Hubbardston, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Sept. 11, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

7 GARDNER R. PARKER; age, 24; born, Lowell, Mass.; freightman; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 20, '63; wounded, Dec. 13, '62; residence, Worcester, Mass. 25 Kendall St

G. H. PARKER; age, 23; born, Reading, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed in various positions at headquarters; residence, Reading, Mass.

LOWELL P. PARKER; age, 20; born, Southboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; deceased.

LYSANDER P. PARKER; age, 22; born, Worcester, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; taken prisoner at Gettysburg, July 1, '63; wounded at Petersburg, June 18, '64; corp., Nov. 27, '62; sergt., Feb. 1, '64; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

SYLVANUS H. PARKER; age, 23; born, Southboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 30, '62; taken prisoner, Aug. 31, '62; paroled on the field; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

THOMAS A. PARKER; age, 30; born, South Danvers, Mass.; cabinet-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 26, '63.

WILLIAM H. H. PARKER; age, 20; born, Boston, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 1, '61; transferred, July 16, '64, V.R.C.; wounded at Gettysburg.

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CHARLES A. PARMENTER; age, 23; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 19, '62.

JOHN PARRA; age, 32; born, Central America; cigar-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 24, '63; transferred, April 20, '64, to dept. of N.W.; was a deserter from rebel army.

JOHN A. PARSONS; age, 44; born, Uxbridge, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. F, Sept. 1, '62; mustered out, March 27, '63.

J. CLARK PAYSON, JR.; age, 29; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., April 10, '63; sergt.-maj., Aug. 16, '62.

JONATHAN C. PAYSON; age, 29; born, Exeter, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 6, '63; promoted to sergt.-maj. Aug. 16, '62; died at Weirs, N.H., Nov. 12, '92.

WILLIAM A. PEABODY; age, 28; born, Danvers, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 5, '62; mustered out, Feb. 19, '63.

EDWARD A. PEARSON; age, 27; born, West Newton, Mass.; pianoforte-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as priv., on account of wounds, Dec. 19, '62; residence, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM B. PEARSON; age, 24; born, Stratham, N.H.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 20, '61; transferred as sergt. to V.R.C., Jan. 1, '64; residence, Lawrence, Mass.

JOHN PEASE; age, 26; born, Southboro', Mass.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 8, '63; wounded, May 4, '63.

W. H. PEASE; age, 40; born, Appleton, Me.; mason; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out, Jan. 12, '63; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62.

CHAUNCEY L. PECK; age, 33; born, Boston; coppersmith; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 20, '61; killed at second Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62; a Mexican war veteran.

JOHN P. PEEBLES; age, 24; born, Alburgh, Vt.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; killed, May 8, '64; promoted to corp.

EDWARD PELHAM; age, 28; born, England; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '63; transferred to navy, April 22, '64.

WILLIAM H. PERDRICK; age, 21; born, Lynn, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 7, '62; transferred to V.R.C., March 15, '64.

CHARLES E. PERKINS; age, 27; born, Upton, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; died of wounds, Sept. 27, '62.

JOHN O. PERKINS; age, 22; born, Conway, N.H.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 1, '63.

WILLIAM F. PERKINS; age, 28; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 19, '61; mustered out, Feb. 2, '63; deceased.

ABEL O. PERRY; age, 23; born, Shrewsbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 1, '62; mustered out, Dec. 27, '62; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; residence, 14 Hancock street, Worcester, Mass.

LEONARD L. PERRY; age, 28; born, Scituate, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Aug. 9, '63.

PETER F. PETERSON; age, 19; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 11, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

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WILLIAM PFAFF; age, 22; blacksmith; mustered in as sergt., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 28, '63; died, Dec. 2, '86. D

AUGUSTUS PFEIFFER; age, 23; born, Grand Duchy Hesse Darmstadt; tailor; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 4, '63; residence, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES A. PHILIPPS; age, 25; born, Sutton, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 23, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64.

ELLIOT C. PIERCE; age, 30; apothecary; mustered in as sergt-maj., July 16, '61; mustered out as maj., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to 1st lieut., Jan. 16, '62; to capt., Co. H, July 25, '62; maj., April 22, '64; wounded, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Boston, Mass.

ENOCH C. PIERCE; born, Northfield, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as sergt., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to 1st sergt., Feb. 16, '62; wounded at Gettysburg; residence, Clinton, Mass.

HARRY H. PIERCE; age, 25; born, Lebanon, N.H.; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 15, '61; died in '62. D

JOHN PIERCE, JR.; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 11, '62.

JOHN M. PIERCE; age, 19; born, Sterling, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 8, '62; deceased.

WILLIAM H. H. PIERCE; age, 18; born, Vermont; book-keeper; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 9, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; taken prisoner, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Chicago, Ill. Died 1893

PROCTOR PINGREY; age, 35; born, Mt. Holly, Vt.; butcher; mustered in as wagoner, Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 22, '62; residence, Falmouth, Mass.

JOHN D. PLUMMER; age, 29; born, Upton, Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Whitman, Mass.

WALTER F. POLLARD; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 8, '62; mustered out, Sept. 21, '63, to accept appointment as hospital steward, U.S. Army; residence, New York City.

GEORGE K. POMROY; age, 22; born, Boston; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 31, '61; mustered out, Oct. 4, '62, to accept promotion; promoted to 2d lieut., 3d U.S. Inf., July 17, '62; 1st lieut., Oct. 20, '63; resigned, March 21, '65; residence, Revere, Mass. D. 1901

ABEL H. POPE; age, 36; morocco-dresser; mustered in as 1st lieut., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., Oct. 3, '63; promoted to capt., Nov. 29, '62; wounded, Sept. 17, '62.

HENRY F. POPE; age, 18; born, Boston; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 18, '62.

ISAAC B. POPE; age, 20; born, Waltham; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 19, '61; mustered out, May 2, '62.

JOHN FOSTER POPE; age, 23; born, Dorchester, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 7, '62; promoted to lieut. in 1st Mass. H.A.; residence, Philadelphia, Pa. D July 3. 1900

J. FRANK POPE; age, 18; born, Dorchester, Mass.; student; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 24, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; taken prisoner at Gettysburg, July 1, '63, and released, March, '64; residence, Milton, Mass.

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HUNTINGTON PORTER; age, 22; born, Lynn, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 30, '64; wounded, July 3, '63; residence, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM R. PORTER; age, 20; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 9, '61; commissioned 1st lieut., 11th Mass., and killed Aug. 30, '62.

ANGELOW S. POTTER; age, 21; born, Fryburgh, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, Co. A, Jan. 3, '63.

CHARLES C. PRATT; age, 31; born, Roxbury, Mass.; gunsmith; mustered in as sergt., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 25, '63.

CHARLES R. M. PRATT; age, 29; mustered in as capt., Co. E, July 16, '61; resigned, Jan. 30, '62.

CHARLES S. PRATT; age, 18; born, Reading, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed in ambulance corps.

EBEN PRATT; age, 19; born, Boston; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston, Mass.

WILMOT K. PRATT; age, 18; born, Reading, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed as guard at corps headquarters.

HENRY A. PRAY; age, 25; born, Milton, N.H.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 15, '61, Baltimore; residence, So. Natick, Mass.

SAMUEL PRENTISS; age, 48; born, Alstead, N.H.; musician; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 31, '61; mustered out, Aug. 31, '62.

SAMUEL S. PRENTISS; age, 48; mustered in as musician, July 16, '61; mustered out as musician, June 10, '62.

FRANK PRESCOTT; age, 21; born, Palmer, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, March 27, '62; mustered out, July 28, '62.

HEZEKIAH PRINCE; age, 23; born, Boston; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Aug. 27, '63; residence, East Boston, Mass.

THOMAS PRINCE; age, 19; born, Boston; brass-finisher; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, May 4, '63; residence, Chicago, Ill.

AZARIAH PROCTOR; age, 20; born, Medford, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, 64; wounded, May 8, '64.

ELPHONZO W. PROUTY; age, 25; born, No. Brookfield, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Worcester, Mass.

AUGUSTUS W. PUNCHARD; age, 33; born, Boston; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 20, '61; mustered out, Oct. 5, '62.

NATHANIEL M. PUTNAM; age, 22; born, Hampton, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Co. A, Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., May 1, '63; died, Sept. 5, '91.

JOHN QUINN; age, 23; born, Troy, N.Y.; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 25, '63; deserted, Aug. 16, '63.

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JAMES F. RAMSEY; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; mustered out, March 27, '63; residence, Melrose, Mass.

ISAAC B. S. RANDALL; age, 36; born, Portsmouth, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as sergt., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 6, '62; residence, Natick, Mass.

EDWARD M. RANSOM; age, 21; born, New York City; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 20, '61; residence, Wakefield, Mass.

ROBERT RAPP; age, 28; born, France; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 24, '63; deserted, Oct. 24, '63.

THOMAS F. RATHBURN; age, 20; born, Bolton, Mass.; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; died at Winchester, Va., March 15, '62.

WILLIAM RAWSON; age, 18; born, Worcester, Mass.; mechanic; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., Aug. 1, '62; to sergt., Jan. 1, '63; died, May 23, '69.

GEORGE T. RAYMOND; age, 18; born, Milton, Mass.; student; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 29, '62; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Brooklyn, N.Y.

DANIEL E. REED; age, 18; born, Littleton, Mass.; student; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; died of wounds received, Sept. 17, '62.

EDGAR C. REED; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 7, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

GEORGE M. D. REED; age, 23; born, Bangor, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Winthrop, Mass.

HERBERT A. REED; age, 22; born, Boston; pianoforte manufacturer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded at Wilderness; residence, Boston, Mass.

JAMES K. P. REED; age, 20; born, Bangor, Me.; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 14, '62, on account of wounds; residence, Clarendon Hills, Mass.

LUCIEN W. REED; age, 21; born, Hartford, Conn.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 25, '62.

HENRY REICHEIDT; age, 32; born, Germany; soldier; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 29, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 13, '64.

HENRY REIMBACH; age, 21; born, Germany; brass-finisher; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, '63, and June 21, '64.

HENRY E. RENFREW; age, 21; born, Groton, Vt.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Bradford, Vt.

THOMAS C. RESTERRICK; age, 29; born, Cornwall, Eng.; silversmith; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 9, '62; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Gardner, Mass.

GEORGE REYNOLDS; age, 27; born, Nova Scotia; pressman; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64.

FRANK RHODES; age, 27; born, New York City; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 25, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; deceased.

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ALBERT RICE; age, 23; born, Brighton, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 23, '62.

ARTHUR T. RICE; age, 21; born, Framingham, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 31, '64; appointed orderly sergt., May 8, '62; wounded at Bull Run; warrant given up to accept clerkship adjt.-gen.'s office; residence, Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES F. RICE; age, 19; born, Danbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 1, '62; killed, May 8, '64.

EDWIN RICE; age, 22; mustered in as musician, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept., '62.

MOSES P. RICE; age, 22; born, Woodstock, Vt.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 3, '62; residence, Northboro', Mass.

WILBUR H. RICE; age, 18; born, Holliston, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

WILLIAM H. RICE; age, 20; born, Worcester, Mass.; mechanic; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 13, '63; residence, Worcester, Mass.

EDWIN H. RICH; age, 18; born, Northboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

ELLIOT A. RICH; age, 21; born, Berlin, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 16, '63.

CHARLES N. RICHARDS; age, 20; born, Norfolk, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 26, '62; residence, Washington, D.C.

HENRY H. RICHARDS; age, 21; born, Boston; artist; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 6, '63.

A. M. RICHARDSON; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 1, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Brookline, Mass.

BENJAMIN F. RICHARDSON; age, 19; born, Stoneham, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 7, '63; wounded, Aug. 30, '62.

EDWARD P. RICHARDSON; age, 24; mustered in as musician, July 26, '61; mustered out as musician, Aug. 31, '62.

JOHN D. RICHARDSON; age, 18; born, Boston, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 17, '62; wounded, Aug. 30, '62, Manassas; address, Burton Brewery, Roxbury, Mass.

LORING S RICHARDSON; age, 24; clerk; mustered in as 1st lieut., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., 8th Unattached H.A., Sept. 19, '65; mustered out from the 13th, Jan. 8, '63; appointed 1st lieut. H.A., April 11, '63; promoted to capt., Aug. 11, '63; wounded, at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62.

OSMAND D. RICHARDSON; age, 19; born, Joy, Me.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 6, '62.

THOMAS C. RICHARDSON; age, 26; mustered in as leader of band, July 26, '61; mustered out, Aug. 31, '62.

HESELTON RICHMOND; age, 34; born, Springfield, N.H.; cabinet-maker; mustered in as priv., Aug. 12, '62; mustered out, Nov. 22, '63.

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WILLIAM H. H. RIDEOUT; age, 20; born, Quincy, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; taken prisoner, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Quincy, Mass.

CHARLES RIECKE; age, 33; born, Germany; gunsmith; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '63; deserted, Sept. 17, '63.

JOHN RILEY; age, 20; born, Canada; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 28, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64.

JOHN RILEY; age, 22; born, Ireland; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 24, '63; deserted, Feb. 3, '64.

FRANCIS B. RIPLEY; age, 20; born, Paris, Me.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 28, '63; residence, Weston, Mass.

WILLIAM E. RIVERS; age, 28; born, Boston; ship-broker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Co. A, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Togus, Me.

GEORGE W. ROAFE; age, 26; born, Salisbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Sept. 11, '62; promoted to sergt., Oct., '61; died, March 10, '80.

CHANDLER ROBBINS; age, 41; born, Plymouth, Mass.; wheelwright; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed as hospital steward; taken prisoner at Fitzhugh Hospital, opposite Fredericksburg; died, April 11, '80.

CHARLES T. ROBBINS; age, 22; born, Hillsboro', N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 24, '61; mustered out, Oct. 3, '62; lost an arm at Thoroughfare Gap; promoted to 1st lieut. in 3d Mass. H.A.; deceased.

LEWIS ROBERTS; age, 24; born, Charlotte, Vt.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; taken prisoner May 6, '64, and died in Andersonville prison, July 22, '65, of pleuritis; buried in grave No. 12,505.

GILBERT ROBERTSON; age, 40; born, Glasgow, Scot.; saddler; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

JOHN ROBERTSON; age, 26; born, England; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 5, '63; transferred to navy, April 18, '64.

EDWIN F. ROBINSON; age, 35; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 19, '64; detailed as clerk.

WILLIAM G. ROBINSON; born, Brighton; driver; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston, Mass.

GEORGE E. ROCKWOOD; age, 25; born, Hopkinton, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 3, '62.

EUGENE E. RODGERS; age, 26; born, Byfield, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, March 17, '62; transferred July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.; died in '82.

FREDERIC E. ROGERS; age, 18; born, Chelsea, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, March 24, '62; mustered out for promotion, Jan. 4, '64.

JOHN ROGERS; age, 20; born, Albany, N.Y.; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 28, '63; deserted, Dec. 17, '63.

THOMAS ROGERS; age, 29; born, Wales; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 29, '63; deserted, Aug. 22, '63.

EDWARD FAY ROLLINS; age, 32; born, Randolph, Vt.; printer; mustered in as corp., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., Aug. 1, '64;

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promotions: sergt., Dec. 13, '62; 1st sergt., March 25, '63; 2d lieut., July 1, '63; 1st lieut., May 1, '64; residence, 2 East Brookline street, Boston.

WILLIAM H. ROOK; age, 21; born, Burlington, Mass.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; deserted, July 25, '62.

PETER J. ROONEY; age, 23; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; transferred to U.S. Cavalry, Dec. 1, '62; promoted to sergt., 1st U.S. Cavalry, Dec. 20, '62; Q.M. sergt., Jan., '64; 2d lieut., 5th Mass. Cav., Jan., '64; 1st lieut., Feb., '64; capt., March, '64; final muster out, Nov., '65.

JOHN F. ROSE; age, 31; born, Germany; tailor; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 16, '62; Carver Hospital, Washington, D.C.; residence, Hudson, Mass.

DONALD ROSS; age, 32; born, Inverness, Scot.; painter; mustered in as sergt., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 16, '62; residence, Hudson, Mass.

EDMUND H. ROSS; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; wounded.

HARVEY C. ROSS; age, 31; born, East Haven, Vt.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; badly wounded at Gettysburg; deceased.

WILLIAM ROSS; age, 19; born, Providence, R.I.; tuner; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, 68 Wesleyan Avenue, Providence, R.I.

CHARLES H. ROUNDY; age, 18; born, Boston; painter; mustered in as priv., July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

EDWARD F. ROWE; age, 23; born, Norridgewock, Me.; travelling agent; mustered in as sergt., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 18, '62, to accept appointment in U.S. Navy.

BENJAMIN F. RUSSELL; age, 23; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; promoted to sergt.; wounded Sept. 17, '62; died, Oct. 25, '63.

CHARLES F. RUSSELL; age, 32; born, Portland, Me.; mechanic; mustered in as corp., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 23, '62; deceased.

FRANCIS B. RUSSELL; age, 20; born, Wayland, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 8, '63; residence, Hudson, Mass.

GEORGE F. RUSSELL; age, 28; born, New Ipswich, N.H.; attorney and counsellor at law; mustered in as corp., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 19, '62; promoted to 2d lieut., 17th Mass., Feb. 19, '62.

JOHN M. RUSSELL; age, 20; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; killed, July 1, '63; promoted to corp.

LAURIMAN H. RUSSELL; age, 34; born, Marlboro', Mass.; engineer; mustered in as musician, Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 15, '63; residence, Winthrop, Mass.

NATHAN RUSSELL; age, 28; born, Wayland, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. F, Jan. 2, '64; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th inf.; wounded in the Wilderness.

DANIEL RYAN; age, 19; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; deserted, Aug. 23, '61.

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DENNIS RYAN; age, 28; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 29, '63; deserted, Aug. 27, '63.

JAMES RYAN; age, 19; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, '63; wounded, May 8, '64; deceased.

THOMAS RYAN; age 18; born, Roxbury, Mass.; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 14, '63; residence, Boston.

AUGUSTUS N. SAMPSON; age, 22; born, Boston, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as 2d lieut., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., Nov. 4, '62; prov. marshal at Williamsport, Md., winter of '61 and '62; residence, 116 W. Concord st., Boston.

ALFRED L. SANBORN; age, 26; born, Boston; carpenter; mustered in as corp., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; died (about '68).

HARRY S. SANBORN; age, 22; born, Wakefield, N.H.; shipper; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

HERSCHELL A. SANBORN; age, 22; born, Sanbornton, N.H.; farmer; mustered in as corp., Co. G, July 16, '61; killed, July 1, '63.

AUSTIN W. SANDERS; age, 27; born, Athorn, Ohio; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out for promotion in U.S.C.T., Nov. 21, '62; died, Dec. 18, '82.

WILLIAM SANDERS; age, 31; born, Germany; engraver; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 29, '63; killed, May 8, '64.

JOHN W. SANDERSON; age, 30; born, Brooklyn, N.Y.; wireworker; mustered in as sergt., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., July 22, '62.

AMOS P. SARGENT; age, 18; born, Concord, N.H.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; on detached duty as brigade hospital steward a great part of time; residence, Brighton, Mass.

SAMUEL W. SARGENT; age, 25; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 28, '63; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Boston, Mass.

AUGUSTUS SASSARD; age, 20; born, Boston; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 14, '62.

JOSEPH M. SAWTELL; age, 21; born, Berlin, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; residence, West Brookfield, Mass.

APPLETON L. SAWYER; age, 20; born, Shrewsbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as drummer, Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as principal musician, Aug. 1, '64; promoted to principal musician, Jan. 1, '64; residence, Worcester, Mass.

GEORGE SAWYER; age, 22; born, Portland, Me.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Feb. 17, '62; mustered out, Jan. 29, '63; wounded, Aug. 30, '62.

GEORGE B. SAWYER; age, 24; born, Hampstead, N.H.; jeweller; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 14, '62; mustered out, Oct. 31, '63; wounded; residence, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES G. SAXTON; age, 38; born, Weathersfield, Vt.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Sept. 2, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

JACOB SCHNEIDER; age, 26; born, Germany; tailor; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 25, '63; deserted, Aug. 20, '63.

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JOHN SCHNELL; age, 27; born, Germany; cabinet-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; killed, May 8, '64.

FREDERICK SCHOEN; age, 30; born, Germany; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 25, '63; missing from June 3, '64; was transferred on the rolls to the 39th Mass., July 13, '64. Subsequently he was found and transferred to Co. B, 32d Mass., from which he was discharged, June 29, '65.

EDWARD W. SCHUTTEE; age, 20; born, Cambridge, Mass.; plumber; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., Jan. 1, '63, and to sergt., July, '64; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; residence, New York.

GEORGE SCHWARTZ; age, 26; born, Germany; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 27, '63; deceased, April 21, '64.

JACOB SCHWARTZE; age, 28; born, Switzerland; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 27, '63; deserted, Aug. 30, '63; arrested and transferred to 39th Mass.

CHARLES SCOTT; age, 21; born, Nova Scotia; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; deserted, July 14, '62.

EDWIN B. SCOTT; age, 33; born, Roxbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 30, '62; wounded, Aug. 30, '62.

CHARLES H. R. SCREIBER; age, 26; mustered in as capt., July 16, '61; mustered out, April 1, '62.

SAMUEL F. SEABURY; age, 20; born, New Castle, Me.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; taken prisoner at Spottsylvania Court House, May, '64; residence, Waltham, Mass.

JOHN J. SEARLE; age, 26; born, Sudbury, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; transferred to "Western Flotilla," Feb. 18, '62.

CHARLES SEARLES; age, 31; born, Franklin, Vt.; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 25, '63; deserted, May 5, '64.

GEORGE B. SEARLES; age, 22; born, West Newton, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 27, '63.

CHARLES W. SEARS; age, 24; born, Sicily, hairdresser; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

GEORGE H. SEAVER; age, 25; born, Holden, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 1, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; last known residence, Holden, Mass.

CHARLES W. C. SENTER; age, 23; born, Walpole, Mass.; machinist, mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 21, '63, to accept appointment in the navy; appointed 3d asst. eng., May 4, '63; 2d asst. eng., Sept. 28, '64; drowned while at his post of duty on the U.S.S. "Oneida," Jan. 24, '70, in the China Sea.

LEONARD SERRATT; age, 25; born, Boston; porter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; missing from Aug. 30, '62; buried in Wyoming cemetery, Melrose, Mass.

ANDREW J. SEVERANCE; age, 24; born, Augusta, Me.; shoemaker, mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 17, '63.

PERRY SEYMOUR; age, 22; born, Canada; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 27, '63; deserted, Nov. 21, '63.

THOMAS SHAE; age, 26; born, New York City; carpenter; mustered in as

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priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; deserted, July 29, '61, while passing through Boston.

GEORGE H. SHAW; bookkeeper; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; transferred to Co. I, 9th N.Y. (83d Vols.), Oct. 1, '61; discharged from service, April 9, '63.

JOHN H. SHAW; age, 19; born, Boston; milkman; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 10, '63; 2d lieut. 3d H.A.; wounded; residence, Boston, Mass.

A. A. SHEAFE; age, 21; born, Lynn, Mass.; wood-carver; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., May 1, '62; sergt., March 1, '63; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; residence, Roxbury, Mass.

JAMES A. SHEDD; age, 23; born, Cambridge, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 22, '62; mustered out, March 1, '64, Washington; clerk at headquarters, 2d Div., 1st A.C., also chief clerk draft bureau, A.G.O., Washington; residence, Cambridge, Mass.

WILLIAM E. SHEDD; age, 22; born, Cambridge, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 14, '62; mustered out, Dec. 1, '63; on duty in adjutant-general's office, Washington, D.C.; residence, Cambridge, Mass.

ALBERT F. SHELTON; age, 24; born, Boston; pumpmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 29, '61; mustered out, Dec. 23, '62; wounded; residence, Malden, Mass.

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CHARLES W. SHELTON; age, 19; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 4, '62; mustered out, Dec. 2, '63, to enter U.S. general service; residence, Washington, D.C.

JOHN P. SHELTON; age, 18; born, Boston; student; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 6, '62; died of wounds, Sept. 18, '62.

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FREDERICK M. SHEPARD; age, 39; born, Northampton, Mass.; soldier; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 6, '62.

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HORACE S. SHEPARD; age, 29; born, Dorchester, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 8, '62; mustered out, Dec. 7, '63; residence, Sharon, Mass.

JOSEPH E. SHEPARD; age, 23; born, Weymouth, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 25, '62.

WARREN E. SHEPARD; age, 32; born, Walpole, Mass.; carriage-trimmer; mustered in as sergt., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 10, '63; residence, New York.

JAMES A. SHERIDAN; age, 20; born, Worcester, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 27, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

LOUIS SHULTZE; age, 38; born, Germany; tailor; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 5, '63; deserted, Sept. 17, '63.

WILLIAM A. SHUTE; age, 31; born, Boston; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '62; mustered out, June 6, '63; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

WILLIAM H. SIBLEY; age, 40; born, Westboro', Mass.; wheelwright; mustered in as corp., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed as acting commissary sergt. at Cuyler General Hospital, Germantown, Pa.; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; died, July 7, '90, at Westboro', Mass.

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MANUEL SILVER; age, 32; born, Azores; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 27, '63; transferred to 39th Mass.

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JOSEPH F. SIMONDS; age, 19; born, Charlestown, Mass.; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; deserted, Oct. 5, '62.

G. H. SIMPSON; age, 21; born, Lowell, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 29, '62; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62.

JOHN B. SKINNER; age, 40; born, Corinth, Me.; furrier; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Nov. 5, '63; never reported for duty.

OTIS A. SKINNER; age, 18; born, Milton, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 23, '62; residence, East Milton, Mass.

JAMES SLATTERY; age, 20; born, Clare Co., Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; appointed corp., March 1, '64; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Worcester, Mass.

DAVID SLOSS; age, 22; born, Aberdeen, Scotland; weaver; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 25, '61; mustered out as color-sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., Nov. 22, '62; color-sergt., Dec. 13, '63; wounded, June 20, '64; at Petersburg; residence, Roseland, Ill.

ALGERNON S. SMITH; age, 36; born, Sudbury, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 14, '62; deceased.

CHARLES H. SMITH; age, 26; born, England; tailor; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 29, '63; deserted, Nov. 25, '63; arrested Jan. 6, '64, at Boston, and transferred to 39th Mass.

CHARLES S. SMITH; age, 22; born, Belgrave, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., May 15, '64; captured by enemy and died a prisoner, Dec. 24, '64.

DYER S. SMITH; age, 21; born, Gilmanton, N.H.; salesman; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 24, '61; transferred to V.R.C.; residence, Boston, Mass.

EDWARD SMITH; age, 24; born, Lowell, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 6, '63; wounded, Sept. 17, '62.

EDWIN SMITH; age, 21; Greenville, N.Y.; nurseryman; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 1, '63; badly wounded on Maryland Heights (opp. Harper's Ferry), Aug. 24, '61.

FRANCIS S. SMITH; age, 22; born, Boston; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, March 17, '62; deserted, June 25, '62.

FRANK SMITH; age, 22; born, Ireland; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 29, '63; deserted, Nov. 25, '63.

GEORGE SMITH; age, 22; born, Bradford, Vt.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 25, '63; deserted, Aug. 19, '63.

GEORGE F. SMITH; age, 27; born, So. Deerfield, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 18, '63; residence, Soldiers' Home, Togas, Me.

GEORGE H. SMITH; age, 20; born, Lexington, Mass.; book-keeper; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., July 15, '64; transferred to 57th Co. V.R.C., Nov. 15, '63; residence, Philadelphia, Pa.

GEORGE T. SMITH; age, 19; born, Wayland, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; reënlisted, Feb. 16, '64, and transferred to 39th, July, '64; wounded June 21, while with the 13th; discharged at Stanton Hospital, Oct., '64.

GEORGE W. SMITH; age, 39; born, Philadelphia, Pa.; shoemaker; mustered

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in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 21, '63; wounded, July 1, '63.

HENRY SMITH; age, 17; born, New Haven, Conn.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

JAMES A. SMITH; age, 23; born, Mattapoisett, Mass.; painter; mustered in as corp., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 24, '63; residence, Holbrook, Mass.

JAMES H. SMITH; age, 30; born, Sandwich, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; died of wounds received, Sept. 17, '62.

JOHN SMITH; age, 21; born, Portland, Me.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 25, '63; deserted, Aug. 17, '63.

JOHN SMITH; age, 27; born, Germany; cooper; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 28, '63; deserted, Aug. 16, '63.

JOHN H. SMITH; age, 28; born, Germany; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 29, '63; mustered out, Dec. 9, '63.

MARSHALL N. SMITH; age, 21; born, Lancaster, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 5, '62; deserted, Feb. 16, '63.

MELVIN S. SMITH; age, 23; clerk; mustered in as com.-sergt., July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., Aug. 1, '64; promotions: 2d lieut., Feb. 17, '62, and 1st lieut., Nov. 5, '62.

SPENCER SMITH; age, 20; born, Sudbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64.

THOMAS SMITH; age, 20; born, Canada; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 21, '62; deserted, Aug. 17, '63.

THOMAS SMITH; age, 38; born, Ireland; coach-trimmer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 24, '63; deserted, Dec. 17, '63.

URIAH H. SMITH; age, 23; born, Newry, Me.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 10, '63; wounded, July 3, '63.

WINSOR SMITH; age, 23; born, E. Lexington; produce-dealer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 28, '62; residence, Boston.

CHARLES E. SNOW; age, 32; born, Dover, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 20, '62.

GEORGE W. SNOW; age, 26; born, Dover, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; deserted, June 18, '62.

GARDNER G. SOMES; age, 31; born, Edgecomb, Me.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct., '62; died, Aug. 22, '66.

WILLIAM S. SOULE; age, 25; born, Turner, Me.; photographer; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Melrose, Mass.

GEORGE BENTON SPAULDING; age, 23; born, Tewksbury, Mass.; bookkeeper; mustered in as corp., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to sergt., Dec. 13, '62; April, '63, detailed in charge of guard at First Corps headquarters; April, '64, in charge of mounted pioneers at Fifth Corps headquarters; residence, Boston.

EDWARD W. SPEARE; age, 24; born, Lexington, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; deserted, July 22, '62.

DENNIS SPELLING; age, 44; born, Ireland; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, Dec. 22, '63; transferred, July 14, '64, to Co. B, 39th Mass. Vols.; trans-

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ferred, Jan. 2, '65, to Co. D, 32d Mass. Vols.; discharged, June 29, '65; wounded, May, '64; deceased.

GEORGE SPENCER; age, 18; born, Westminster, Vt.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 25, '62; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Duluth, Minn.

JOHN L. SPENCER; age, 24; born, Malone, N.Y.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; killed, Sept. 15, '61; first man killed in the regiment.

JOHN W. SPENCER; age, 24; born, Berwick, Me.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

BOURNE SPOONER; age, 20; born, Watertown, Mass.; jeweller; mustered in as priv., July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded twice; residence, Hinsdale, N.H.

AUGUST SPOONHOLTZ; age, 25; born, Prussia; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 25, '63; mustered out, July 14, '64.

GEORGE E. SPRAGUE; age, 27; born, Grafton, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; died of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 15, '63.

WILLIAM W. SPRAGUE; age, 19; born, Boston; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 17, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; prisoner from April 30, '63, to Dec. 31, '63; residence, St. Johnsbury.

GEORGE A. SPRINGER; age, 37; born, Boston; mariner; mustered in as priv., Co. E, Aug. 5, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, '63.

AUGUSTUS W. SPURR; age, 18; born, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; crockery dealer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston.

JOHN STACK; age, 20; born, Ireland; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; died, July 23, '62, at Alexandria, Va.

HOWARD A. STAPLES; age, 21; born, Hanover, Me.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Feb. 13, '62; transferred to 39th Mass.; wounded, July 3, '63.

AUSTIN C. STEARNS; age, 24; born, Upton, Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; corp., Sept. 12, '62; sergt., March 1, '63; wounded and taken prisoner, July 1, '63, Gettysburg; paroled, and returned to duty after a few days; residence, Derry Depot, N.H.

JONATHAN STEARNS; age, 19; born, Hopkinton, Mass.; farmer's son; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Philadelphia, Pa.

HENRY H. STEELE; age, 26; born, Canada; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 5, '63; deserted, Aug. 17, '63.

JOSEPH STECHER; age, 21; born, Germany; brass-finisher; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 20, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

AUGUST STEIN; age, 33; born, Germany; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 27, '63; deserted, Aug. 16, '63.

FRANKLIN STETSON; age, 35; born, Boston; wheelwright; mustered in as corp., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Carver Hospital, Sept. 26, '62; deceased.

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JAMES H. STETSON; age, 19; born, Medford, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; killed, July 1, '63.

WARREN B. STETSON; age, 18; born, Quincy, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 1, '63.

WARREN I. STETSON; age, 17; born, Marlboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; deceased.

WARREN H. STEVENS; age, 20; born, Holden, Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; deserted, Feb. 28, '62.

LUCIEN M. STEWART; age, 19; born, Staffordville, Conn.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 24, '61; deserted, Aug. 26, '61.

SAMUEL STEWART; age, 27; born, Pennsylvania; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 24, '63; transferred to 39th Mass.

EDWARD A. STIMPSON; age, 30; born, Boston; tinplate worker; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 19, '62.

FRANK E. STIMPSON; age, 22; born, Roxbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 21, '62; promoted to 2d lieut. in the regular army, in '62; afterwards, to 1st lieut.; killed near Fredericksburg.

ISAAC HALL STIMPSON; age, 22; born, Hillsboro', Ill.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. C, July 16, '61; died of wounds, Oct. 8, '62.

GEORGE W. STODDARD; age, 29; born, Scituate, Mass.; hackdriver; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 24, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

WILLIAM F. STODDARD; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 28, '64.

JOHN S. STODDER; age, 26; born, Boston; book-keeper; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 20, '61; mustered out, March 12, '63; residence, Washington, D.C.

HENRY STOLDT; age, 27; born, Germany; cook; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 5, '62; deserted, Aug. 19, '63.

CHARLES STONE; age, 19; born, Sherburne, Vt.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; wounded, July 1, '63, at Gettysburg; died of wounds, Oct. 4, '63.

CHARLES W. STONE; age, 23; born, Frinton, England; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; died, March 16, '62.

FRANCIS H. STONE; age, 17, born, Southboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to sergt., Nov. 1, '62; 1st sergt., Feb. 1, '64; 1st lieut., May 9, '64; residence, Cambridge, Mass.

FRANK L. STONE; age, 26· born, Westboro', Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as corp., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 5, '62; in '63, commissioned 2d lieut., 35th U.S. Col. Regt.; Oct., '63, promoted 1st lieut. and quartermaster, 37th U.S. Col.; residence, Westboro', Mass.

GEORGE B. STONE; age, 24; born, Jefferson Co., N.Y.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Winchendon, Mass.

GEORGE D. STONE; age, 21; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, June 15, '62.

HORACE E. STONE; age, 18; born, Worcester, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 12, '61; mustered out, Jan. 3, '63.

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JAMES L. STONE; age, 24; born, Northboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., July 16, '61; discharged as corp., Nov. 11, '62, at Harrisburg, Pa., on account of wounds received at Antietam; promoted to corp., July 19, '61; reënlisted in heavy artillery; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

JOHN E. STONE; age, 23; born, Framingham, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; deserted, June 18, '62.

JOSIAH STONE; age, 36; born, Saco, Me.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; detailed to Mississippi River Squadron, by order of Sec. of War, Dec. 8, '61.

MOSES E. STONE; age, 20; born, Northboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; deserted, June 13, '63.

WILLIAM STRINGER; age, 42; born, Boston; editor; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 24, '61; mustered out, Jan. 9, '64.

JEREMIAH STUART; age, 21; born, Sudbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 29, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Clinton, Mass.

JOSEPH H. STUART; age, 20; born, Boston; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. H, July 16, '61; died of wounds, May 10, '64; promoted 2d lieut., March 22, '63; promoted 1st lieut., March 4, '64.

DANIEL SULLIVAN; age, 23; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 4, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64.

JAMES SULLIVAN; age, 28; born, Lowell, Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Ashland, Mass.

THOMAS SULLIVAN; age, 22; born, Ireland; boatman; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 23, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, 39th Mass.; wounded, May 10, '64.

THOMAS SULLIVAN; born, Nova Scotia; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 18, '63; deserted, Nov. 28, '63.

THOMAS SULLIVAN; age, 21; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 25, '63; mustered out, April 17, '64.

THOMAS SULLIVAN; age, 21; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 24, '63; mustered out, April 7, '64.

TIMOTHY SULLIVAN; age, 32; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 29, '63; deserted, May 4, '64.

WALTER E. SWAN; age, 18; born, Charlestown, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 4, '62; mustered out, Nov. 24, '62; residence, Boston, Mass.

JAMES SWEENEY; age, 22; born, Ireland; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 29, '63; deserted, Sept. 21, '63.

GEORGE L. SWIFT; age, 19; born, Stowe, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

HORACE C. SYLVESTER; age, 20; born, Westminster, Vt.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 14, '62; mustered out, April 1, '63; wounded at Antietam; residence, Goshen, N.Y.

DEANE W. TAINTER; age, 25; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 20, '61; mustered out, May 28, '62, to receive promotion in the navy.

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GEORGE A. TAINTER; age, 21; born, Sandwich, Mass.; gas-fitter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 14, '62; wounded; residence, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES J. TAYLOR; age, 30; born, Boston; teacher; mustered in as priv., Co. D, Aug. 13, '62; killed, Dec. 13, '62, at Fredericksburg.

LEVI TAYLOR; age, 36; born, Stowe, Mass.; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Marlboro', Mass.

HIRAM S. THAYER; age, 20; born, Braintree, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

THEODORE THEIL; age, 31; born, Germany; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 28, '63; deserted, May 4, '64.

JAMES L. THOMPSON; age, 29; born, Newfield, Me.; produce-dealer; mustered in as sergt., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 17, '63; promoted to capt., in Ullman's Brigade, U.S.C.T.; died, May 2, '92; buried in Greenwood Cemetery, New Orleans, La.

JAMES W. THOMPSON; age, 28; born, Canton, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 25, '63; deserted, Aug. 16, '63.

JOHN THOMPSON; age, 21; born, Canada; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 28, '63; deserted, Aug. 16, '63.

THOMAS THOMPSON; age, 22; born, Scotland; miller; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; deserted, July 24, '62.

WALTER C. THOMPSON; age, 18; born, Woburn, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 20, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; wounded, Dec. 13, '62.

DAVID S. THURBER; age, 23; born, Mendon, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; killed, Sept. 17, '62, at Antietam.

JAMES D. THURBER; age, 23; born, Plymouth, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, Aug. 25, '62; detailed as clerk at brigade headquarters; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; mustered out as capt., in the 55th Mass., Aug. 29, '65; promoted to 2d lieut., 55th Mass., June 15, '63; first lieut., June 29, '63; capt., Dec. 1, '63; residence, Plymouth, Mass.

FRANK A. THURSTON; age, 26; born, Otisfield, Me.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 18, '62.

JOHN C. THURSTON; age, 29; born, Grafton, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as musician, Nov. 23, '62; residence, Grafton, Mass.

SAMUEL D. THURSTON; age, 20; born, Boston; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 8, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

ANSIL K. TISDALE; age, 21; born, Dover, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 14, '62; mustered out, Nov. 26, '62; residence, Dover, Mass.

GEORGE H. TOBEY; age, 22; born, Sommerville, Me.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 30, '62; promoted to lieut. and maj., in 87th U.S.C.T.

R. C. TOTTEN; age, 25; born, Londonderry, N.S.; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Reading, Mass.

MORTON TOWER; age, 21; born, Randolph, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted

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to 2d lieut., Oct. 23, '62, 1st lieut., Feb. 23, '63, and capt., July 16, '63; taken prisoner at Gettsyburg, July 1, '63, and escaped from Libby prison, Feb. 9, '64; residence, Empire City, Oregon.

WINTHROP TOWER; age, 26; born, Saxonville, Mass.; mechanic; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 24, '61; mustered out, Feb. 19, '63.

JOHN H. TOWNE; age, 23; born, Brighton, Mass.; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 10, '63; wounded at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, '62; residence, Greenbush, Mass.

SAMUEL L. TOWNE; age, 24; born, Haverhill, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 10, '63.

SAMUEL W. TOWNSEND; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 16, '64, in the field; on detached service at various headquarters; residence, Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES A. TRASK; age, 20; born, Starke, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; died, Oct. 2, '62, of wounds received at Antietam.

EDWARD F. TRASK; age, 18; born, Roxbury, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston.

HOSEA F. TRAVIS; age, 24; born, Wayland, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Feb. 24, '62; mustered out, Feb. 16, '63.

EDMUND TREATAST; age, 30; born, France; sailmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 24, '63; deserted, Oct. 19, '63.

JOHN A. TROW; age, 19; born, Concord, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 19, '62, Carver Hospital, Washington, D.C.; residence, Duluth, Minn.

THOMAS F. TROW; age, 23; born, Concord, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; wounded, Dec. 13, '62, and July 1, '63; residence, Hudson, Mass.

WILLIAM H. TROW; age, 25; born, Concord, Mass.; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, Aug. 30, '62, Manassas; residence, Hudson, Mass.

ALFRED L. TROWBRIDGE; age, 18; born, Westboro', Mass.; wheelwright; mustered in as priv., Co. K, March 21, '62; mustered out, May 24, '62.

EZRA J. TRULL; age, 18; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 30, '62; promoted to capt. in 39th Mass. Vols.; deceased.

SMITH TUCKER; age, 34; born, Shrewsbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 1, '62; mustered out, March 27, '63; residence, Shrewsbury, Mass.

GEORGE H. TUCKEY; age, 20; born, Butternuts, N.Y.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

CHARLES TURNER; age, 21; born, England; groom; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 29, '63; transferred, July 14, '64, to 39th Mass. Vols.; wounded in the Wilderness, '64.

JOHN TURNER; age, 44; born, Keene, N.H.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. I, Sept. 1, '62; mustered out, May 24, '63.

MELZAR G. TURNER; age, 19; born, New Portland, Me.; mechanic; mustered in as corp., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 4, '62; residence, Westboro', Mass. Died of paralysis Jan 20. 1901

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JOSEPH H. TWITCHELL; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 3, '62; wounded at Bolivar Heights, Oct. 16, '61; residence, Washington, D.C.

CHARLES H. TYLER; age, 19; born, Boston; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, April 30, '63.

LEWIS ULRICK; age, 30; born, France; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 28, '63; deserted, Aug. 18, '63.

LEWIS VANDOINE; age, 26; born, Holland; cook; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 27, '63; deserted, Oct. 24, '63.

SAMUEL VAUGHN; age, 26; born, Boston; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 3, '63; residence, Boston.

FREDERICK VELLEY; age, 32; born, Germany; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 29, '63; deserted, Aug. 19, '63.

JOHN VILES; age, 44; mustered in as musician, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 1, '62.

ALBION L. VINING; age, 18; born, Avon, Me.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 29, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, July 1, '63; residence, Manchester, N.H.

HENRY C. VINING; age, 24; born, Avon, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, Aug. 1, '62; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; taken prisoner at Gettysburg; residence, Haverhill, Mass.

HERMAN VOIGHT; age, 26; born, Germany; barber; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 28, '61; mustered out, April 18, '63.

WILLIAM VOIGHT; age, 22; born, Prussia; locksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. F, Aug. 5, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Mass.

EDWARD A. VORRA; age, 23; born, E. Hartford, Conn.; bookbinder; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; died of wounds, May 5, '64.

FRANK F. WAIT; age, 19, born, Roxbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 29, '61; mustered out, Feb. 1, '62.

JOHN N. WAIT; age, 19; born, So. Reading, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 19, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

OSGOOD W. WAITE; age, 23; born, Malden, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 20, '62; promoted to 1st lieut., in 38th Mass. Vols.

GEORGE F. WAKEFIELD; age, 19, born, Boston; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Aug. 7, '62; killed, Sept. 17, '62.

AUGUSTINE G. WALCOTT; age, 37; born, Stowe, Mass.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 16, '64, at Washington; was detailed as carpenter at Harewood Hospital, Washington, D.C.; residence, Hudson, Mass.

BARTLETT C. WALDRON; age, 18; born, Roxbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 24, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; injured at Martinsburg; residence, Chase, Oconto Co., Wis.

SIGOURNEY WALES; age, 25; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., May 28, '63; was promoted to capt., in the 55th Mass.; residence, 22 Hadley st., N. Cambridge, Mass.

THOMAS WALFORD; age, 25; born, Wales; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 28, '63; transferred to 39th Mass.

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DAVID S. WALKER; age, 22; born, New York City; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed as chief clerk, Letterman Hospital, Gettysburg, from July 6, '63, to Jan., '64; was then detailed as chief ward-master, South-st. Hospital, Phila., until July, '64; residence, 29 Washington st., Charlestown, Mass.

DENNIS G. WALKER; age, 24; born, Scarboro', Me.; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out as color-sergt., July 16, '64; wounded at Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, May 8, '64; residence, Hyde Park, Mass.

MELVIN H. WALKER; age, 19; born, Barre, Mass.; farmer's son; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., Jan. 10, '63; sergt., Nov. 1, '63; residence, Westboro', Mass.

OLIVER H. WALKER; age, 23; born, Portsmouth, N.H.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; transferred, Dec. 11, '62, to 24th Inf.

ROBERT J. WALKER; age, 25; born, Boston; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 20, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Washington, D.C.

MATTHEW R. WALSH; age, 28; born, Harlem, N.Y.; currier; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 13, '63; residence, 4 Dabney pl., Roxbury, Mass.

CHARLES C. WARD; age, 24; born, Springfield; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, Aug. 6, '62; mustered out, July 31, '63; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62, and appointed clerk in U.S. Treasury Department.

FRANK O. WARD; age, 19; mustered in as musician, July 26, '61; mustered out, Aug. 31, '62.

WILLIAM WARD; age, 18; born, Stoneham, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, Sept. 17, '62; residence, Warren, Me.

ORIN S. WARLAND; age, 34; born, Portsmouth, N.H.; currier; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 16, '62.

WILLIAM R. WARNER; age, 19; born, Walpole, Mass.; student; mustered in as 4th sergt., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to 1st sergt., March 1, '63; 2d lieut., May 1, '63; 1st lieut., March 10, '64; detailed in depot commissary department, July 8, '62, to Oct., '62; residence, Fall River, Mass.

ASA J. WARREN; age, 35; born, Dover, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 2, '62.

DANIEL S. WARREN; age, 36; born, Hopkinton, Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; reënlisted; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.; wounded at Cold Harbor; residence, Woodville, Mass.

STEPHEN WARREN; age, 27; born, Westboro', Mass.; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed as attendant at U.S. General Hospital, Frederick City, Md., twenty months; residence, Westboro'.

GEORGE F. WASHBURN; age, 18; born, Boston; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 2, '62.

HARRY N. WASHBURN; age, 27; born, Madison, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as sergt., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt.; promoted 2d lieut., Nov. 23, '62; 1st lieut., May 22, '63; capt., March 10, '64; wounded near Cold Harbor, June 2, '64; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming Territory; musician in regular army.

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JASON D. WASHBURN; age, 33; born, Woodstock, Vt.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 19, '62.

N. WATERHOUSE; age, 28; born, Boston; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, Aug. 11, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

GEORGE WATERMAN; age, 23; born, New York City; fisherman; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 23, '63; deserted, Nov. 5, '63.

JOHN M. WATTS; age, 21; born, Watertown, Mass.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; detailed at headquarters 2d brigade, 2d division, 1st A.C.; reënlisted Co. F, 7th Mass., Oct. 2, '64; mustered out, July, '65.

ISAAC L. WEBSTER; age, 15; born, Wilmington, Del.; mustered in as priv., Co. B, Feb. 11, '62; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.; residence, Chicago, Ill.

SAMUEL D. WEBSTER; age, 16; born, Wilmington, Del.; student; mustered in as musician, Co. D, Feb. 28; '62, at Williamsport, Md.; mustered out, Feb. 28, '65; transferred to 39th Mass., July, '64; residence, St. Louis, Mo.

WILLIAM M. WEEKS; age, 19; born, Marlboro', Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 29, '62; wounded, Aug. 30, '62, at Manassas; residence, Woonsocket, R.I.

WILLIAM WELCH; age, 22; born, Ireland; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 28, '63; transferred, July 13, '64, to 39th Inf.

JOHN F. WELDON; age, 19; born, Portland, Me.; harness-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 29, '61; Dec. 16, '63, died of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 1, '63.

WILLIAM B. WELDON; age, 22; born, Portland, Me.; chairmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 24, '61; mustered out as corp., Feb. 2, '64, on account of wounds.

THOMAS R. WELLES; age, 28; merchant; mustered in as quartermaster sergt., July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., Aug. 1, '64: promotions: 2d lieut., Nov., '62; 1st lieut., March 6, '63; capt., April 16, '64; deceased.

ARTHUR N. WELLINGTON; age, 18; born, Lexington, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 28, '61; mustered out, May 5, '62; deceased.

CHARLES H. WELLINGTON; age, 23; born, Holden, Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; died of wounds received at Antietam, Oct. 2, '62.

ALONZO J. WELLS; age, 18; born, Roxbury, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; deceased.

EDWARD E. WELLS; age, 22; born, Boston; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; acting commissary sergt. of regiment; residence, Boston, Mass.

EDWIN N. WELSH; age, 25; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; died of wounds received, Aug. 30, '62.

MYRICK A. WENTWORTH; age, 24, born, Lisbon, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; wounded, June 3, '64; died, June 8, '64, of wounds.

WALTER H. WENTWORTH; age, 22; born, Milton, Mass.; goldbeater; mustered in as sergt., Co. E, July 16, '61; deserted, July 21, '62.

CHARLES H. WESTON; age, 21; born, Friendsville, Pa.; operative; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 6, '62; wounded, Sept. 17, '62.

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JOSEPH B. WHEELER; age, 24; born, So. Reading, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 19, '62.

LLOYD B. WHEELER; age, 22; born, Washington, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 17, '63.

NATHAN R. WHEELER; age, 25; born, West Acton, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 20, '63; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; residence, Hudson, Mass.

SAMUEL W. WHEELER; age, 25; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, May 24, '62.

TIMOTHY E. WHEELER; age, 24; born, Stoneham, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 7, '62.

WILLARD WHEELER; age, 25; born, Hopkinton, Mass.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; killed, July 1, '63, at Gettysburg; appointed sergt., March 1, '63.

PHILON C. WHIDDEN; age, 21; born, Rockford, Ill.; medical student; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 11, '63; severely wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62, and transferred to V.R.C., Oct. 1, '63; appointed asst. surgeon U.S. Navy, Dec. 16, '63; mustered out, Oct. 9, '65; residence, Chicago, Ill.

DAVID WHISTON; age, 28; born, Boston; painter; mustered in as 1st sergt., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out as capt., March 12, '65; promotions: 2d lieut., July 26, '62; 1st lieut., Feb. 14, '63; capt., March 4, '64; taken prisoner at Gettysburg, July 1, '63; released, March 1, '65; deceased.

CHARLES W. WHITCOMB; age, 22; born, Brookline, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as sergt., Co. I, July 16, '61; 2d lieut., Nov. 28, '62; killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 8, '64.

HENRY WHITCOMB; age, 41; farmer; mustered in as capt., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 29, '62; wounded, Aug. 30, '62; deceased.

GEORGE WHITE; age, 29; born, Roxbury, Mass.; moulder; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; served in ambulance department; deceased.

JOHN WHITE; age, 21; born, England; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 25, '63; deserted, Nov. 25, '63.

JOHN H. WHITE; druggist; mustered in as hospital steward, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; taken prisoner, Aug. 30, '62; exchanged, April 14, '63; enlisted as hospital steward, U.S.A., Dec. 31, '64; mustered out, June 22, '66; residence, Boston.

JOSEPH W. WHITE; age, 23; born, Boston; apothecary; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 1, '61; mustered out, May 18, '63, and promoted to hospital steward, U.S.A., May 18, '63; deceased.

GEO. EDGAR WHITEHOUSE; age, 18; born, Stoneham, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 1, '64; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; residence, Stoneham, Mass.

ALBERT B. WHITING; age, 21; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 18, '62; mustered out, Jan. 5, '63.

A. D. WHITMAN; age, 25; born, Auburn, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; transferred to Co. G, Aug., '62; mustered out as

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bugler, Aug. 1, '64; Oct. 8, '61, transferred to Co. A, as bugler; May, '63, bugler at brigade headquarters; June, '63, at First Corps headquarters; May 20, '64, transferred to brigade headquarters; residence, East Auburn, Me.

ALLSTON W. WHITNEY; age, 32; born, Framingham, Mass.; physician; mustered in as surgeon, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; promoted to lieut.-col., March 13, '65; was taken prisoner while in charge of hospital, Falmouth, Va., June 1, '63, and carried to Richmond; was liberated in Nov., '63; was detailed as surgeon-in-chief of brigade or division during most of his service; died, Nov. 11, '81.

EDWARD H. WHITNEY; age, 18; born, Boston; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; residence, Boston, Mass.

FRANK H. WHITNEY; age, 16; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; transferred to Co. A, 16th Regt., V.R.C., Dec. 1, '63.

GEORGE B. WHITNEY; age, 17; born, Dedham, Mass.; student; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 29, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., Dec. 20, '62, and to sergt., Jan. 4, '63; detailed at brigade headquarters.

HARLEN H. WHITNEY; age, 22; born, Natick, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 27, '63; detailed as clerk at headquarters Camp Distribution, Alexandria, Va.

SAMUEL C. WHITNEY; age, 33; born, Boston; machinist; mustered in as 1st sergt., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out as 1st lieut., April 5, '64; promoted to 2d lieut., Dec. 31, '62; to 1st lieut., May 1, '63; residence, Stoneham.

RUSSELL J. WHITON; age, 25; born, Charlestown, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 26, '62; died, '88.

EPHRAIM T. WHITTEMORE; age, 18; born, West Cambridge, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. G, Aug. 11, '62; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64.

SAMUEL K. WHITTEMORE; age, 23; born, Bennington, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 17, '63; afterwards clerk in medical department at Washington.

BENJAMIN J. WHITTIER; age, 28; born, Ft. Independence, Boston Harbor; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64, as "absent, sick."

CHARLES A. WHITTIER; age, 21; born, Stoneham, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; died of wounds, Sept. 22, '62, Chambersburg, Va.

JOHN T. WHITTIER; age, 35; born, Newburyport, Mass.; painter; mustered in as orderly sergt., Co. I, July 16, '61; promoted to capt., 1st Maryland regt., '61.

WILLIAM H. WIGHT; age, 30; born, Wilmington, Vt.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; deserted, July 23, '62.

CHARLES A. WILLIAMS; age, 32; born, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 28, '63; killed, May 8, '64.

CHARLES H. WILLIAMS; age, 32; born, New York City; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; transferred to Regt. Band, Aug. 7, '61; mustered out, July, '62; residence, San Diego, Cal.

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FREDERICK A. WILLIAMS; age, 24; born, Suffolk, Mass.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62.

JOHN WILLIAMS; age, 32; born, Ireland; cooper; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 29, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64.

JOHN WILLIAMS; age, 32; born, Liverpool; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 29, '63; deserted, Aug. 22, '63; arrested, sent to Tortugas, and dropped from rolls.

LEONARD T. WILLIAMS; age, 32; born, Stoneham, Mass.; teamster; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, July 19, '62.

WARREN W. WILLIAMS; age, 21; born, Ashland, Mass.; machinist; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 9, '63; residence, North Grafton, Mass.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS; age, 21; born, Philadelphia, Pa.; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. E, April 11, '63; transferred to 39th Mass., July 14, '64; wounded, July 1, '63.

GEORGE L. WILLIS; age, 18; born, Sudbury, Mass.; farmer; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as corp., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., July 1, '64; wounded at Manassas, Aug. 30, '62.

WILLIAM W. WILLIS; age, 25; born, Philadelphia, Pa.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 4, '62; deceased.

EDWARD K. WILLOUGHBY; age, 36; born, Rumney, N.H.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 19, '63; residence, North Woburn, Mass.

FRANK P. WILLSON; age, 20; born, Banbury, Eng.; bootmaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64; promoted to corp., Nov. 1, '63; sergt., July 1, '64; residence, Natick, Mass.

WILLIAM H. WILLSON; age, 18; born, England; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 16, '61; mustered out, Dec. 29, '62; reënlisted in 57th Mass. Regt., and killed May 6, '64.

AUGUSTUS WILMARTH; age, 18; born, Brooklyn, N.Y.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; deserted, Feb. 28, '63.

CHARLES WILSON; age, 23; born, England; harness-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 29, '63; deserted, May 4, '64.

GEORGE WILSON; age, 32; born, Ireland; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 16, '62; killed by an accident, at Albany, N.Y., '83.

JOHN WILSON; age, 23; born, England; sailor; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 27, '63; deserted, Aug. 19, '63; arrested; returned to duty, Oct. 6, '63 and served with regt.; wounded, May 8, '64; transferred to 39th Mass. Vols

JOHN WILSON; age, 21; born, England; caulker; mustered in as priv., Co. K, July 28, '63; deserted, Aug. 19, '63; arrested, and sentenced to hard labor on govt. fortifications for one year; transferred to 39th Mass. Vols.

JOHN WILSON; age, 33; seaman; unassigned to company; mustered in, July 27, '63, and deserted immediately. No further record of him at the War Department.

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WILLIAM WILSON; age, 21; born, England; seaman; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 28, '63; deserted, Nov. 23, '63.

LOVELL P. WINCH; age, 44; born, Princeton, Mass.; paper-seller; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 24, '62; mustered out, Nov. 10, '62.

STEPHEN B. WINCHESTER; age, 22; born, Sandwich, Mass.; varnish-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; transferred to V.R.C., April 7, '64; residence, Portland, Me.

ALDEN WINSLOW; age, 19; born, Damariscotta, Me.; blacksmith; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded, June 21, '64.

JACOB WINTERS; age, 27; born, France; laborer; mustered in as priv., Co. H, Aug. 5, '63; deserted, Nov. 25, '63.

THOMAS B. WINTERS; age, 21; born, Sandy Hook, Md.; carpenter; mustered in as priv., Co. I, Oct. 1, '61; July 14, '64, transferred to 39th Mass.; taken prisoner, July 1, '63; deceased. D

ALONZO P. WISE; age, 25; born, Hebron, N.H.; shoemaker; mustered in as sergt., Co. G, July 16, '61; transferred to V.R.C., Dec. 8, '63.

GEORGE S. WISE; age, 18; born, Boston; printer; mustered in as priv., Co. D, July 16, '61; died of wounds, July 12, '63, received at Gettysburg. D

CHAS. F. WITHERBEE; age, 21; mustered in as musician, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 1, '62.

WILLIAM K. WITHERBEE; age, 21; mustered in as musician, July 16, '61; mustered out, Sept. 1, '62.

SAMUEL D. WITT; age, 28; born, Marlboro', Mass.; butcher; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64, as wagoner; residence, Ashland, Mass.

ADAM WOLFE; age, 23; born, Germany; cigar-maker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 25, '63; transferred to 39th Mass.

ELI H. WOOD; age, 21; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. F, July 16, '61; deserted, Sept. 11, '62; died in '63. D

EPHRAIM A. WOOD; age, 20; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. C, July 16, '61; mustered out, Nov. 10, '62, Harrisburg, Pa.; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; appointed 1st lieut., 55th Mass. Regt.; residence, Boston.

FRANK J. WOOD; age, 21; born, Northboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as sergt., Co. I, July 16, '61; killed, Aug. 30, '62. D

SIMEON WOOD; age, 23; born, Prussia; pedler; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 28, '63; deserted, Oct. 8, '63.

GEORGE W. WOODBURY; age, 18; born, Acton, Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Feb. 11, '63.

J. B. WOODBURY; age, 29; born, Monmouth, Me.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. H, July 16, '61; mustered out, Jan. 27, '62. D. Sept 20/97

ZOHITH B. WOODBURY; age, 19; born, Marlboro', Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as corp., Co. F, July 16, '61; mustered out as sergt., Aug. 1, '64.

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JOHN E. WOODMAN; age, 21; born, Tamworth, N.H.; clerk; mustered in as priv., Co. A, July 16, '61; mustered out, Oct. 3, '62.

S. B. WOODMAN; age, 26; born, Brixtine, Me.; mason; mustered in as priv., Co. E, July 26, '62; mustered out, March 5, '63.

GEORGE S. WORCESTER; age, 22; born, Boston; clerk; mustered in as corp., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out as major, 3d Mass. H.A.; promoted to sergt., April 1, '62; 2d lieut., 3d Mass. H.A., April 18, '63; capt., Aug. 14, '63; and major, Oct. 13, '64; wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; taken prisoner, by Wade Hampton, at Chambersburg, Pa., Oct. 10, '62; address, 99 Chauncy street, Boston.

JOHN F. WRIGHT; age, 28; born, Marlboro,' Mass.; shoemaker; mustered in as priv., Co. I, July 16, '61; deserted, July 23, '62.

ADNA WYMAN; age, 24; born, Solon, Me.; painter; mustered in as priv., Co. G, July 16, '61; mustered out, March 6, '62.

JAMES A. YOUNG; age, 18; born, Boston; fisherman; mustered in as priv., Co. B, July 16, '61; mustered out, Aug. 1, '64; wounded at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, '62; residence, Newport street, Dorchester, Mass.

The total number of men in the regiment was 1,439.

The record of the men wounded was so imperfectly kept that it is impossible to make any statement of the number; in compiling the roster the fact, when known, has been stated against the name of the individual.

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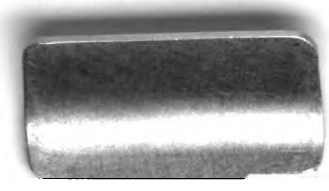

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